

# The Letters of Edward FitzGerald

*Edited by*

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and

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VOLUME III 1867-1876

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2. *Lowestoft Harbour*
3. *Marine Terrace*
4. *Joseph Fletcher*
5. *Edward FitzGerald*
6. *Letter from John Ruskin*



## Chart of Letters 1867-1876

<i>Date (1867)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
Jan. 5	Lowestoft	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 108	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 7	Markethill	Quaritch	Letters to Quaritch, p. 9	
[Jan. 10] *	Markethill	Posh	Unpubl.	Univ. of Texas
[Jan.]	[Woodbridge]	Spedding	Unpubl.	
Jan. 27	Markethill	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 29	Woodbridge	F. Tennyson	WAW,II,225	Cambridge Univ.
Feb. 3	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 81	Mary Barham Johnson
[Feb. 8]	Lowestoft	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 109	Cambridge Univ.
Feb. 15	Woodbridge	Donne	WAW,II,228	Mary Barham Johnson
Feb. 27	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Early March]	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 60	Univ. of Texas
[March]	[Markethill]	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[March 6]	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 85	Mary Barham Johnson
March 8	Markethill	Woolner	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
March 11	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 87	Mary Barham Johnson
March 17	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
March 25	Lowestoft	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
April 2	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
April 22	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.

\* Brackets around dates or places from which letters were written mean they have been supplied. Blanks under "Location" indicate the original letters have not been found and they have been taken from other sources.

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1867)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
May 7	Markethill	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
May 8	Woodbridge	Pollock	Bit deleted, WAW,II,230	Cambridge Univ.
May 15	Lowestoft	Cowell	Cowell Biography, p. 225	Cambridge Univ.
[May 18]	"Becky's"	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 110	Cambridge Univ.
May 23	Woodbridge	Cowell	In part in Cowell Biography, p. 226	Cambridge Univ.
May 24	Woodbridge	H. Biddell	Unpubl.	Yale Univ.
[May 25]	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	R. H. Taylor
[May]	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Cowell	In part in Cowell Biography, p. 226	Cambridge Univ.
[Late May]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell (Fragment)	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
June 8	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Yale Univ.
June 10	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
June 10	Woodbridge	Thompson	Unpubl.	Trinity College
June 12	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Cowell Biography, p. 227	Cambridge Univ.
June 17	"Scandal"; Lowestoft	Cowell	WAW,II,232	Trinity College
[June 21]	Lowestoft	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 111	Cambridge Univ.
[June 26]	Markethill	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 117	Univ. of Texas
Aug. 1	Lowestoft	Crabbe	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 10	Trinity College
[Early Aug.]	Markethill	Quaritch	Unpubl.	
[Aug. 10]	[Lowestoft]	Mrs. W. K. Browne (Fragment)	T. Wright, II, 49	
Aug. 26	Lowestoft	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 71	Univ. of Texas
Aug. 27	Lowestoft	Cowell	In part in WAW,II,233	Trinity College
Aug. 31	Felixtow Ferry	Mrs. John Charlesworth	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Sept. 3	Markethill	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 11	
Sept. 24	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Oct. 5	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 273	
Oct. 7	Markethill	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 11	

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1867)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
[Oct. 9]	Woodbridge	Posh (Fragment)	Unpubl.	R. H. Taylor
Oct. 12	Woodbridge	Cowell	WAW,II,235	Trinity College
[Oct. 12]	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 77	Univ. of Texas
Oct. 14	Markethill	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 11	
Oct. 16	Woodbridge	Mowbray Donne	Hannay, p. 89	Mary Barham Johnson
Oct. 16	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	R. H. Taylor
Oct. 24	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 12	
Oct. 24	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Oct. 27	Woodbridge	Cowell	Cowell Biog- raphy, p. 233	
Oct. 28	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Oct. 28	Markethill	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Oct. 28	Markethill	Pollock	In part in WAW,II,236	Cambridge Univ.
[Nov.]	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
Nov. 4	Woodbridge	Mrs. Tennyson	In part in <i>Tennyson and Friends</i> , p. 109	Tennyson Estate
[Nov.]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. 7	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. 11	Woodbridge	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. 11	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 13	
Nov. 24	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 2	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 10	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 10	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 13	Woodbridge	James Read	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
Dec. 17	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 18	Woodbridge	Marietta Nurse	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 20	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Wellesley College
Dec. 22	Woodbridge	H. Biddell	WAW,II,242	Yale Univ.
Christmas Day	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 81	Univ. of Texas

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1867)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
Dec. 28	Lowestoft	Cowell	In part in WAW,II,243	Trinity College
Dec. 31	Lowestoft	Mowbray Donne	Hannay, p. 92	Mary Barham Johnson
1868				
Jan. 2	Woodbridge	Crowfoot (Fragment)	Unpubl.	Transcript, Trinity College
Jan. 9	Markethill	Pollock	WAW,II,246	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 12	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 29 [Feb. 1] Valentina!	Woodbridge [Woodbridge] Woodbridge	Cowell Mrs. Cowell W. B. Donne	Unpubl. WAW,II,254 <i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 274	Trinity College Trinity College
Feb. 18	Woodbridge	Cowell	Cowell Biog- raphy, p. 233	
Feb. 25	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
March 4	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 95	Mary Barham Johnson
March 5	[Woodbridge]	Posh (Fragment)	Schwann Catalog	
[Early Spring]	Woodbridge	H. Biddell	WAW,II,247	Yale Univ.
[March 15]	Woodbridge	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
March 29	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 84	Univ. of Texas
April 2	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
April 4	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 153	Univ. of Texas
April 14	Lowestoft	Spalding (Fragment)	<i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 112	
[April]	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 104	Univ. of Texas
April 24	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 93	Univ. of Texas
[c. April 27]	[Woodbridge]	Posh	Unpubl.	Yale Univ.
May 11	Markethill	Crowfoot (Fragment)	Unpubl.	Transcript, Trinity College
May 15	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
May 17 [May]	Markethill Woodbridge	Spedding Posh	Unpubl. <i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 98	Syracuse Univ. Univ. of Texas



# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1868)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
May 28	Woodbridge	Cowell	Bit deleted in WAW,II,249	Trinity College
[June]	[Lowestoft]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
June 16	Lowestoft	Spalding	<i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 112	
July 6	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
July 9	Woodbridge	Crowfoot (Fragment)	Unpubl.	Transcript, Trinity College
[July 13]	Lowestoft	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 113	Cambridge Univ.
July 25	Felixtow Ferry	Cowell	WAW,II,251	Trinity College
[Summer]	Woodbridge	Mrs. Alfred Smith	Unpubl.	Fred Smith
Oct. 2	Markethill	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 95	Univ. of Texas
Oct. 5	Woodbridge	H. Biddell	In part in WAW,II,253	Yale Univ.
[Oct. 5]	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 96	Univ. of Texas
Oct. 25	(On the mud)	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 301	
Oct. 28	Woodbridge	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Oct. 28	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. 3	Markethill	Mrs. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Nov. 13	Woodbridge	Cowell	Cowell Biog- raphy, p. 238	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. 20	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,II,271	Cambridge Univ.
[Dec.]		<i>East Anglian</i>	<i>East Anglian</i> , III, 347	
[c. Dec. 1]	[Lowestoft]	Cowell (Fragment)	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 7	Woodbridge	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 7	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 289	
Dec. 7	Chelsea	Carlyle to FitzGerald	Clodd, <i>Memories</i> , p. 95	
Dec. 8	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 9	Woodbridge	Mary Lynn	Clodd, <i>Memories</i> , p. 94	
Dec. 11	Markethill	W. A. Wright	WAW,II,240	Trinity College
Dec. 17	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1869)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
Jan. 12	Markethill	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Jan. 12	Lowestoft	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Jan. 15	Lowestoft	Pollock	WAW,II,256	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 18	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Feb. 2	Woodbridge	Pollock	Bit deleted in WAW,II,259	Cambridge Univ.
Feb. 12	Lowestoft	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Mid-Feb.]	[Lowestoft]	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
March 1	Woodbridge	Cowell	In part in WAW,II,261	Trinity College
March 7	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
March 8	Woodbridge	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[c. March 8]	[Woodbridge]	Mowbray Donne	Hannay, p. 97	Mary Barham Johnson
[April, first week]	[Woodbridge]	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 99	Mary Barham Johnson
April 10	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[April]	[Woodbridge]	A. Tennyson	Tennyson <i>Memoir</i> ,II,64	Typescript, Tennyson Estate
April 25	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[April]	Woodbridge	Pasifull	F. H. Groome, <i>An Aftermath</i> , p. 70	
[April]	Woodbridge	Pasifull	<i>Yachting World</i> , Jan. 5, 1934	
[April]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[May]	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Sir Sidney Cockerell
[May 6]	[Woodbridge]	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
May 9	Markethill	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
May 10	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,II,265	Cambridge Univ.
[May]	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Univ. of Texas
[May]	[Woodbridge]	Mowbray Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 322	
May 30	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[Summer]	Woodbridge	James Read	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
[Summer]	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 111	Univ. of Texas
[Aug.]	[Lowestoft]		Hussey, <i>Old Fitz</i> , #26	Syracuse Univ.

Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1869)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
[Aug. 29]	Lowestoft	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 114	Cambridge Univ.
Sept. 4	Lowestoft	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 115	Cambridge Univ.
Sept. 21	Lowestoft	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 118	Cambridge Univ.
Oct. 26	Woodbridge	H. Biddell	Unpubl.	Yale Univ.
Oct. 27	Markethill	Carlyle	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Oct. 27	Markethill	Mrs. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Oct. 31	Markethill	Wright	In part in WAW,II,268	Trinity College
Nov. 1	[Woodbridge]	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 133	British Museum
Nov. 3	Markethill	A. Tennyson	Bits deleted <i>Tennyson and Friends</i> , p. 118	Tennyson Estate
Guy Faux Day [Nov. 11] [Nov.]	Woodbridge [Woodbridge]	H. Biddell Wright Cowell (Fragment)	WAW,II,269 Unpubl. Cowell Biog- raphy, p. 245	Trinity College
Nov. 17	Woodbridge	Wright	In part in WAW,II,270	Trinity College
Nov. 17 [c. Nov. 20]	Woodbridge [Woodbridge]	Thompson Mrs. Thompson	Unpubl. In part in WAW,II,262	Trinity College Trinity College
Nov. 22	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Nov.]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	In part in WAW,II,267	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. 24	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Dec. 1	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne (Fragment)	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 283	
[Dec.]		<i>East Anglian</i>	<i>East Anglian</i> , IV, 109	
Dec. 7	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,II,273	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 28	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,II,276	Cambridge Univ.
 1870				
Jan. 2	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 275	
Jan. 9	Woodbridge	Wright	In part in WAW,II,282	Trinity College

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1869)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
Jan. 12	Markethill	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Jan. 12	Lowestoft	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Jan. 15	Lowestoft	Pollock	WAW,II,256	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 18	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Feb. 2	Woodbridge	Pollock	Bit deleted in WAW,II,259	Cambridge Univ.
Feb. 12	Lowestoft	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Mid-Feb.]	[Lowestoft]	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
March 1	Woodbridge	Cowell	In part in WAW,II,261	Trinity College
March 7	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
March 8	Woodbridge	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[c. March 8]	[Woodbridge]	Mowbray Donne	Hannay, p. 97	Mary Barham Johnson
[April, first week]	[Woodbridge]	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 99	Mary Barham Johnson
April 10	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[April]	[Woodbridge]	A. Tennyson	Tennyson <i>Memoir</i> ,II,64	Typescript, Tennyson Estate
April 25	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[April]	Woodbridge	Pasifull	F. H. Groome, <i>An Aftermath</i> , p. 70	
[April]	Woodbridge	Pasifull	<i>Yachting World</i> , Jan. 5, 1934	
[April]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[May]	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Sir Sidney Cockerell
[May 6]	[Woodbridge]	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
May 9	Markethill	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
May 10	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,II,265	Cambridge Univ.
[May]	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Univ. of Texas
[May]	[Woodbridge]	Mowbray Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 322	
May 30	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[Summer]	Woodbridge	James Read	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
[Summer]	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 111	Univ. of Texas
[Aug.]	[Lowestoft]		Hussey, <i>Old Fitz</i> , #26	Syracuse Univ.

Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1869)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
[Aug. 29]	Lowestoft	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 114	Cambridge Univ.
Sept. 4	Lowestoft	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 115	Cambridge Univ.
Sept. 21	Lowestoft	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 118	Cambridge Univ.
Oct. 26	Woodbridge	H. Biddell	Unpubl.	Yale Univ.
Oct. 27	Markethill	Carlyle	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Oct. 27	Markethill	Mrs. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Oct. 31	Markethill	Wright	In part in WAW,II,268	Trinity College
Nov. 1	[Woodbridge]	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 133	British Museum
Nov. 3	Markethill	A. Tennyson	Bits deleted <i>Tennyson and Friends</i> , p. 118	Tennyson Estate
Guy Faux Day [Nov. 11] [Nov.]	Woodbridge [Woodbridge]	H. Biddell Wright Cowell (Fragment)	WAW,II,269 Unpubl. Cowell Biog- raphy, p. 245	Trinity College
Nov. 17	Woodbridge	Wright	In part in WAW,II,270	Trinity College
Nov. 17 [c. Nov. 20]	Woodbridge [Woodbridge]	Thompson Mrs. Thompson	Unpubl. In part in WAW,II,262	Trinity College Trinity College
Nov. 22	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Nov.]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	In part in WAW,II,267	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. 24	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Dec. 1	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne (Fragment)	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 283	
[Dec.]		<i>East Anglian</i>	<i>East Anglian</i> , IV, 109	
Dec. 7	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,II,273	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 28	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,II,276	Cambridge Univ.
 1870				
Jan. 2	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 275	
Jan. 9	Woodbridge	Wright	In part in WAW,II,282	Trinity College

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1870)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
[c. Jan. 12]	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 12	Woodbridge	A. Tennyson	In part in Tennyson <i>Memoir</i> , II, 95	Tennyson Estate
Jan. 13 [Jan.]	Markethill [Woodbridge]	Laurence Pollock	WAW,II,283 Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 16	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,II,284	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 16	Markethill	W. J. Burgess	FitzGerald Medley, p. 40	
[Jan.]	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
[Jan. 18]	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Eben Thompson
[Jan. 18] Jan. 20	Woodbridge Woodbridge	Cowell Laurence (Fragment)	WAW,II,279 WAW,II,286	Trinity College
Jan. 30	Lowestoft	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 30	Lowestoft	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Jan. 30	Lowestoft	Woolner	WAW,II,286	Trinity College
Feb. 1	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 140	Transcript, F. L. Pleadwell
[Early Feb.]	Markethill	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 16	
Feb. 9	Markethill	Woolner	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Feb. 10	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Feb. 11	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
[Mid-Feb.]	[Woodbridge]	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 150	Univ. of Texas
[Feb.]	[Woodbridge]	Posh (Fragment)	Unpubl.	Univ. of Texas
Feb. 15	Woodbridge	H. Biddell	Unpubl.	Yale Univ.
[Feb. 19]	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 147	Univ. of Texas
[Feb.]	[Woodbridge]	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 145	Univ. of Texas
Feb. 27	Lowestoft	Laurence (Fragment)	WAW,II,288	
March 2	Lowestoft	Spalding	In part in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 118	Huntington Library
March 2 [March]	Lowestoft [Woodbridge]	H. Biddell W. B. Donne	Unpubl. Hannay, p. 102	Yale Univ. Mary Barham Johnson
March 6	Lowestoft	Posh	Unpubl.	R. H. Taylor
[March 7]	[Woodbridge]	Posh	Unpubl.	R. H. Taylor
March 7	Markethill	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
March 15	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	Transcript, Syracuse Univ.

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1870)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
[March 19]	[Woodbridge]	Posh (Fragment)	Unpubl.	R. H. Taylor
[March 30] [Spring]	[Woodbridge] Woodbridge	Wright H. Biddell	Unpubl. Bit deleted in WAW,III,24	Trinity College Yale Univ.
[April 8] [April 12]	Lowestoft [Lowestoft]	Spalding Posh	Unpubl. In part in T. Wright, II, 109	Princeton Univ. R. H. Taylor
April 22 April 22	Woodbridge Woodbridge	Posh W. B. Donne	Unpubl. <i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 280	Indiana Univ.
April 26	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 318	
April 29	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,II,289	Cambridge Univ.
May 10	Woodbridge	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
May 12	Woodbridge	Cowell	Cowell Biog- raphy, p. 235	
Enclosure: May 11	80 Westbourne Terrace	Spedding to FitzGerald	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
May 16	Woodbridge	Wright	WAW,II,293	Trinity College
June 19	[Woodbridge]	Posh	Unpubl.	Transcript, de Soyres
June 22	Harwich	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
June 25	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
June 28	Woodbridge	Wright	In part in WAW,II,295	Trinity College
July 8	Woodbridge	Cowell	Cowell Biog- raphy, p. 158	
July 8	Markethill	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 13	
July 13	Lowestoft	Pollock	Bit deleted, WAW,II,297	Cambridge Univ.
July 20	Lowestoft	Heirs and Executors	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 169	
July 21	Markethill	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 14	
Aug. 2	Lowestoft	Laurence (Fragment)	WAW,II,299	
[Aug. 6]	Lowestoft	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 14	
[Sept. 7]	Lowestoft	Spalding	<i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 119	Syracuse Univ.
Sept. 20	Lowestoft	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 15	
[Sept. 29]	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1870)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
Oct. 2	Lowestoft	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Oct. 3	Lowestoft	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Oct. 12	Markethill	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Oct. 17	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 104	Mary Barham Johnson
Oct. 23	Markethill	Carlyle	WAW,II,300	Trinity College
Oct. [25]	Markethill	Woolner	<i>Thomas Woolner, R. A.,</i> p. 287	
[Late Oct.]	[Woodbridge]	Carlyle	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Oct. 31	Markethill	Crowfoot (Fragment)	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Nov. 1	Bridgewood	Pollock	In part in WAW,II,302	Cambridge Univ.
[Nov. 5]	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Cowell Biography, p. 237	
Nov. 15	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,II,303	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 5	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,II,305	Cambridge Univ.
[Dec. 8]	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Enclosure: Nov. 21	Philadelphia	H. H. Furness to Quaritch	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Mid-Dec.]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 16	Markethill	Pasifull	<i>Yachting World</i> , Jan. 5, 1934, p. 9	
Dec. 17	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	P.S. deleted in Cowell Biography, p. 239	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 19	Woodbridge	Carlyle	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Dec. 24	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,7	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 26	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 331	
Dec. 30	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
 <i>1871</i>				
Jan. 3	Woodbridge	Pasifull	Unpubl.	John and Edith Mayfield
[Jan.]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 11	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,III,10	Cambridge Univ.



# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1871)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
[Mid-Jan.]	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Cowell (Fragment)	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 17	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 22	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,II,306	Cambridge Univ.
[Jan.]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Jan. 25]	Lowestoft	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Jan. 28	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	R. H. Taylor
Feb. 1	Woodbridge	Thompson	In part in WAW,II,308	Trinity College
[Early Feb.]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Feb. 7]	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 177	Univ. of Texas
Feb. 12	Markethill	Pasifull	<i>Yachting World</i> , Jan. 5, 1934	
Feb. 22	Lowestoft	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Feb. 25	Lowestoft	Spalding (Fragment)	<i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 121	
March 7	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[March 13]	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 172	Univ. of Texas
March 24	Woodbridge	Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 337	
[Late March]	[Woodbridge]	Pasifull	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[April 6]	Woodbridge	Posh	Unpubl.	John and Edith Mayfield
[April 12]	Lowestoft	Spalding	Unpubl.	Yale Univ.
April 25	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
May 5	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 17	
May 11	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,II,311	Cambridge Univ.
May 12	Woodbridge	Wright	In part in WAW,II,313	Trinity College
May 17	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	In part in WAW,II,314	Trinity College
May 25	Woodbridge	Pasifull	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
May 30	Woodbridge	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
June 5	Woodbridge	Mrs. Tennyson	In part in <i>Tennyson Memoir</i> ,II,104	Tennyson Estate
June 6	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl. except P.S. in note, WAW,III,73	Trinity College

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1871)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
July 1	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
July 4	Woodbridge	F. Kemble	WAW,II,316	
July 30	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Aug. 29	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 191	Univ. of Texas
Sept. 4	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Sept. 4	Woodbridge	Wright	Extract in WAW,II,319	Trinity College
Sept. 20	Woodbridge	Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 300	
Oct. 29	Woodbridge	Wright	In part in WAW,II,319; extract in note, WAW,III,114	Trinity College
Nov. 2	Woodbridge	F. Kemble	WAW,II,320	
[Nov. 17]	Markethill	Carlyle	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[Nov. 17]	[Woodbridge]	F. Kemble	WAW,II,322	
Nov. 17	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in note, WAW,II,324	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 3	Markethill	Mrs. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Dec. 3	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Bit deleted in WAW,III,1	Trinity College
Dec. 9	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,3	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 20	Woodbridge	Carlyle	WAW,III,5	Trinity College
Dec. 22	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Dec. 23	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Dec. 29	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,9	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 30	Woodbridge	Mrs. W. K. Browne	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
1872				
Jan. 18	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 19	Woodbridge	Mary Crabbe	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 20	Woodbridge	Wright	In part in WAW,III,12	Trinity College
Jan. 21	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,13	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 26	Woodbridge	Wright	Extract in WAW,III,16	Trinity College
Jan. 28	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Feb. 22]	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Feb. 22	Woodbridge	Anna Biddell (Fragment)	WAW,III,16	

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1872)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
[Feb. 23]	[Woodbridge]	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 288	
Feb. 25	The Old Place	Pollock	Extract in WAW,III,17	Cambridge Univ.
[Feb. 27]	[Woodbridge]	F. Kemble	WAW,III,18	
March 4	[Woodbridge]	Ellen Churchyard	Unpubl.	Berg Collection, New York Public Library
[March 5]	[Woodbridge]	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
March 17	Woodbridge	Cowell	Bit deleted in WAW,III,20	Trinity College
[March 17]	[Woodbridge]	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
March 25	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
March 25	Woodbridge	A. Tennyson	<i>Tennyson and Friends</i> , p. 111	Tennyson Estate
[Late March]	[Farringford]	A. Tennyson to FitzGerald	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
[Late March]	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Tennyson	<i>Tennyson Memoir</i> ,II,160	Tennyson Estate
March 31	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 18 P.S., p. 17	
[c. April 1]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	WAW,III,21	Cambridge Univ.
April 4	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 279	
April 7	Woodbridge	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
April 8	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,III,23	Cambridge Univ.
April 8	Markethill	Milnes	Reid, <i>Milnes Biography</i> , II,263	Trinity College
[April 8]	[Woodbridge]	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
April 11		A. Tennyson to FitzGerald	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
[c. April 12]	[Woodbridge]	A. Tennyson	<i>Tennyson and Friends</i> , p. 111	Tennyson Estate
April 12	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
April 28	Woodbridge	H. Biddell	Bit deleted in WAW,III,25	Yale Univ.
[April]	[Woodbridge]	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,26	
[June]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
June 6	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,28	
June 12	Woodbridge	Carlyle	Unpubl.	Trinity College
June 15	Chelsea	Carlyle to FitzGerald	WAW,III,30	
[June 16]	[Woodbridge]	Carlyle	Unpubl.	Trinity College

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1872)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
June 16	Woodbridge	Pollock	Extract deleted in WAW,III,31	Cambridge Univ.
[June 18]	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[c. June 25]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,33	Cambridge Univ.
June 26	Markethill	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
July 4	Woodbridge	Pollock	Bit deleted in WAW,III,34	Cambridge Univ.
July 4	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[c. July 18]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,37	Cambridge Univ.
July 18	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
July 31	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Aug. 4	Markethill	Thomas Watts	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
[Aug. 6]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	WAW,III,38	Cambridge Univ.
Aug. 9	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,40	Cambridge Univ.
[Aug. 10]	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	
Aug. 15	Woodbridge	Carlyle	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[Aug.]	Aldeburgh	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	
Aug. 24	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 20	R. H. Taylor
Aug. 27	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 21	
Sept. 3	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 22	
Sept. 6	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 23	
Sept. 12	Woodbridge	Naseby Estate Trustees	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Sept.]	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Sept. 29	Lowestoft	Spalding (Fragment)	<i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 122	
Oct. 6	Woodbridge	Naseby Estate	Unpubl.	Transcript, F. L. Pleadwell
Oct. 9	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Oct. 21	Woodbridge	Pollock	WAW,III,42	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. 1	Woodbridge	Pollock	Extracts in WAW,III,43	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. [1]	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	FitzWilliam Museum
Nov. 20	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,44	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. 22	Woodbridge	A. Tennyson	In part in <i>Tennyson Memoir</i> ,II,152	Tennyson Estate
Nov. 22	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1872)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
[Nov.]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,45	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. 28	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,46	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 10	Woodbridge	Wright	WAW,III,47	Trinity College
[Dec.]	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Tennyson	In part in <i>Tennyson and Friends</i> , p. 112	Tennyson Estate
[Dec.]	[Woodbridge]	A. Tennyson (Fragment)	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
[Dec.]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,73	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 30	Woodbridge	A. Tennyson	In part in <i>Tennyson Memoir</i> ,II,119	Tennyson Estate
Dec. 31	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
<i>1873</i>				
Jan. 4	[Woodbridge]	Cowell (Fragment)	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
Jan. 5	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,49	Cambridge Univ.
Jan.	Woodbridge	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,51	Cambridge Univ.
[Jan. 28]	Markethill	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
[Feb.]	Woodbridge	Alfred Smith	Unpubl.	Fred Smith
[Feb. 23]	London	Spalding	Unpubl.	Brown Univ.
[March]	[Woodbridge]	H. Biddell	WAW,III,112	Yale Univ.
[March]	[Woodbridge]	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 106	Mary Barham Johnson
[March]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,53	Cambridge Univ.
March 15	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[March]	[Woodbridge]	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 24	
[Late March]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
March 30	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,55 In part in note, WAW,III,68	Cambridge Univ.
April 1	[Woodbridge]	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[April]	[Woodbridge]	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,62	
April 14	Chelsea	Carlyle to FitzGerald	WAW,III,56	Trinity College
Enclosure: Sept. 2, 1863		John Ruskin to FitzGerald	Terhune, FitzGerald Biography, p. 212	Trinity College
[April 15]	[Woodbridge]	Carlyle	WAW,III,57	Harvard Univ.

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1873)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
April 17	Woodbridge	Norton	WAW,III,59	Harvard Univ.
April 18	Chelsea	Carlyle to Norton (Fragment)	WAW,III,57	Harvard Univ.
April 18	Brantwood	Ruskin to FitzGerald	Terhune, FitzGerald Biography, note, p. 212	Trinity College
[April]	[Woodbridge]	James Read	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
April	Woodbridge	James Read	Unpubl.	Huntington Library
April 22	[Woodbridge]	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,60	Cambridge Univ.
May 1	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,66	
May 5	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,70; note, WAW, III,68	
[June]	[Woodbridge]	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,92	Cambridge Univ.
[June]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	Extract in WAW,III,70	
[July 1]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[July]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[July]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	WAW,III,72	Cambridge Univ.
Juillet 22	Woodbridge	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[July 27]	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 108	Mary Barham Johnson
[Aug.]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,75	Cambridge Univ.
Aug. 11	Woodbridge	Pollock	Bit deleted, WAW,III,76	Cambridge Univ.
Aug. 18	Aldeburgh	W. B. Donne	In part in WAW,III,82	Mary Barham Johnson
Aug. 29	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Sept. 8	Woodbridge	Carlyle	WAW,III,83	Trinity College
Sept. 13	Dumfries, N.B.	Carlyle to FitzGerald	WAW,III,85	
Sept. 17	Woodbridge	Carlyle	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Sept. 18	[Woodbridge]	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,86	British Museum
[Sept. 18]	[Woodbridge]	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 110	Mary Barham Johnson
[Sept.]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell (Fragment)	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Oct. 2	Woodbridge	Horace Basham	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
[Oct.]	Woodbridge	Cowell	In part in WAW,III,95	Trinity College
Oct. 30	Woodbridge	H. Biddell	Bit deleted in WAW,III,94	Yale Univ.

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1873)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
Nov. 2	Woodbridge	A. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Nov. 4	Markethill	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
[Nov. 13]	Lowestoft	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 286	
[Nov.]	[Woodbridge]	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Nov. 18	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,96	
Nov. 18	Markethill	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 23	
Nov. 19	Woodbridge	Wright	In part in WAW,III,99	Trinity College
Nov. 24	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,100	
[Nov.]	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
[Nov. 30]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	Extract in WAW,III,71	Cambridge Univ.
[Dec.]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	WAW,III,78	Cambridge Univ.
[Dec.]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	Extract deleted in WAW,III,80	Cambridge Univ.
[Dec. 16]	[Woodbridge]	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,101	Cambridge Univ.
[Dec.]	[Woodbridge]	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 113	Mary Barham Johnson
[Dec.]	[Woodbridge]	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 117	Mary Barham Johnson
[Dec. 25]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[Dec. 28]	Lowestoft	Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Dec. 31	Lowestoft	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 181	Univ. of Texas
[Dec.]	[Woodbridge]	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
<i>1874</i>				
Jan. 4	Lowestoft	Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Jan. 9	Lowestoft	Spalding (Fragment)	<i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 123	
Jan. 12	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Jan.]		Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Jan. 19	Woodbridge	Posh	<i>FitzGerald and Posh</i> , p. 187	Univ. of Texas
[Jan.]	[Woodbridge]	Anne Thackeray	Unpubl.	Mrs. Belinda Norman-Butler
Jan. 30	Grange Farm	William Tate	Unpubl.	Indiana Univ.
Feb. 1	Grange Farm	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Feb. 10	Lowestoft	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Feb. 10	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,103	

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1874)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
Feb. 17	Lowestoft	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Feb. 21	Grange Farm	Allen	WAW,III,105	Trinity College
Feb. 24	Grange Farm	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 24	
Feb. 26	Grange Farm	Laurence (Fragment)	WAW,III,107	
March 13	Lowestoft	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
March 14	Lowestoft	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
March 20	Lowestoft	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[March 25]	Lowestoft	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[April 7]	Grange Farm	Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
April 12	Markethill	Milnes	Reid, <i>Life of Milnes</i> ,II,263	Trinity College
[April 24]	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[April]	"Little Grange"	Mrs. Cowell	In part in WAW,III,107	Trinity College
May 2	Little Grange	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,108	
May 3	Woodbridge	The Cowells	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
May 5	Little Grange	Constable	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
May 6	Little Grange	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
May 13	Little Grange	Constable	Unpubl.	New York Public Library
May 14	Little Grange	H. Biddell	In part in WAW,III,111	Yale Univ.
May 23	Wickham Market	Groome to FitzGerald	Unpubl.	Trinity College
June 2	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,113	
June 15	Little Grange	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 296	
June 23	Little Grange	Carlyle	WAW,III,117	Trinity College
[June 25]	Little Grange	Carlyle	WAW,III,118	Trinity College
[June]	[Woodbridge]	W. B. Donne (Fragment)	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 297	
[July 4]	Little Grange	Laurence (Fragment)	WAW,III,119	
July 21	Little Grange	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,120	
July 23	Little Grange	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,122	Cambridge Univ.
Juillet 30	Woodbridge	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Enclosure, sent to Wright in 1884:				
June 13, 1884	Merton	Crabbe to Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
July 30	Little Grange	Arthur Basham	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
July 31	Little Grange	Carlyle	WAW,III,125	Trinity College



# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1874)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
Août le 12	Lowestoft	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
ce 16 Août	La Petite Grange	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Aug. 20	Woodbridge	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
Aug. 24	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,127	
Sept. 3	Little Grange	Horace Basham	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
Sept. 4	Little Grange	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 299	
Oct. 4	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,129	
Oct. 5	London	Pollock to FitzGerald	WAW,III,132	
[Oct.]		Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Oct. 23	Little Grange	Mrs. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Nov. 3	Little Grange	Carlyle	Bit deleted in WAW,III,134	Trinity College
le 4 Nov.	Woodbridge	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Nov. 6	Chelsea	Carlyle to FitzGerald	WAW,III,136	
[Nov.]	[Woodbridge]	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 26	
[Nov. 9]	[Woodbridge]	Thompson	In part in WAW,III,138	Trinity College
Nov. 13	Little Grange	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 304	
Nov. 16	Little Grange	F. Tennyson	Bit deleted, WAW,III,140	Cambridge Univ.
Nov. 17	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,141	
[Nov.]	[Woodbridge]	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Nov. 17	Little Grange	Constable	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
Nov. 20	Little Grange	Carlyle	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Dec. 11	Lowestoft	Horace Basham	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
[Dec.]	Little Grange	Anne Thackeray	Unpubl.	Mrs. Belinda Norman-Butler
[Dec.]		W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 119	Mary Barham Johnson
[Dec.]	[Woodbridge]	Anne Thackeray	Unpubl.	Mrs. Belinda Norman-Butler
Dec. 15	Woodbridge	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 17	Little Grange	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 25	Lowestoft	Hallam Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Dec. 26	[Woodbridge]	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Yale Univ.
Dec. 29	Lowestoft	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Dec. 31]	[Lowestoft]	Spalding	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1875)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
Jan. 9	Lowestoft	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,144	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 10	Little Grange	Borrow	Knapp, <i>Life of Borrow</i> , p. 238	
Jan. 18	Lowestoft	Anna Biddell	In part in WAW,III,146	Morgan Library
Feb. 2	Lowestoft	Cowell	In part in WAW,III,148	Trinity College
Feb. 2	Lowestoft	Anna Biddell	WAW,III,147	
Feb. 11	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,149	
Feb. 11	Lowestoft	Pollock	WAW,III,153	Cambridge Univ.
Feb. 11	Lowestoft	Cowell	In part in WAW,III,152	Trinity College
March 20, 1885	Marlesford	FitzEdward Hall to Wright Groome	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Feb. 16	Lowestoft		<i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 73	
Feb. 23	Lowestoft	Blanche Donne	In part in <i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 306	Syracuse Univ.
[March 5]	Lowestoft	Spalding	Unpubl.	Boston Public Library
March 6	Lowestoft	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 121	Mary Barham Johnson
[March 7]	Lowestoft	Spalding	Extract in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 124	Boston Public Library
March 11	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,155	
March 11	Lowestoft	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 27	
March 17	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,157	
March 21	Lowestoft	W. B. Donne	Hannay, p. 124	Mary Barham Johnson
[March 22]	Lowestoft	Spalding	Unpubl.	R. H. Taylor
[March 26]	[Woodbridge]	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
le 30 Mars	Little Grange	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
April 1	Lowestoft	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
April 7	Lowestoft	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
April 9	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,159	
April	Lowestoft	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 27	
April 19	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,163	
[April 22]	Lowestoft	Pollock	In part in WAW,III,162	Cambridge Univ.
April 30	United University Club	Hinchliff to Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 27	
[May]	Lowestoft	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Christchurch Mansion Museum
May 16	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,167	

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1875)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
May 18	Woodbridge	Anne Thackeray	In part in <i>Tennyson and Friends</i> , p. 126	Mrs. Belinda Norman-Butler
[July] July 9	Woodbridge	Crabbe A. Tennyson	Unpubl. In part in Tennyson <i>Memoir</i> , II, 182	Trinity College Tennyson Estate
13 Juillet July 17	Woodbridge Lowestoft	Crabbe Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl. Unpubl.	Trinity College Cambridge Univ.
July 22 [July 30] Aug. 1	Lowestoft Little Grange Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble Wright Mrs. Cowell	WAW, III, 170 Unpubl. Unpubl.	Trinity College Cambridge Univ.
[Aug.]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Extract in WAW, III, 196	Part in Cambridge Univ., part in Trinity College
Aug. 23	Little Grange	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 28	
Aug. 24 Aug. 26	Woodbridge Little Grange	Fanny Kemble Crowfoot (Fragment)	WAW, III, 172 Unpubl.	Transcript, Trinity College
[Sept. 5]	[Woodbridge]	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 29	
Sept. 10	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 29	
Sept. 12	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 29	
Sept. 12	Little Grange	Carlyle	WAW, III, 175	Trinity College
[Sept.]		Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 30	
[Sept.]		Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 31	
[Sept. 18]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Sept.]	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 32	
Sept. 23	Little Grange	Mrs. Thompson	In part in WAW, III, 176	Trinity College
[Sept. 23] Sept. 29	[Woodbridge] Woodbridge	Crabbe F. Tennyson	Unpubl. WAW, III, 179	Trinity College Cambridge Univ.
Sept. Oct. 1 [Oct. 2]	Little Grange Little Grange Woodbridge	H. Biddell Wright Wright	Unpubl. Unpubl. In part in note, WAW, III, 198	Yale Univ. Trinity College Trinity College
Oct. 4 [Oct.] [Oct.]	[Woodbridge] [Woodbridge]	Fanny Kemble Crabbe Quaritch	WAW, III, 181 Unpubl. <i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 33	Trinity College

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1875)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
Oct. 10	Little Grange	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 33	
Oct. 14	Little Grange		<i>Call Back Yesterday</i> , p. 226	Lady Charnwood
Oct. 16	Little Grange	Anne Thackeray	Unpubl.	Mrs. Belinda Norman-Butler
[Autumn]	[Woodbridge]	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[Oct.]	[Woodbridge]	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,184	
[c. Nov. 1]	Little Grange	Anne Thackeray	Unpubl.	Mrs. Belinda Norman-Butler
Nov. 5	Woodbridge	Horace Basham	Unpubl.	Morgan Library
Nov. 9	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 34	
Nov. 23	Woodbridge	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	R. H. Taylor
Nov. 23	Little Grange	T. S. Perry	Unpubl.	Colby College
Nov. 23	Little Grange	FitzEdward Hall	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Nov. 24	Woodbridge	Blanche Donne	Unpubl.	R. H. Taylor
[Nov.]	[Woodbridge]	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,187	
Dec. 6	Little Grange	A. Tennyson	Extracts deleted in Tennyson <i>Memoir</i> ,II,213	Tennyson Estate
Dec. 7	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 36	
Dec. 9	Woodbridge	Mary Aitken	In part in WAW,III,193	Harvard Univ.
Dec. 9	Little Grange	C. E. Norton	WAW,III,191	Harvard Univ.
Dec. 14	Branchtown, [Pa.]	Fanny Kemble to FitzGerald	WAW,III,202	Transcript, Trinity College
[Dec.]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 18	Little Grange	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 38	
Dec. 19	Little Grange	Smith and Elder, Publishers	Unpubl.	R. H. Taylor
Dec. 19	Little Grange	Carlyle	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[Dec. 21]	[Woodbridge]	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 21	Little Grange	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 25	Woodbridge	Carlyle	WAW,III,195	Trinity College
Dec.	[Woodbridge]	Anna Biddell (Fragment)	WAW,III,194	
Dec. 29	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,197	
Dec. 30	Woodbridge	Laurence (Fragment)	WAW,III,203	
ce 30 Dec <sup>re</sup>	Woodbridge	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1876)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
[Early Jan.] Jan. 9	[Woodbridge] Little Grange	Thompson Cowell	Unpubl. Unpubl.	Trinity College Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 12	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Jan. 21	Little Grange	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 38	
Jan. 21	London	H. S. Wilson to Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 39	
Jan. 23	Woodbridge	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
Jan. 23	Little Grange	C. E. Norton	In part in WAW,III,204	Harvard Univ.
Jan 25	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 40	
Feb. 2	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,205	
[Feb. 7]	[Woodbridge]	Norton	Extract deleted in WAW,III,209	Harvard Univ.
Feb. 15	Woodbridge	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Feb. 17	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,214	
Feb. 17	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 43	
Feb. 17	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
March 5	Woodbridge	Pollock	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
March 15	Lowestoft	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 316	
March 16	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,215	
March 18	Little Grange	Customs, Woodbridge	Ganz, <i>Medley</i> note, p. 17	John Howe Family
March 29	Lowestoft	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
Mars 29	Lowestoft	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
April 8	Lowestoft	Mrs. Cowell	Extract in WAW,III,223	Trinity College
[April 15]	Lowestoft	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 43	
[c. April 20]	[Lowestoft]	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,219	
[April 20]	Woodbridge	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Avril 21	Lowestoft	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
April 25	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 44	
April 26	Lowestoft	H. S. Wilson	<i>Athenaeum</i> , Nov. 9, 1889, p. 636	
May 22	Little Grange	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
May 24	Little Grange	Michael Kerney	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 45	
June 3	Little Grange	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
June 4	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,224	
June 10	Little Grange	Norton	WAW,III,227	Harvard Univ.

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1876)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
June 29	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
June 29	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 46	Trinity College
[June] July 11	Woodbridge Woodbridge	Wright Quaritch	Unpubl. <i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 46	
July 14	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 318	Trinity College
July 16	Little Grange	Carlyle	WAW,III,229	
July 20	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	Unpubl.	Trinity College
July 30	Little Grange	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 47	
July 30	Little Grange	H. S. Wilson	<i>Athenaeum</i> , Nov. 9, 1889, p. 636	
July 31	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,231	
Aug. 1	Woodbridge	H. S. Wilson	<i>Athenaeum</i> , Nov. 9, 1889, p. 635	
Aug. 2	Woodbridge	H. S. Wilson	<i>Athenaeum</i> , Nov. 9, 1889, p. 636	Univ. of Virginia
Aug. 8	Woodbridge	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	
Aug. 17	Newtonville, Mass.	Levi Thaxter to Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 48	Trinity College
Aug. 31	Woodbridge	Wright	In part in WAW,III,233	
Sept. 3	Woodbridge	F. Tennyson	Bit deleted in WAW,III,234	Cambridge Univ.
Sept. 4	Woodbridge	Wright	In part in WAW,III,236	Trinity College
[Sept.]	[Woodbridge]	Wright	Unpubl.	Trinity College
[Sept. 8]	Woodbridge	Cowell	Unpubl.	Cambridge Univ.
[Sept. 10]	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 321	Harvard Univ.
Sept. 10	Little Grange	Norton	WAW,III,237	
Sept. 15	Woodbridge	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
Sept. 19	Woodbridge	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
Sept. 19	Little Grange	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 50	
Enclosure: Sept. 16	Carrig Brear, Howth, near Dublin	Miss Stokes to Donne	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 51	
Sept. 21	Woodbridge	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,240	Trinity College
[Sept. 24]	[Woodbridge]	Wright	In part in note, WAW, III,241	
Sept. 26	Woodbridge	A. Tennyson (Fragment)	Tennyson <i>Memoir</i> ,II,214	

# Chart of Letters

<i>Date (1876)</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>First Publ.</i>	<i>Location</i>
[Sept.] Oct. 5	[Woodbridge] Woodbridge	Wright Cowell	Unpubl. In part in WAW,III,242	Trinity College Trinity College
Oct. 9 [Oct.]	Woodbridge Lowestoft	Wright Wright	Unpubl. Unpubl.	Trinity College Trinity College
Oct. 24 Oct. 31	Lowestoft Little Grange	Fanny Kemble A. Tennyson	WAW,III,244 In part in <i>Tennyson and Friends</i> , p. 114	Tennyson Estate
Nov. 4	Woodbridge	Wright	Extract in note, WAW, III,246	Trinity College
Nov. 8	Woodbridge	Norton	P.S. deleted in WAW,III,247	Harvard Univ.
Nov. 13	Woodbridge	Mrs. Cowell	In part in WAW,III,250	Trinity College
Nov. 19	Woodbridge	Mrs. Tennyson	Unpubl.	Tennyson Estate
Nov.	Woodbridge	Anna Biddell (Fragment)	WAW,III,249	
Nov. 29	Woodbridge	Quaritch	<i>Letters to Quaritch</i> , p. 35	
[c. No. 29]	[Woodbridge]	Cowell (Fragment)	In part in WAW,III,251	Trinity College
Dec. 1	Woodbridge	W. B. Donne	<i>Donne and Friends</i> , p. 323	
Dec. 9	Lowestoft	Allen	In part in WAW,III,252	Trinity College
Dec. 12	Little Grange	Anne Thackeray	WAW,III,253	Mrs. Belinda Norman-Butler
Dec. 12	Lowestoft	Fanny Kemble	WAW,III,255	
Dec. 22	Little Grange	Norton	In part in WAW,III,258	Harvard Univ.
Dec. 23	Woodbridge	Spalding	Extract in <i>Two Suffolk Friends</i> , p. 124	Cambridge Univ.
Dec. 29	Lowestoft	Anna Biddell	Unpubl.	Syracuse Univ.
Dec. 30	Lowestoft	Crabbe	Unpubl.	Trinity College
Dec. 30	Lowestoft	A. Tennyson	In part in Tennyson <i>Memoir</i> ,II,192	Yale Univ.





THE LETTERS OF  
EDWARD FITZGERALD  
VOLUME III  
1867-1876



## To Frederick Spalding

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
Jan. 5/67

Dear Sir,

I really was to have gone home Today, but make a little Business with Posh an excuse for waiting over Sunday. This very Day he signs an Agreement for a new Herring-lugger,<sup>1</sup> of which he is to be Captain, and to which he will contribute some Nets and Gear. I daresay I had better have left all this alone: but, if moderately lucky, the Vessel will pay *something*, at any rate; and in the meanwhile it really does me some good, I believe, to set up this little Interest here: and even if I lose money, I get some Fun for it. So now I shall be very glad to drop "Esquire," and be addressed as "Herring-merchant" for the future.

Posh has been doing well this week with Cod-fishing, as only one other Boat has been out (owing to the others not having a *Set-net* to catch Bait with). His Fish have brought a good Price, even from the old Jew, Levi. I believe I have smoked my Pipe every evening but one with Posh at his house, which his quiet little Wife keeps tidy and pleasant. The Man is, I do think, of a Royal Nature. I have told him he is liable to one Danger (the Hare with Many Friends)—so many wanting him to drink: he says, it's quite true: and that he is often obliged to run away: as I believe he does: for his House shows all Temperance and Order. This little Lecture I give him—to go the way, I suppose, of all such Advice.

We have had—as I suppose you also—Snow and Frost, so as to make the Streets uneasy walking. But Today the Wind is southered, and it thaws.

Yours sincerely  
E.FG.

I will bring your Herrings when I return.

<sup>1</sup> A contract with Daniel Fuller, Lowestoft shipwright, to build the *Meum and Tuum*.

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To Bernard Quaritch

Markethill, Woodbridge  
Jan. 7/67

Dear Sir,

I should like to have Lewis' Sketches in France<sup>1</sup> and Germany—marked £1.1. in the Catalogue you sent me.

Have you a cheap Copy of Cotgrave's<sup>2</sup> Dictionary?

Yours  
E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Sketches of groups of French and German people drawn by George Lewis, published in 1823. The drawings, originally intended as illustrations for T. F. Dibden's *Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany*, were not included when that work was published in 1821.

<sup>2</sup> Randle Cotgrave, *Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues*, 1611, 1632.

To Posh Fletcher

Markethill: Woodbridge  
Thursday [January 10, 1867]

My dear Poshy,

My Lawyer can easily manage the Assignment of the Lugger to me, leaving the Agreement as it is between you and Fuller. But you must send the Agreement here for him to see.

As we shall provide that the Lugger when built shall belong to *me*; so we will provide that, in case of my dying before she is built, you may come on my Executors for any Money due.

I think you will believe that I shall propose, and agree to, nothing which is not for your good. For surely I should not have meddled with it at all, but for that one purpose.

And now, Poshy, I mean to read you a short Sermon, which you can keep till Sunday to read. You know I told you of *one* danger—and I do think, the only one—you are liable to—*Drink*. I do not the least think you are given to it; but you have, and will have, so many friends who will press you to it; perhaps I myself have been one. And when you keep so long without food, could you do so, Posh, without a Drink—of some [of] your bad Beer too—now and then? And then, does not the Drink—and of bad stuff—take away Appetite for the time? And will, if continued, so spoil the stomach that it will

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not bear anything *but* Drink. And this evil comes upon us gradually, without our knowing how it grows. That is why I warn you, Posh; if I am wrong in thinking you want my warning, you must forgive me, believing that I should not warn at all if I were not much interested in your welfare. I know that you do your best to keep out at sea, and watch on shore, for anything that will bring home something for Wife and Family; but do not do so at any such risk as I talk of.

I say, I tell you all this for *your* sake, and something for my own also—not as regards the Lugger—but because, thinking you, as I do, so good a Fellow; and being glad of your Company; and taking pleasure in seeing you prosper, I should now be sorely vexed if you went away from what I believe you to be. Only, whether you do well or ill, *show me all above-board*, as I really think you have done, and do not let a poor old, solitary, and sad Man (as I really am, in spite of my Jokes) do not, I say, let me waste my Anxiety in vain. I thought I had done with new Likings, and led a more easy Life perhaps on that account; now I shall often think of you with uneasiness, for the very reason that I have so much Liking and Interest for you.

There—the Sermon is done, Posh. You know I am not against Good Beer while at Work; nor a cheerful Glass after work; only do not let it spoil the Stomach, or the Head.

Yours truly  
E.F.G.

To James Spedding

[Woodbridge]  
[January, 1867]

*My dear Spedding,*

I don't know if you'll care to read the enclosed. I suppose not: but here it is. Mr. Childs, the writer, is a Printer at Bungay, who works for London Houses—Murray, Longmans, etc., has had long Experience, and is a Man of Sense. I sent him a Copy of your Pamphlet,<sup>1</sup> but it seems he had read it before. I must add that he is a Man of great Probity, Candour, Honour; rather obstinate and dogmatic indeed in maintaining his Point, and speaking out.

What I liked least in your Pamphlet is the rather elaborate Eulogy of Ellis, etc. It is rather unlike yourself, and—strange to say—rather like Dr. Parr<sup>2</sup>—in the Lapidary Style.

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Now, ain't I glad to have a Spit at you, who floor me so when I walk on Stilts? Not that, in sober seriousness, I compare JS with his always

E.FG.

I don't want Childs' Letter again.

<sup>1</sup> *Publishers and Authors*, 1867, strictures on the practices of publishers in their dealings with writers.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Parr (1747-1825), called "the Whig Johnson," whose literary style was stiff and verbose.

To E. B. Cowell

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*Jan. 27, [1867]*

*My dear Cowell,*

What a time since I have heard from you—or you from me, you may say. Truth is, I might write oftener if I did not believe you were too busy for Letter-writing: and, though I should not insist on Reply, yet you would probably feel it on your Conscience to answer. You know that I have nothing to tell you except about the few Books I read: and they are the old ones we have talked of before. Neither have I heard any more from Thompson since I last wrote to you: he also is now so busy and great that I will wait till he writes to me. You can, however, tell me if you have heard further about the Sanskrit Business.<sup>1</sup> Robert Groome, who was with me two Days before Christmas, talked to me about it: and he had already written to Thompson about you.

I wrote my yearly Letter to Carlyle two months ago, begging my Compliments to Mrs. C. He replies that she died last April: and I am told that the Newspapers gave the particulars at the time. So I think I shall have to give up even my one yearly Letter, rather than run on such Blunders.

In answer to my yearly Letter to the Tennysons, Mrs. A. T. tells me they are frightened out of the Isle of Wight by inquisitive Hero-worshippers, and are going to Greyshott Hall, Haslemere;<sup>2</sup> which I am told is in Hampshire. Alfred has written a Poem on the Death of Lucretius: which is supposed to walk on too delicate ground for Publication.

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Spedding has written a Pamphlet about the Publishing System: very well written, of course (except, strange to say in his case, a rather rhetorical and Dr. Parr-like eulogy of Ellis) but of the *Argument* I am scarce a Judge. Of course the Athenaeum<sup>3</sup> takes hold of his making himself the subject of the Grievance he complains of: and also wonders why, as he published Bacon at his own risk (I think) why he did not stipulate beforehand as to the size of the Volumes and the Distribution of the Matter. No doubt his Volumes were inconveniently big: but he himself says that Macaulay and Alison<sup>4</sup> are bigger. Nevertheless, *they* sell. The Truth is, I believe, that a new Edition of Bacon was not wanted at all. Did his Philosophy ever bear any fruit? Have not all the great Discoverers gone by a Law of their own? His Political Writings are still less wanted: and as to his personal History—poor dear Jem's Blackamoor remains just as he was. I say always: here is the wisest Man I have known throwing his Life away as vainly as the foolishhest of us.

I go over to Lowestoft now and then, to see Sea, Ships, and Sailors: and am now engaging in—the Herring-trade—helping to build a new Lugger, of which a delightful Fellow is to be Captain: and which is meant to pay for herself. I do this partly in order to make a little Interest and Amusement that shall draw me out from home now and then. As to the Arts, they have slipt from me. But I am glad to find that I return to the Old Books: I have felt a Desire this very day to get hold of Virgil again: and I am sure if I live till Summer I shall take Sophocles for my Messmate to Sea again. Why is it I never care to revisit the Iliad? I never could take any Interest in its Story, which appears to me little better than the Wars and Manners of some African tribes. The Odyssey is another Thing: there are Circe, Polypheme, and, above all, the Sea always sounding in one's Ears.

At Lowestoft I have twice had Montaigne for Company; Company indeed: for it is not a Book, but A *Man* in the Room talking to one. I read a great deal of him over and over. I feel a desire to see Terence again: he will be a pleasant Light wine for Summer Sailing.

I have been better thus far than for the last three winters: but I scarce dare write it: and the Enemy<sup>5</sup> gives me a twitch now and then to show I'm on the hook. I can't make up my mind to go into my Chateau: that, I suppose, is reserved for my last Retirement from the Stage.

Love to the Lady. Ever yours  
E.FG.

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<sup>1</sup> The Sanskrit chair at Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> Haslemere is in the southeast corner of Surrey, where that county adjoins both Hampshire and Sussex.

<sup>3</sup> "Publishers and Authors," *Athenaeum*, Jan. 12, 1867, pp. 41-42.

<sup>4</sup> Macaulay's five-volume *History of England* had been published between 1849-61 and "within a generation" sold 140,000 copies in the United Kingdom alone. Archibald Alison's *History of Europe* in ten volumes (1833-42) also had a phenomenal sale.

<sup>5</sup> Bronchitis.

## To Frederick Tennyson

Woodbridge

Jan. 29/67

*My dear Frederick,*

Let me hear from you one Day. I would send you my MS Book of Morton's Letters: but I scarce know if the Post would carry it to you; though not so very big: and I am still less sure that you would ever return it to me. And what odds if you didn't? It might as well die in your Possession as in mine.

In answer to my yearly Letter to Alfred and Co. I heard (from Mrs.) that they were about to leave Freshwater, frightened away by Hero-worshippers, etc., and were going to a Solitude called Greyshott Hall, Haslemere; which, I am told, is in Hants.<sup>1</sup> Whether they go to settle there I don't know. Lucretius' Death is thought to be too free-spoken for Publication, I believe; not so much in a religious, as an amatory, point of View. I should believe Lucretius more likely to have expedited his Departure because of Weariness of Life and Despair of the System, than because of any Love-philtre. I wrote also my yearly Letter to Carlyle, begging my Compliments to his Wife: who, he replies, died, in a very tragical way, last April. I have since heard that the Papers reported all the Circumstances. So, if one lives so much out of the World as I do, it seems better to give up that Ghost altogether. Old Spedding has written a Pamphlet about "Authors and Publishers"; showing up, or striving to show up, the Publishers' system. He adduces his own Edition of Bacon as a sample of their mismanagement, in respect of too bulky Volumes, etc. But, as he says, Macaulay and Alison are still bulkier; yet they sell. The truth is that a solemnly-inaugurated new Edition of all Bacon was not wanted. The Philosophy is surely superseded; not a Wilderness of Speddings can give men a new interest in the Politics and Letters. The Essays



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will no doubt always be in request, like Shakespeare. But I am perhaps not a proper Judge of these high matters. How should I? who have just, to my great Sorrow, finished "The Woman in White" for the third time, once every last three Winters. I wish Sir Percival Glyde's Death<sup>2</sup> were a little less of the minor Theatre sort; then I would swallow all the rest as a wonderful Caricature, better than so many a sober Portrait. I really think of having a Herring-lugger I am building named "Marian Halcombe," the brave Girl in the Story. Yes, a Herring-lugger; which is to pay for the money she costs unless she goes to the Bottom; and which meanwhile amuses me a little to consult about with my Sea-folks. I go to Lowestoft now and then, by way of salutary Change: and there smoke a Pipe every night with a delightful Chap, who is to be Captain. I have been, up to this time, better than for the last two winters: but feel a Worm in my head now and then, for all that. You will say, only a Maggot. Well; we shall see. When I go to Lowestoft, I take Montaigne with me; very comfortable Company. One of his Consolations for *The Stone* is, that it makes one less unwilling to part with Life. Oh, you think that it didn't need much Wisdom to suggest that? Please yourself, Ma'am. January, just gone? February, only twenty-eight Days: then March with Light till six P.M.: then April with a blush of Green on the Whitethorn hedge: then May, Cuckoos, Nightingales, etc.: then June, Ship launched, and nothing but Ship till November, which is only just gone. The Story of our Lives from Year to Year. This is a poor letter: but I won't set The Worm fretting. Let me hear how you are; and don't be two months before you do so.

Ever yours,  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Surrey.

<sup>2</sup> The villain in Wilkie Collins' *The Woman in White*. He dies when the church in which he has been tampering with his birth records burns.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
Febr. 3, [1867]

My dear Donne,

I duly received your Book,<sup>1</sup> and should have thanked you before for sending me so costly a Present: but I would read a considerable

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Part of it first, so as to be able to tell you sincerely how I liked it. You know I don't meddle much, nor pretend to judge about History: and therefore I almost wish you had sent the Book to some one who does. But you *have* sent it me. And so I will speak of it as far as my Tether allows: viz, about the Manner and Style, if not with any confidence about the Matter. Well then—I like what you have done very much indeed: both as to your own original Introduction and Elucidations, as also for your Quotations from other Historians, which all seem to me to come in harmoniously and proportionably. Your own Style—no, I hate that word—your own Writing, seems to me remarkably clear, unaffected, easy, neither too grave, nor too gay, but quite agreeable—not ever stopping one to think of the *Style* (d—n) that carries one over the Ground. As I never see Reviews, etc., I have seen very little of your later writings; but I can't help thinking this last Thing I have seen of yours is of your best, and I do not want a more readable Commentary. I repeat, I am not a proper Judge of the *Matter*; I only know it all seems very candid and fair to all Parties, without any Partisanship whatsoever: and they must be very great Fools or Knaves who shall accuse Her Majesty's Play-licenser of any flattery of her Royal Grand-Dad.

All I regret in the case is that so much Brains and Pains have been spent on such a Work. Not that I have not been interested in the Letters: and have risen from them with a mournful Respect for the King who did his best, as you always say of him. But this I always believed; and what I have gained from the Book is not so much of George III as of his Minister: it is extremely pathetick his calling out when Burke's Book was read out to him, how often he had begged to retire: as we read he did.<sup>2</sup> Then, why did he not retire? Easy to ask: but, as you say, he was himself too easy and desirous to accommodate.

Well then—all I wish is that you had had a better Subject to comment on. Now, you should publish Tacitus, which I want extremely to read again, with English Notes: only, read over what you may already have done, and pitch overboard all German Criticism and Theory, and trust to English practical Good Sense, and never mind white-washing Tiberius and Co. Blakesley doesn't trouble himself about Darius' and Xerxes' Characters, but helps me to read what Herodotus (who hasn't troubled himself either) records of their Acts and Deeds. Leave us to judge as we like whether they are probable or not, and to have the pleasure of seeing very much more into the Men of those times than their Contemporaries, or immediate Succes-

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sors could. The Commentator, at any rate, is not called on to supply *Motives*, whatever the Historian may be; and a very great Advantage he has in that respect.

But I won't say more: only—Tacitus—Make ready—Present—Fire!

It has given me true Pleasure to like your Share in the Book so well, and to be able to tell you so. For, whatever my Opinion be worth, I am quite certain I am sincere in this matter.

Think of the sincere pleasure I had, on the other hand, in telling Old Spedding I didn't at all like his elaborate, and lapidary, Eulogium on Ellis, in his Pamphlet; more like Dr. Parr than old Jem. The beauty of his Writing used to be that the Words all seemed to come to him: whereas in this case he has been picking Words; which culminate in "sublime." The Sublime Ellis—the Immaculate Bacon—Oh, the pleasure it was to tell him that for once in his Life he had got upon Stilts; in revenge for all his Slightings of *Me* when I put on the Sock—or Buskin—I always forget which is which.

Can you recommend me a good and concise English Biography: I mean, like Chalmers' *Lives*,<sup>3</sup> etc., only compacter and perhaps better.

I can't hear anything of Cowell; I hope neither he nor She is ill. Mrs. Kemble *would* send £3 just because I happened to tell her of a Man who had been lost at Sea and had left a Widow; I having no Sort of idea of wishing *her* to send money: only telling her a Story, as I thought. I doubt she is now angry at my telling her I am sorry she sent money, etc.

Here is a very long Letter: but part of it was very pleasant to me to write, and will at any rate not be unwelcome to you to read.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *The Correspondence of King George the Third with Lord North*, 2 vols., 1867, edited by Donne.

<sup>2</sup> EFG alludes to a gloss in Donne's *Correspondence of George III*, II, 126-27.

<sup>3</sup> Alexander Chalmers, *The General Biographical Dictionary*, 32 vols., 1812-17.

To Frederick Spalding

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
[February 8, 1867]

Dear Sir,

Posh shall be at the Train for his Hare. When I went to look for him last Night, he was in his *Shod*, by the light of a Candle examin-

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ing a *Petman*<sup>1</sup> Pig, about the size of Newson's Watch, and swelled out "as taut as a Drum," Posh said. A Friend had given him this Production of Nature: it hadn't grown a bit (except swelling up) for three weeks, in spite of Posh's Medicine last Sunday: so as he is "a'most minded to make away with it, poor little Thing." He almost let it drop when I suddenly appeared, in a theatrical Style, at the Door.

You seem to think there is no hurry about a Gardener just yet. Mr. Berry still thinks that Miss Bland's man would do well: as it is, he goes out for work, as Miss Bland has not full Employment for him. He and his Wife are very respectable too, I hear. So, in spite of my Fear of Unprotected Females, etc., he might do. Perhaps you might see him one day as you pass the Unprotected One's Grounds, and hear. I have hardly work enough for one Whole Man: as is the case with my Neighbour, who yet is a Female.

I saw Mr. Garrett<sup>2</sup> at the Station and told him not to let that Snob<sup>3</sup> walk over the Commission. Then he gave me his Paper: which doesn't hit hard enough. I wrote to G. Moor to register me as Voter if possible, but I hear that can't be for *this* election. Lord R. must be the Snob I have ever called him, to have the Face for such a Job, so contrived.

Pray come over; you know I always wish it so far as I am concerned, but only when it perfectly suits yourself. There needs no Warning: here is always Bed and Board of some sort. I shall be here a Week. I will enquire about Herring and can bring them.

Yours always  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> The smallest pig in a litter.

<sup>2</sup> Newson Garrett of Aldeburgh, a man of numerous business enterprises and civic leader described as a "valiant, political fire-eater" in a Conservative region. Two of his daughters won national fame. See letter to Fanny Kemble, Sept. 1, 1882.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Rendlesham.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
Feb<sup>r</sup> 15, [1867]

*My dear Donne,*

I came home yesterday from a week's Stay at Lowestoft. As to the Athenaeum, I would bet that the last Sentence was tacked on by the Editor: for it in some measure contradicts the earlier part of the Article.<sup>1</sup>

When your letter was put into my hands, I happened to be reading Montaigne, L. III. Ch. 8, De l'Art de Conferer, where at the end he refers to Tacitus; the only Book, he says, he had read consecutively for an hour together for ten years. He does not say very much: but the Remarks of such a Man are worth many Cartloads of German Theory of Character, I think: their Philology I don't meddle with. I know that Cowell has discovered they are all wrong in their Sanskrit. Montaigne never doubts Tacitus' facts: but doubts his Inferences; well, if I were sure of his Facts, I would leave others to draw their Inferences. I mean, if I were Commentator, certainly: and I think if I were Historian too. Nothing is more wonderful to me than seeing such Men as Spedding, Carlyle, and I suppose Froude, straining Fact to Theory as they do, while a scatter-headed Paddy like myself can keep clear. But then so does the Mob of Readers. Well, but I believe in the Vox Populi of two hundred Years: still more, of two thousand. And, whether we be right or wrong, we prevail: so, however much wiser are the Builders of Theory, their Labour is but lost who build: they can't reason away Richard's Hump, nor Cromwell's Ambition, nor Henry's Love of a new Wife, nor Tiberius' beastliness. Of course, they had all their Gleams of Goodness: but we of the Mob, if we have any Theory at all, have that which all Mankind have seen and felt, and know as surely as Daylight; that Power will tempt and spoil the Best.

Well, but what is all this Lecture to you for? Why, I think you rather turn to the reactionary Party about these old Heroes. So I say, however right you may be, leave us, the many-headed, if not the wise-headed, to go our way, only making the Text of Tacitus as clear for us to flounder about in as you can. That, anyhow, must be the first Thing. Something of the manners and customs of the Times we want also: some Lights from other contemporary Authors also: and then, "Gentlemen, you will now consider your Verdict, and please yourselves."

Can't you act on Spedding's Advice and have your Prolegomena separate, if considerable in size? I don't doubt its Goodness: but you know how, when one wants to take a Volume of an Author on Travel, Ship-board, etc., how angry one is with the Life, Commentary, etc., which takes up half the first volume. This we don't complain of in George III because he is not a Classic, and your Athenaeum Critic admits that yours is the best Part of the Business by far.

P.S. I see by the Athenaeum that H. C. Robinson has left a Diary, etc. Now, you *must edit that*.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Donne's *Correspondence of George the Third* had been reviewed in the *Athenaeum*, February 9, pp. 181-83. The reviewer commends the work and states that the introduction and notes "are better worth reading than his sacred Majesty's most exquisite dullness." Nevertheless, the review concludes, "We do not remember a case where the editor has so often thrust his 'author' aside to figure in the character of a rather too prolix master." Actually, Donne interpolates sparingly, and EFG's capsule appraisal in his letter of February 3 is sound and equitable.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Crabb Robinson (1775-1867), intimate friend of the major Romantics, had died February 5, leaving in manuscript a hundred volumes of diaries, journals of tours, letters, and reminiscences. Robinson frequently visited a brother in Bury St. Edmunds, his native town; and Donne had known him since 1847 when he went to Bury to live.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Febr 27, [1867]

*My dear Cowell,*

I really had begun to believe you had dropt me—which I shouldn't blame you for, neither.

Well—I dare say you are, both of you, happy in being back at Oxford. I think you would always like to reside in one of the two University Towns. What can they want a Lawyer for in the Sanskrit Professorship?

As to the Jámí, I have thought the best way was to send you the Book. You know I asked you before to take such Persian Books as I have, and that could be of any use to you. And what so proper as those which you so kindly sent me from India, which I have never had the Grace to use; and now—never shall! Whenever you come here again, I shall insist on your choosing such Books and Pictures of mine as you will ever care to have; and I will label them as yours after my Death, if you don't choose to take them while I live. I have put your Name down in my Will to choose what you will of any of these things; if you will do so while I am alive it will be all the better.

The other Day I was looking at Donne's Schoolboy's Edition of Catullus, and thinking I would take it with me in my little Ship this Summer. Virgil and Sophocles shall go too. I believe I have been prejudiced against Catullus by the Germans setting him up above Virgil: which surely *cannot* be right? I ought to put it thus questionably, since I have not properly read Catullus: but surely I should have

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heard before this if there were anything to equal the 6th Aeneid, as well as so many parts of that, and the Georgics. I only know that Virgil is the only Latin Poet that (as mad Morton once wrote to me of the mere name of Rome) "touches the handle of the Pump of Tears."

When I run over to Lowestoft now and then I carry Montaigne—a Living Man, not a Book—with me.

Love to the Lady  
Ever yours  
E.FG.

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
Friday [Early March, 1867]

*My dear Poshy,*

I am only back To-day from London, where I had to go for two days: and I am very glad to be back. For the Weather was wretched: the Streets all Slush: and I all alone wandering about in it. So as I was sitting at Night, in a great Room where a Crowd of People were eating Supper, and Singing going on, I thought to myself—Well, Posh might as well be here; and then I should see what a Face he would make at all this. This Thought really came into my mind.

I had asked Mr. Berry to forward me any Letters because I thought you might write to say the Lugger was planked. But now you tell me it is no such thing: well, there is plenty of time, but I wished not to delay in sending the Money, if wanted. I have seen, and heard, no more of Newson; nor of his new Lugger from Mr. Hunt.<sup>1</sup> I am told that one of the American yachts, *The Henrietta*,<sup>2</sup> is a perfect Model: so I am going to have a Print of her that I may try and learn the Stem from the Stern of a Ship. If this North-Easter changes I daresay I may run to Lowestoft next week and get a Sail, but it is too cold for that now.

Well, here is a letter, you see, my little small Captain, in answer to yours, which I was glad to see, for as I do not forget you, as I have told you, so I am glad that you should sometime remember the Old Governor and Herring-merchant.

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> An Aldeburgh shipwright whom EFG had proposed as builder of the *Meum* and *Tuum*.

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<sup>2</sup> Winner of a transatlantic race in which three American yachts had participated the previous December for a prize of \$90,000. The race began at New York December 17; the *Henrietta* reached Cowes, Isle of Wight, the evening of December 25.

To George Crabbe

[*Markethill*]

[*March, 1867*]

*My dear George,*

I was very glad to hear from yourself that you were better. Your fine Weather out there is a strange Contrast to what we have been enduring for the last Fortnight here; and, for all I see, we are to continue to endure. After a very mild February, comes in March with all his East Wind: Snow, Sleet, etc. I think the last three Days have been as disagreeable as they could be: East Wind, and perpetual Snow, melting as it fell. And two of these Days I was trudging about London; where I took the opportunity of doing a little Business while Mrs. Berry was under Doctor's hands here. So up I went: to Wood's Hotel, Furnival's Inn; and glad was I to get back here again. I looked into the National Gallery, where they have scoured and flayed some more pictures; especially the great Rubens' Landscape: which has exchanged its dingy yellow for a chalky white. Something is gained: but I doubt more is lost: much as I am for a Picture being *visible*, I think it would have been best to leave this alone. As Mr. Churchyard used to say; never mind the Dirt, if you can but discern *all* the Painter's Work through it. Then there is a Moroni: which used to be *Venetian*; it is now *Teniers*. Yet it is Boxall<sup>1</sup> who has done all this: a very aesthetic Man. (I always thought him an Ass) and Pollock—and I believe Spedding—approve. Laurence, however, has written a Paper in the Cornhill<sup>2</sup> touching upon it; and telling the Trustees that if they will go to his Studio, he will shew them the Process of true Colouring. Why can't he send us one and

[Portion of letter missing]<sup>3</sup>

has had a Lesson read him, for once in his Life: but I doubt if he is not too great a Fool to profit by it. Some People say Corrance is not so great an Ass as he talks, but that allows a large Margin.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Boxall (1800-79), R.A., Director of the National Gallery, 1865-74.



<sup>2</sup> In "Our Old Pictures," Laurence begs that the practice of "cleaning" pictures in the National Gallery (to their detriment) be discontinued. He recommends that the surface of pictures be rubbed carefully with day-old bread. *Cornhill Magazine*, Feb., 1867, pp. 222-30.

<sup>3</sup> Probably removed by Crabbe.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge

Wednesday [March 6, 1867]

*My dear Donne,*

I had your Letter this morning: and by Noon comes a huge Box—very heavy, my Landlord says. "Shall he unpack it?" "If he likes." He finds a heap of Sawdust: and by and bye comes up again to tell me he can't make out what is forth-coming—"something like the end of a dead Nose." So I went down: and directly I saw the Address on the Box, knew what it must be. At last we get out AT all safe and sound.<sup>1</sup>

Did you forget to apprise me in your Letter? Anyhow, thank you very, very much for the Trouble—and Expense—you have had about it.

Oddly enough, I had said to Spedding in a Letter a few days ago, that the Reason why I had never sent for his handsome Present, now that I have a house to put it in, is simply—that I dared not have it where my poor Epileptic Niece, who takes great pleasure in coming to my House, might be frightened at it; I am obliged to take down all my dark Italian Faces from the Walls: she would dream of them: and I shall now have to send Tennyson away into a Barn, when she comes next.

I take for granted that Spedding had not spoken of my Letter to you: and that is why I call this an odd Coincidence. It is very good of you to provide for all this.

I am very glad you are going to Mrs. Kemble.

Mr. Woodward is a clever, diligent, good—but somehow absurd—creature. Old Childs,<sup>2</sup> his great Patron and Admirer (I always wondered how) said he "wanted Ballast." He is something of the Bladder Species.

I am very glad of the Scheme of Tacitus. Now, mind not to let it slip from you, as Schemes do from that Woodwardian Professor.

Ever yours, my dear Donne,  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The cast of Thomas Woolner's 1857 bust of Tennyson, a gift from Spedding. EFG had no place for the bust in his rented lodgings, so Donne had been keeping it for him. After EFG's death Woolner's brother, in the sculptor's company, bought the bust for a pound in an Ipswich shop. "I charged £5 5s for a cast of that bust," Woolner told his brother, "the seams being cleaned off by my assistants; but FitzGerald offered to give me double the price if I would clean off the seams myself. Poor, dear old Fitz, I did not like to refuse him; and so I did it. He sent me . . . £10 10s; but, busy as I was just then . . . £200 would not more than have paid me" (Glyde, *Life*, pp. 265-67).


<sup>2</sup> Donne's friend, Bernard Woodward, Librarian at Windsor Castle. John Childs, the Bungay printer.

## To Thomas Woolner<sup>1</sup>

*Market Hill, Woodbridge*  
*March 8, [1867]*

Sir,

Donne tells me that you have been so good as to superintend the Packing of your Tennyson Bust: which reached me safe yesterday. For which allow me to thank you: as also for the loan of the Box: which was to be sent back Today—when I first heard from Donne about it all.

When it came, a young Sailor, a great Friend of mine, happened to be with me, and helped to lift the Poet out of the (Saw) dust. When this was done, I said to my Man, "There is what is called 'A Poet' who twenty-five or thirty years ago might have stood up to fight you." He said, "Well, Sir, he's a grand-looking Gentleman, and no mistake." I used to tell  in those Days he had something of the Air and Look of a Sailor: and meant no ill Compliment. The Sailor I now speak of is a moving Statue of Strength and Pliancy too; like one of the Elgin Marbles; Odissus in a *Guernsey*, which is a fine Dress for a fine Figure. When he has sat in the Cabin, with the Light coming down, I have been reminded of the grand Figure on the Top of M. Angelo's Medici Tomb; the Cast of which at the Crystal Palace—especially when the organ plays without—is the finest Sight to me now of all the London sights.

And this Man has a large, simple, Soul, and Dignity of Manner, all of a piece: much more *The Gentleman* than the Gentle folks of the Place he belongs to: and very much more Ladylike than the Ladies.

Your much obliged  
Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Although Woolner was from Suffolk, he and EFG probably first met in the 1840's in London, where they had many of the same friends at a time when Woolner was trying to establish himself as an artist. When Woolner left for a long stay in Australia in 1852 and EFG, a few years later, ended his frequent trips to London, their paths did not cross again until Woolner had become well known; hence the formality in salutations.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
March 11, [1867]

*My dear Donne,*

I duly received your interesting Paper about Human Sacrifice.<sup>1</sup> I am no Judge of such things: I only know that many of these Quotations are interesting in themselves: very well put together: and—conclusive Enough for me!

I have posted it to Cowell: who is now living at Oxford—40, High Street—having gone there to do some duty with Oriental MSS at the Bodleian for Max Müller—who has somewhat overtasked himself of late, and is gone away for Holiday and rest.

How the Verses of Ovid in your Paper recalled to me Dryden's Expression about his easy Handgallop, as it were over Carpet-ground.<sup>2</sup> What a different ring from the Virgilian Metal.

I suppose you won't be long away on your Visit to Mrs. Kemble; whom I hope you found well and happy.

Last Night Mr. German Reed, whose Acquaintance I made at Lowestoft,<sup>3</sup> and like very much, called upon me. He was staying Sunday with a Friend here.

And Tomorrow R. Groome was to have come to me; but my Landlady is so poorly that I have been obliged to put him off.

My Brother John tells me you have been over-looking a Book of Translation for his Son Maurice.<sup>4</sup> I told my Brother I hoped M. had not *troubled* you, who have work enough of your own, and are called in to do every one's else. You know that I was always very conscientious about this: I believe I may say so.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoranda on the Question of the Use of Human Sacrifice among the Romans*, *Archaeologia*, Vol. XI.

<sup>2</sup> Preface to *Sylvae*, 1685.

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<sup>3</sup> See letter to Donne, Sept. 30, 1866.

<sup>4</sup> *The Crowned Hippolytus of Euripides*, 1867.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
March 17, [1867]

*My dear Cowell,*

You have made me the very Present I wanted. I had intended to ask you to buy me such a Copy of Catullus as you had recommended in a former Letter.

I was looking into it last Evening: and fancy I shall never take it much to heart: but I shall try what I can with the longer Pieces, in my Ship. Virgil shall go too ("Maria aspera juro!")<sup>1</sup> and Sophocles; perhaps the Odyssey (I never can or shall care for the squabbles of the Iliad Savages, nor their Fetishes) and I have thought of Terence (should like a Tacitus, such as Donne once promised) and perhaps Boccaccio.

Well—tomorrow I shall pack you off the Mesnavi (which is not complete, you may remember) and the Volume I told you of with Jami's Letters, Hasht Bihisht, and the second Copy of Omar. I would not send the Latter, were it not done up with the others, since you have other Copies. But so have I, you know: and it is a pity these clean and handsome MSS should not be in hands that will use them. You will see, at any rate, that they have not come to any harm in mine.

Do not write, pray, unless a Line (if you choose) to tell me the Books reach you. You are really a busy Man: and I must understand that you want no more Writing than is necessary after your Day's Work.

Donne's Pamphlet, he tells me, was not meant by himself for Publication: but drawn up at Sir John Boileau's<sup>2</sup> private Request. I shall tell Donne what you say about it. He has been staying awhile with Mrs. Kemble, who writes me that he is looking over-worked and unwell. He slaves for his Sons, you know, and for anybody else.

Ever yours and Lady's  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "By the rough seas, I swear!"

<sup>2</sup> Norfolk archaeologist; vice-president of the Society of Antiquaries. The pamphlet, *Human Sacrifices Among the Romans*.

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To E. B. Cowell

Lowestoft  
March 25, [1867]

My dear Cowell,

You must not answer this Letter: which will have nothing in it needing Answer; only written indeed out of a sort of Idleness—being wearied of Montaigne's *Raymond de Sebonde Apology*, which I brought here with me: and which I persist in looking over. I have also brought Thackeray's *Pendennis*; but that I reserve for Night. It comes out to very wonderful—now this *third* Reading—as did *Vanity Fair* before it. I must think we have *no Novels* in the Language like them; altogether, Fielding, I am sure, is very coarse and common work in comparison. The Characters are wonderfully streaked with Good and Evil: but, in spite of what People say, the Good, the Amiable, and the Noble, preponderate. You must one day read these Books carefully again: I feel now persuaded they will *endure*: though I would not subscribe to the Author's Monument in Westminster Abbey: I think one hundred Years should pass first.

I believe it is very wrong and selfish to take no Interest in Public Affairs: but I have long ceased to do so: never read a Newspaper: and even deprecate any verbal News from Friends. I have long believed all was going down-hill; and I couldn't help to stop it. We have seen what the Commercial Stamina of the Country has been: and now here is the *Nobility*—doing anything to keep in Office, etc.<sup>1</sup> But I have only heard of this from you, my Brother, and Mr. Doughty—(all Conservatives) and I will say no more about it—even the *Apologie for Sebonde* is better.

It is a pity, I think, there is not a Selection (not an Abbreviation) of Montaigne for general Use. And yet I don't know if Women would be the better for it. His Praises of Ignorance all read so well in Company with my Blue-jackets here: who understand one thing—their Business. Do Derby, D'Israeli and Co.?

Love to Lady

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> A bill proposing to extend the franchise to a portion of the laboring class had been submitted to the Commons by the Conservative government the previous week. "I may be told by some," said Disraeli, who introduced the measure, "that this Bill . . . tends still further to interpose the barrier of class. . . . And why should we conceal from ourselves that the country is peculiarly one of class

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composition?" (*Annual Register*, "History," 1847, p. 42.) In 1832 EFG regretted that the First Reform Bill had failed to grant universal suffrage.

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
April 2/67

*My dear Lady,*

I was very glad indeed to see your Hand-writing again. But I must take another Pen (though of Steel) before you will be glad of seeing mine again, I think.

I am very glad that you like Annie Thackeray's Novel.<sup>1</sup> There were several sentences I should have liked omitted in the course of it, as I remember: I told her I thought she sometimes fell into *Reflections*, something as her Father did, which one didn't want. But *the* Sentence I quarrelled with was the ponderous one—the whole Paragraph—the very last of the Book. The Book seemed to me so well finished without it: and she admits that it had been coined separately, and stuck on, with some hesitation on her part. Not but what (she says in fun)—not but what *she* considers it one of the best Things in the Book.

She has been much out of health, and scarce knows whether to smile or cry at her younger Sister going to be married<sup>2</sup>—to a younger son of Sir James Stephen—a Lawyer, I think, and a writer in Reviews. Annie T. likes him much: and thinks her sister will be happy with him; and so far is glad indeed. But—she will lose the sole Possession of the Sister she loved—the only one she had to go through Life hand in hand with. However, it is settled that she is to live with them: and now she says, "If only her dear Dad could be there to approve!" I am reading *his* Novels again—with encreased Wonder and Admiration. He has no perfect Heroes or Heroines—many Knaves and Fools, not perfect even in their kind: but there can be no greater mistake than to say that *Good*, and Admiration of Goodness, does not preponderate in his Books. It gives me a Pang that he is not here for me to tell him all I think. I feel convinced these Books will last.

I never go to Felixtow in winter: and thus see nothing of the Allenbys. I hear of them now and then from my Captain, when he comes up to Woodbridge. I run now and then to Lowestoft, where I am actually building a Herring-lugger, for a grand Fellow there to be Captain of: a Young Man who always looks to me like one of those

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first British sent over to Rome—a very humane Savage—such an one as I think I would rather be than—Tennyson or Thackeray! But I know this is foolish—though sincere.

Spedding has left L. I. Fields, and gone to keep house with a Sister-in-law in Westbourne Terrace: no doubt for her sake rather than his own. The old Housemaid at L. I. Fields declared she wouldn't stop in the house if he left it: and it has ended in her going with him to his new Abode. *There* is a pretty Passage in Vanity Fair!

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *The Village on the Cliff*, concluded in the February issue of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

<sup>2</sup> Harriet Marian Thackeray married Leslie Stephen (1832-1904), historian, critic, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1871-82, and first editor of *DNB*, not a lawyer.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
April 22, [1867]

*My dear Cowell,*

I received the Omar—Thank you. I should have cut it out myself but that I have the Copy which you were good enough to send me first: and which is good enough for such a Scholar as myself.

I have not written to Thompson since early Winter. For he then only wrote about this Sanskrit Business:<sup>1</sup> and perhaps may not have Time—or Inclination to gossip as before. Formerly I always wrote him three or four times a year, and had an Answer in kind.

Nor can I screw a letter out of old Spedding at all. But then I can't blame my Friends; they say, "Why don't you come and see us?" etc. And I can make no further Reply than what I have made.

I now get out in my Boat on the River: and before long shall have my Ship on the Sea. The Weather as yet is ungenial: but what Sunshine and Verdure there is makes me uneasy at home. I remember observing how Pictures, which one relished in Winter, looked stale when Spring came into Leaf and Flower: it is so with Books—to me—after a Winter of them. But Sophocles will be remembered when I get to Sea. I think of some Cicero too; and some Boccaccio. You will one day have to read Thackeray's Novels again, as I have done for the

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third time this Winter: liking them better than the first. I doubt if there is anything so good in the English Language—of the kind. I am now reading some of Fielding: very good, as far as it goes; but he does not sound the Depths, or reach the Heights. It is a mistake to say that Evil predominates in Thackeray's Characters: *the Good* does vastly: and the Reverence for Good.

Ever yours and Lady's  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> A proposal to establish a chair of Sanskrit at Cambridge.

To Alfred Tennyson

Markethill, Woodbridge  
May 7, [1867]

*My dear Alfred,*

Edward Cowell stands for a Sanskrit Professorship at Cambridge. Some omniscient German opposes him;<sup>1</sup> which is best I can't say; I am only *sure* that Cowell would not put up for a Place he was not fit for; and I cannot believe but that his Talents, his Studies *do* qualify him for this Place. At any rate, if you know no more of one Candidate than the other, give it for the Englishman.

I am supposing you have a Vote at Cambridge; being L.L.D., are you not? And do ask others to vote this way. Your Voice will go a very long way, without your having the trouble to exert it much. Do, like a good Fellow, and "paltry Poet." O dear! How shocked would be some of your aesthetic Worshippers at my Impudence! I am relying upon it that *you* won't, you see; on the strength of Old Times.

I don't know where you have got to, so I enclose this to Old Spedding. I have nothing whatsoever to tell of myself—unless the old Story; a Winter over the Fire; and now preparing for a Summer on the Water.

Please to remember me to the Wife; and believe me your sincere old unaesthetic Worshipper

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Theodore Aufrecht of Edinburgh, Sanskrit scholar who had begun a catalogue of Sanskrit MSS at Trinity College.



May 1867

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
May 8/67

*My dear Pollock,*

Unless you are predestined to vote for a German to fill the chair of Sanskrit to be set up at Cambridge, do vote, and get those you can to vote, for Edward Cowell. What the other Candidates may be, I don't know; I am sure he is fit for the Place; first, because, though I am not a proper Judge of Sanskrit, or any other Scholarship, I believe I *am* a Judge of the Stuff a Scholar should be made of: and, of all my learned Friends, I have known *none* of so unmistakeable Metal as Cowell. And, secondly, among the Qualities that so clearly distinguish him, none is more to be trusted than his Reverence and Modesty, which I know would not let him set up for any Office he was not competent to fill: for which very reason he may not profess the Omniscience, or the sublime Theories, which the Germans have dazzled us with: but he will be sure of what he does profess. Beside having studied Oriental Literature these twenty years, he has been for eight years at Calcutta (Professor of English Literature there),<sup>1</sup> where he studied Sanskrit with the native Pundits, etc. He told me, on his return two years ago, that he had been surprised to find how extremely inaccurate the German Scholars were in that direction: that their grand and plausible Theories would not stand Examination: this he told me long before this Cambridge Professorship was talked of. It was Thompson who first told me of the Scheme, and asked if Cowell would stand: I believe Cowell is now with him at Trinity. I repeat that, whatever the other Candidates may be, I am certain Cowell is a fit man; and if he be so, I should wish him success over a German, even were he not my Friend, but only an Englishman: whose national Good Sense I have more respect for than all the German Aesthetics, etceterorum.

I have nothing to tell you of mine self—only the old Story—Dormouse Existence here all Winter: now boating on the River; and soon about to put to Sea. I have been reading Thackeray's Novels a third time: I am sure that Fielding is common and coarse work in Comparison. Mrs. Pollock won't care to have me remembered to her; but yet I am hers and yours

Sincerely  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Professor of History and Political economy.

May 1867

To E. B. Cowell

Lowestoft  
May 15/67

*My dear Cowell,*

You will be sure to let me know what Progress you make about this Sanskrit Business: I mean, when there is any decided progress to report. Do not trouble yourself to write, otherwise.

I have come here for a short while to see my Lugger, and her Captain; but I shall be back at Woodbridge by the beginning of next week.

Hither I brought your Catullus: and have been looking into the longer Poems you told me of: Peleus and Thetis—Hymenaeus, Atys, etc. But I cannot care for any of them as yet. Only some little bits about his Brother—"Oh quid solutis," etc., very tender. But what Pretence of any *great* Poem, even on a small scale? What great Passage of a Poem, even? I cannot as yet see, as you do, that Catullus might have done great things; I see no indication of that, at all. Now Virgil, who may not have written any great Poem, has written innumerable grand and noble Passages. Really, one would think no one but a modern German could have entertained the idea of even comparing him with Catullus; much less, putting him behind Catullus. And yet we have had English Scholars adopting Niebuhr's idea. Surely, no one, up to these last thirty or forty years ever dreamed of such a thing. I don't think I shall ever think of Catullus as more than a Writer of "Vers de Societé"—and, for the most part, of such a Society as Rome then offered. Could any Man with a Soul for great Things have written all those nasty and stupid Epigrams? *Could* Virgil have done it? I don't think I shall ever go from home again without a Pocket Virgil: for I find I am constantly wanting to smell at that Nosegay. I suppose I must have a Tauchnitz<sup>1</sup>—on some better paper—that I may write out some words and phrases I am apt to forget.

Here also I have Don Quixote—delightful; I think he *must* be read in Spanish; more inseparable from his Mother tongue than *any* Work, in Prose or Verse, that I know of.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Karl Tauchnitz (1761-1836), Leipzig publisher, noted for his editions of the classics.

May 1867

To Frederick Spalding

"Becky's"<sup>1</sup>

Saturday [May 18, 1867]

Dear Sir,

I shall stay here till Monday, at any rate: perhaps a day or two more, unless wanted home by Dove & Co.

G. Moor writes me word he has settled about Mr. Grimwood<sup>2</sup>—*how*, I know not. And also with Mr. Bendall,<sup>3</sup> with whom was some diversity of opinion about six inches of ground, I believe. As Jemmy is a good Fellow, I would willingly give up six inches—or six feet, if need were.

Posh is very busy with his Lugger which will be decked by the middle of next Week. I have just left him: having caught him with a Pot of white paint (some of which was on his Face), and having made him dine on cold Beef in the Suffolk Hotel Bowlinggreen—washing all down with two Tankards of Bullard's Ale. He was not displeased to dine abroad; as this is Saturday, when he says there are apt to be "Squalls" at home, because of washing, etc. His little Boy is on the mending hand: safe, indeed, I hope, and believe: unless they let him go into Draughts of Air: which I have warned them against.

Yesterday we went to Yarmouth, and bought a Boat for the Lugger, and paraded the Town: and dined at the Star Tavern (Beefsteak for one) and looked into the Great Church: where, when Posh pulled off his Cap and stood erect but not irreverent, I thought he looked as good an Image of the Mould that Man was originally cast in, as you may chance to see in the Temple of *The Maker* in these Days.

The Artillery were blazing away on the Denes; and the little Bandmaster, who played with his Troop here last summer, joined us as we were walking, and told Posh not to lag behind, for he was not at all ashamed to be seen walking with him. The little well-meaning Ass.

Mr. Berry tells me that Fitch's Remains have been found.

Write me a Line if you have time and believe me yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Becky, one of the two Misses Green with whom EFG lodged at Marine Terrace, Lowestoft.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Grimwood, Woodbridge timber merchant.

<sup>3</sup> James Bendall, Woodbridge foundry owner whose brother had bought Melton Grange, of which EFG's property had been a part.

May 1867

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
May 23/67

*My dear Cowell,*

I was very glad of your Packet, this morning received. Why surely with M. Müller's capital Recommendation you must have, at least, as good a chance as any one. And here have I been confounding M.M. for the last Fortnight or three weeks in consequence of your Heroine's writing me that he had deserted you, though unwillingly, for a Fellow-Countryman: whereas it appears he wouldn't oppose you even for himself! His is a capital Letter, I must believe: not a word of too General, or Conventional, praise: but all accurate Estimate. I cannot but think that he alone will carry you through. The others are judicious and sincere: but M.M. is probably worth them all as an Authority: and he most emphatically immolates himself to set you up.

You won't have leisure or thoughts for other matters: nor do I wish you to answer this Letter: which is only written to acknowledge yours, and tell you my sincere pleasure, and even my sanguine expectation of the result. Yet I am almost sorry to have written that: for I have an old pagan Terror of any confident Anticipation. But it is written now, and shall go.

I returned home last night, after being busied with far other matters—Luggers, Nets, Boats, etc. And now I am anticipating that our Nets, put out on the Denes to dry will be spoilt: and I can't help feeling vexed: and also can't help feeling what a Fool I am for thinking of the matter at all. If they *were* spoilt, I shouldn't trouble. Oh Dickey, Dickey! What can it matter—a year or two hence—and I have just been to see the Widow of an old Servant of ours. (I wonder if Elizabeth remembers *Allen* at Boulge—who took care of the old Grey horses, and had a hand in the Garden?) Well, his Widow, who wished so to see me before she died. And indeed dying she looks—as I shall have to die—and yet I think of our Nets! Oh dear, oh dear! And can't help them by thinking, neither. But I also want my Man there to prosper—and yet to do so may spoil him for the simple Fisherman he is. When I took him into the great Church at Yarmouth the other day, and he stood uncovered and erect, and not irreverent in the main aisle, I thought he looked as good a specimen of the Model that Man was made in as one could well find now in the Temple of the Maker. And he may fall, like Adam—if he get a taste of the Forbidden Fruit of Wealth.

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Tell Elizabeth I was very pleased to see the scrap of her Mother's writing. I dare say *she* is not thinking of worldly things.

You still call Catullus' longer Poems grand things: which I can't yet see. But I probably have not taken them properly into my head. Tennyson used to go on murmuring Atys—"Age, age, ferox," etc., in his grotesque way, as if goading the Lion.

Really Don Quixote seems to me now the most purely delightful Book I ever read—perhaps only because I happen to be reading it in Spanish. I always wearied of it, I think, in English.

Now I have said more than enough. And this is why I won't now make any reply to the *Missis*; only thank her for her Letter: and tell her she will have to do some sort of penance for misreporting Max Müller; whose health I will drink this very day.

Ever yours—and *his*,  
E.FG.

To Herman Biddell

Woodbridge  
May 24, [1867]

Dear Biddell,

Thank you for your Catalogue—which I herewith return. It has not inspired me with any desire to see the Exhibition,<sup>1</sup> though I dare say I should like many of the Pictures there.

What you say of Landseer's Lion<sup>2</sup> is, I doubt not, just. A Sailor was saying to me only the other Day at Lowestoft (he had been to see a Wild Beast Show), "The Lion look a grand Fellow for'ard, but very lean aft." But this is better than being too full in those Quarters.

I had yesterday a Letter from W. Airy: and wrote in reply to ask if he were not coming this way before the middle of June. After that, I may be fluctuating about the World: though never to any Distance.

Aren't you going to see the Paris Lions?<sup>3</sup>

O! How dead and gone is Sight-seeing with

Yours very truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Royal Academy Exhibition that had opened May 6.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Edwin Landseer's four lions completing the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, which had been erected more than twenty years before, were unveiled January 31, 1867.

<sup>3</sup> The Great Exhibition at Paris, which had been opened by the Emperor, April 1.

May 1867

## To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge

Saturday, [May 25, 1867]

I suppose you like a Letter on a Sunday, Posh, as well as another day: so—here goes! The sky looks fine, as you say, and the Sun shines; so the Lint<sup>1</sup> is well out in it. But if tomorrow, Sunday though it be, looks threatening, I should be tempted to wheel my Lint home under cover. Last night we had such a frost here as has turned the potatoes black, and left ice as thick as a penny-piece in the water-tub.<sup>2</sup>

Newson has been up today, and has carried off my sails. He gives but a bad account of his Wife: I doubt hers is a lost case. I told him all about our lugger and lint: and it will not be long before we go round Orford Ness on our way to Lowestoft. The Scandal is ready, except a little paint, which the weather has prevented putting on.

Newson had his new Boat out on Thursday, and turned a little penny by putting off a Pilot. He says the Boat rides the water well, even with his old Boat's sails; and now we are to get a new suit for her from Aldbro'. He has built up his shed, as Percival told us. Mr. Silver's Yacht is still here, but goes with him to the Thames on Monday. The weather has been so cold that I have not cared to go and look at her. Newson is rather comforted because of her sticking twice on the Harbour bar. You may have heard perhaps that we are never very much displeased with our neighbours' misfortunes.

Go on Monday, and lay 'out three halfpence in buying the *Eastern Times* of last Friday. There you will find some Verses on Sergeant Hargreaves,<sup>3</sup> which I like much.

Your Photograph was sent me,<sup>4</sup> and does very well; only the Attitude is too elegant, as the man said. When I come again, you and Newson shall sit: and then I will take care to have no more *elegance*.

In a dozen hours from this writing, you will be slouching along to the Ship-yard: and I should like to be going with you. Let me hear when the lint is safe housed: and the *Meum and Tuum* decked: and believe me always yours

*The Governor*

<sup>1</sup> "Net, whether before or after being made up into *nets*" (*Sea Words and Phrases*).

<sup>2</sup> May 22, Derby Day, the *Times* reported, "was at times piercingly raw and cold . . . biting wind, sleet, and snow" swept the Downs at Epsom. (For the sports-minded reader—the race was won by Hermit, a long shot.)

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<sup>3</sup> John Hargreaves, a Lowestoft veteran of the Crimean War, who had died May 5.

<sup>4</sup> The picture is of Posh at the age of 28, generously bearded, seated, holding an oar. Writers on EFG have mistakenly identified this photograph as one taken in 1870. See letter to Mrs. Cowell, [c. Jan. 12, 1870], n.1.

To Mrs. E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]

[May, 1867]

*My dear Lady,*

You have surely gone astray when you talk of *my* Influence about—a Professorship! And of Sanskrit!! Don't you think Max Müller, and your Husband's late Professorship—and present Employment—and Editings and Writings—do the work—if it is to be done at all?

However, you will persist, I daresay, in giving me too much Credit in the matter. I can only say that I have always spoken of EBC as a real Scholar—a very rare thing—whom Men may be *sure* will not pretend to know what he does not know *thoroughly*; and who has the Gift of making others know it also.

I dare say Groome will do all he can: and that will be *something*. But EBC's real Testimonials lie quite apart from all such efforts. If I could, or can, do any more in the same line, tell me, of course. But, in truth, I had fancied you had both cooled about Cambridge, and were set upon Oxford. I think *I* should like Oxford best, on the whole, renegade as I am; it is altogether the more venerable and pleasant place, I fancy. But I believe Cambridge *Air* is better.

On Tuesday your young Crowfoot's Elder Brother,<sup>1</sup> who practises Physic with his most amiable Father at Beccles, is to come over here to examine a Pit of White, or Coralline, Crag, over the Water: and I shall send them down in my Boat, if they like. Crowfoot is very glad and proud that his Oxford Son is so well esteemed by you both.

Yes. Mrs. O'Dowd is a true Heroine: she was something like my Brother Peter's Wife, who died last year; and whom I very often think about now. She was very fond of me, I believe.

I can't be sure of your present Address, which is rather involved in your description of it. So I don't write much. I shall be very glad to hear of the Professorship prospering: I don't even know if it is settled there is to be one.

June 1867

Mr. Meller has just sold his Living here: and it is to be hoped he'll leave the place.

Ever yours and E.B.C.'s,  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Young Crowfoot, John H.; the elder, William M.

To E. B. Cowell  
(Fragment)

*[Late May, 1867]*

You would be amused with him of the Yacht: but you would be delighted with him of the Lugger—so big and strong and broad, so quiet and yielding at home: making way to his little Wife, and taking his little sick Boy to bed with him in the day-time. The other day he wanted to show me four Kits his Cat had presented him with: they were up in a Loft: up which he climbs, like a Cat, and brings the four little blind Souls down nested like Birds in the inside of his Fur cap. As he stood holding them very gently, and looking at them with blue eyes, I thought what a good Statue it was. You won't see such in all Cambridge. Well, but you may see something much better, if not so much to my perverse fancy.

Goodbye—here is a long Letter. Let me hear if anything turns up: anyhow, the Upshot of June 7.<sup>1</sup> Oh June! What, are we so soon going to break into that Golden Guinea of Summer, that, once broken into, seems so soon spent!

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The date of the election for the Sanskrit chair.

To Posh Fletcher

*Woodbridge*  
*June 8, [1867]*

*My dear Posh,*

We got into Woodbridge Harbour Mouth just as the Tide turned against us; in spite of our Jib splitting, in a jump of the Sea, off Orford



June 1867

Ness. Today Mr. Manby and his Friends are gone in my Ship to see the Ocean Match,<sup>1</sup> and will not be back till Monday, I suppose. I feel rather dull without my Ship and Crew; and wish I was at Lowestoft to be with my other Captain there.

I am rather vexed to find that Newson thinks the Lugger ought to have been two feet longer. But I suppose that, if her Keel had been laid at 47 feet instead of 45, you would still have made her wide in proportion. I fixed on a smaller size because I rather wished to shut out the North Sea Voyage: and now I don't know what is to be done about it: and so, as usual, I blunder in everything. What is to be done?

Now my good Fellow, about paying you for your Work about the Lugger, you must calculate that, taking into account how much work you have spent on your own old Nets during the time; and also upon the new ones, in case we are to be partners in them also. You would wrong me very, very, much, if you supposed that, when I say this, I want to screw you to a close bargain. But I do not believe that you can think this of me; knowing that, unless for your good, I should never have meddled with Herring fishery, to be sure. I only wish to have the Business, so far as it is *Business*, clear between both parties, and then I think I shall not be found a very hard Customer to deal with. What *I* gain by all this is very good gain; namely, the having an interest in you and in Lowestoft; which has made the last Winter a much pleasanter winter to me than many that have gone before it.

My Lawyer here thinks that in the Registration of the Lugger, they would not admit "J. Fletcher and Co." He fancies that my Name ought to be specified. But he is going to make sure of this.

All this precaution, you will understand, is only taken because of the uncertainty of all human Life: not from any fear of my old *Stull's*<sup>2</sup> honour; on which (as I tell my Lawyer, and as he believes from what he saw of you) I would trust my own Honour and Life, as well as my Property.

Ah, I should like to have a walk with you tomorrow. But we shall soon be sailing your way.

Robertina Jacobs<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Royal London Yacht Club race from the Thames to Harwich.

<sup>2</sup> "An extra-large mackerel" (EFG's *Sea Words and Phrases*).

<sup>3</sup> The signature is enigmatic.

June 1867

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
June 10 [1867]

*My dear Posh,*

One thing I have made out; which is, that *your* name is to be registered *alone* for the Lugger; and, after that, it must be mortgaged to me at the Custom-house.<sup>1</sup> So you can get your name registered as Owner as soon as you please.

As to your share in the Property, and what is due to you for your present work in her, we will settle it when I next go to Lowestoft: which I think will be toward the end of this week. I wish that you and Newson would talk it over together. I only want to see the Way a little clear, and I think you may depend upon it, my good Fellow, that you shall not fare the worse by your connection with me. Meanwhile, if you want any money to keep your own Pot boiling, as well as to buy for the Lugger, let me know; I certainly owe you *some* for the Lugger, if not for the Nets. You never asked me for any: but, on the contrary, *I* reminded *you*. Do not at all lament that you have not money now to help the concern; I hope, and trust, that my Letter put no such thought into your head. I trust in you, Posh: do you trust in me, as I think you do; tell me all you think due to yourself, as well as to me. My good Boy, I only desire your welfare and prosperity in the matter, with such a proper regard as you yourself would wish for my security; wishing you also to rely as much as you can on yourself: to take the greatest heed of all Debt and Liability: and, while anxious you should prosper, *not* wishing you should prosper too fast: which has hurt many and many.

Newson and Jack<sup>2</sup> have been today looking at my Farm; they are arrayed in new bright blue Guernseys, which they bought at Harwich: and flit through the streets here like Kingfishers.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> This proposal was abandoned. The lugger's registration named EFG as three-quarters, Posh, one-quarter, owners.

<sup>2</sup> Tom Newson and Jack Howe, crew of the *Scandal* until EFG sold the yacht in 1871. Jack, Newson's nephew, had replaced Cooper, the former second hand on the boat.

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To W. H. Thompson

Woodbridge  
June 10, [1867]

*My dear Thompson,*

Elizabeth Cowell sends me a Telegram that EBC is elected by a good Majority.<sup>1</sup>

I know you wouldn't have proposed any but a good Candidate for your own University, irrespective of any personal Regard to him or his Friends. Still, I will take upon myself to thank you for the Kindness you have shown Cowell; so much beyond the usual Support given to a Stranger; I *will* believe that some of this was on my Account, and so I will thank you sincerely, whether right or wrong.

Had I been at Cambridge I could have wheedled Cowell out of his Cart very dexterously, so as to make him show some of the Fun and Humour that is in him, as well as much of the varied Knowledge which lies under his Shyness and Modesty. When some fifteen or twenty years ago I brought him and my old George Crabbe together, I was afraid that Crabbe, who hated Reserve, would mistake Cowell's Shyness: but, after a Day and a Dinner on the Water, he shouted out—"Reserve, Sir! Why, he's a great Boy!" And so he really was; and I dare say, is; and I hope you will find him so.

Well, something of this sort I could have done in other Days, not only with you in the Lodge, but even with your Dons in Combination Room.<sup>2</sup> But that is all over—only, I don't forget those with whom such things were.

I am now going about again in my Ship; and the Fok'sal is my Combination Room; but I am as ever the present Master of Trinity's old and sincere Friend

Fitz

<sup>1</sup> The result: Cowell, 96 votes; Aufrecht, 37 (Cowell *Biography*, p. 228).

<sup>2</sup> The Fellows' lounge.

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
June 12, [1867]

*My dear Lady,*

I had your welcome Telegram (which I forwarded to Crowfoot, as I knew he would be pleased) and should have congratulated you

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before, but I knew you neither of you wanted that from me. I wrote, however, to thank Thompson for any such share of Attention as he may have paid to Cowell on my Account: very much less than you persist in assigning to me. Thompson knew from other Authority that Cowell was the proper Man for the Office: he knew by his own Eyes and Ears that he was a Man whom it was a private gain to be connected with.

I was all yesterday taking a small Party on the River: and am today about to do the same. These little things tire me more than you would think possible: really, I believe, from the talking and hearing talk all day, which is so unlike my way of Life. But I am too selfish already in keeping my little Ship to myself. One pleasure of it is that one gets away where no Newspaper nor Newsmonger comes, to live with People who know nothing but their own Business—a pleasant Business to me!—and, if one wants other company, Don Quixote is at hand.

All wrong! All wrong! I know it: but too late to reform now.

Ever yours and E.B.C.'s  
E.FG.

To E. B. Cowell

*"Scandal"; Lowestoft  
June 17, [1867]*

*My dear Cowell,*

I wrote to Elizabeth, I think, to congratulate you both on the result of the Election: I have since had your Letter: you will not want me to repeat what, without my ever having written or said, you will know that I feel. I wrote to Thompson on the subject, and have had a very kind Letter from him.

Now you will live at Cambridge among the Learned; but, I repeat, you would rather live among the Ignorant. However, your Path is cut out for you: and, to be sure, it is a more useful and proper one for you than the cool sequestered one which one might like to travel.

I am here in my little Ship—cool and sequestered enough, to be sure—with no Company but my Crew of Two, and my other—Captain of the Lugger now a-building: a Fellow I never tire of studying. If he *should* turn out knave, I shall have done with all Faith in my own Judgment: and if he should go to the Bottom of the Sea in the Lugger—I sha'n't cry for the Lugger.

June 1867

Well, but I have other Company too—Don Quixote—the 4th Part: where those Snobs, the Duke and Duchess (how vulgar Great Folks then, as now!) make a Fool and Butt of him. Cervantes should have had more respect for his own Creation: but, I suppose, finding that all the Great Snobs could only *laugh* at the earlier part, he thought he had better humour them. This very morning I read the very Verses you admired to me twenty years ago—

Ven muerte tan escondida, etc.

They are quoted ironically in Part IV. Lib. VII. Ch. 38.

Ever Yours,  
E.F.G.

### To Frederick Spalding

*Lowestoft*  
*Longest Day*  
[June 21, 1867]

*Dear Mr. Spalding,*

Both your Letters came to hand Today: I don't know why the first was delayed: certainly from no fault of Posh's.

I wrote yesterday to offer my Ship to Mr. Manby for Harwich Regatta: which comes off on Tuesday, I hear. I am to hear from him this Evening whether he accepts or not. If he does, I shall run home on Monday—perhaps to Harwich, where I shall leave my Ship for him: for I keep out of all these hurry-scurries.

I shall be delighted to see you here: except that I am rather doubtful if the Expense is worth your while. But you must positively only be guided by your own pleasure; remember this: for as to talking over Posh, etc., with me, there is plenty of time for that: indeed, as yet we cannot come to a final estimate of the Property, since all is not yet bought: sails, cables, warps, Ballast, etc. As to his services hitherto, I yesterday gave him £20, telling him that I couldn't compute how much he had done for me: nor could he, he said; and would be contented with anything.

No cloven Hoof as yet! It was his Birthday (yesterday) and we all had a walk to the new Lugger, and then to Mutford, where we had a fresh-water Sail on the Broad: Ale at the Inn—and Punch in the Suffolk Bowling green at night. Oh, 'tis a pleasant Time! But it passes, passes. I have not been out to Sea once since we've been here; only loitering about on shore.

June 1867

Thank you for all the Trouble you take about my Grass: I suppose here is at last good weather for making it.

I must shut up to be in time

[Remainder of page cut off]

## To Posh Fletcher

*Markethill, Woodbridge*

*Wednesday [June 26, 1867]*

Now then, Posh, here is a letter for you sooner than you looked for; and moreover you will have to answer it as soon as you can.

I want you to learn from your Friend Dan Fuller what particulars you can about that Lugger we saw at Mutford Bridge, Draft of Water; Length of Keel; what Sails and Stores; and what Price; and any other Questions you may think necessary to ask. If the Man here who has a notion of buying such a Vessel to make a Yacht of on this river sees any hope of doing so at a reasonable rate, and with a reasonable hope of Success, he will go over next week to look at the Vessel. He of course knows he would have to alter all her inside: but I told him your Opinion that she would do well *Cutter-rigged*.

So now, Poshy, do go down, as soon as is convenient, to Dan, and stand him *half a Pint* and don't tell him what you are come about, but just turn the Conversation (in a Salvaging sort of way) to the old Lugger, and get me the particulars I ask for. Perhaps Dan's heart will open—over *Half a Pint*—as yours has been known to do. And if you write to me as soon as you can what you can learn, why I take my Blessed Oath that I'll be d——d if I don't stand you Half a Pint, so help me Bob, the next time I go to Lowestoft. I hope I make myself understood.

The *Elsie* is being gutted, and new timbered; and Mr. Silver has bought a new dandy of forty tons, and Ablett Percival is to be Captain. I think of going down the river soon to see Captain Newson. I have been on the River Today and thought that I should have been with you on the way to Yarmouth or Southwold if I had stayed at Lowestoft. Instead of which I have been to the Lawyer here.

Good-bye, Poshy, and believe me always yours to the last Half Pint.

E.FG.

I enclose a Paper with my Questions marked, to which you can add short Answers.

August 1867

To George Crabbe

*Lowestoft*  
*August 1, [1867]*

*My dear George,*

I was at Yarmouth Regatta and should have tried to get ashore and see you, in spite of a heavy swell; but, all of a sudden, we were informed that we were wanted to make up a Match—of two Performers only—and as Newson would secure £5 to himself even by losing, I let him go; and went with him. The latter, as I afterward found, I need not have done; but at Harwich Regatta they insisted on the Presence of the Owner, or of some Yacht Club Member. The Trumpet of Fame may already have informed you that we came in Second—*out of Two*—perhaps some of your Party saw the Strife, the Victory, and the Defeat.<sup>1</sup>

I hope Mrs. Crabbe does not think me rude in not presenting myself; *you* believe, and I hope she will, that there is no want of respect, or of remembrance of past Civility and Kindness on her part towards me. But you know how one's habits grow on one; and I really have become quite unfit for parlour Life in these last years. This is very selfish and wrong, I know: but now it must be: and at any rate it will hurt no one, if it does no one any good.

I shall go to Yarmouth the first opportunity. Today, my Men (not I) go to Oulton Regatta.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Newson miscalculated the tide on one tack, and a lugger at anchor forced him off course. Although carried further astray by a contrary tide, the *Scandal* gained through the remainder of the race; but her opponent, the 12-ton *Ariel*, won by twenty seconds, independent of a 45-second time allowance. The regatta was held July 30 (*Hunt's Yachting Magazine*, Sept. 1, 1867, p. 437). The *Scandal* had beaten the *Ariel* by five minutes over a 35-mile course at Harwich, June 26 (*Hunt's Yachting*, Aug. 1, 1867, p. 376).

To Bernard Quaritch

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*[Early August, 1867]*

*Dear Sir,*

Pray don't waste your learned Catalogues on me who now buy nothing but Mudie's Second hand Memoirs.

August 1867

One Catalogue you sent me some weeks ago recalled to me what Edward Cowell had told me a year ago; viz., that you had partly sold, partly lost, the copies of Omar Khayyám; and thought a small Edition would sell.

Well—I have done with such things; and I suppose you find that such *livraisons*, even if they do sell, are not worth the trouble of keeping, etc.

But as poor Omar is one I have great fellow feeling with, I would rather vamp him up again with a few Alterations and Additions than anything else.

You must tell me, Busy and Great Man as you now are, whether you care to take charge of such a shrimp of a Book if I am silly enough to reprint it.

Yours truly,  
E.F.G.

If you ever come down here I will give you a sail in my Great Ship (of 14 Tons) and Good Entertainment at the famous Bull Inn, opposite; where I find better Fare for my Friends than I can give them in this Lodging.

Can't you tell me of a good, readable, Edition of S<sup>te</sup> Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*, not in a dozen little Volumes.

Yours truly,  
Edward FitzGerald

To Mrs. W. K. Browne  
(Fragment)

[Lowestoft]  
[August 10, 1867]

. . . In 1859 (the autumn and winter of it) I lived here and used to wander about the shore at night longing for some fellow to accost me who might give some promise of filling up a very vacant place in my heart but only some of the more idle and worthless sailors came across me. When I got acquainted with this captain three years ago I asked him why he had never come down to see me at the time I speak of. Well, he had often seen me, he said, among the boats, but never thought it becoming in him to accost me first, or even to come near me. Yet he was the very man I wanted, with, strangely enough, some resemblance in feature to a portrait of you may guess whom,



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and much in character also, so that I seem to have jumped back to a regard of near forty years ago, and while I am with him feel young again, and when he goes shall feel old again.

To Posh Fletcher

*Lowestoft*

*Monday, August 26, [1867]*

*My dear Posh,*

As we hear nothing of you, we suppose that you have yet caught nothing worth putting in for.<sup>1</sup> And, as I may be here only a Day longer, I write again to you: though I do not know if I have anything to say which needs writing again for. In my former letter, directed to you as this Letter will be, I desired you to get a Life Buoy as soon as you could. *That* is for the Good of your People, as well as of yourself. What I now have to say is wholly on your own Account: and that is, to beg you to take the Advice given by the Doctor to your Father: namely, *not* to drink Beer and Ale more than you can help: but only Porter and, every day, some Gin and Water. I was talking to your Father last Saturday; and I am convinced that you inherit a family complaint: if I had known of this a year ago, I would not have drenched you with all the Scotch, and Norwich, Ale which I have given you. Do not neglect this Advice, as being only an old Woman's Advice; you have, even at your early time of Life, suffered from Gravel; and you may depend upon it that Gravel will turn to Stone, unless you do something like what I tell you, and which the Doctor has told your Father. And I know that there is no Disease in the World which makes a young Man old sooner than Stone: no disease that wears him more. You should take plenty of Tea; some Gin and Water every night; and *no* Ale, or Beer; but only Porter; and not much of that. If you do not choose to buy Gin for yourself, buy some for *me*: and keep it on board: and drink some every Day, or Night. Pray remember this; and *do it*.

I have been here since I wrote my first Letter to Scarboro'; that is to say, a week ago. Till Today I have been taking out some Friends every day: they leave the place in a day or two, and I shall go home; though I dare say not for long. Your wife seems nearly right again; I saw her Today. Your Father has engaged to sell his Shrimps to Levi, for this season and next, at 4s. a Peck. Your old *Gazelle* came in on

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Saturday with all her Nets gone to pieces; the Lugger *Monitor* came in here yesterday to alter her Nets—from *Sunk* to *Swum*,<sup>2</sup> I believe. So here is a Lowestoft Reporter for you: and you may never have it after all. But, if you do, do not forget what I have told you. Your Father thinks that you may have missed the Herring by going outward, where they were first caught: whereas the Herring had altered their course to inshore. Better to miss many Herrings than have the Stone.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The herring fleet sails for the North Sea in August and follows the fish south. The *Meum* and *Tuum* had been at sea on its first voyage for about a week.

<sup>2</sup> Nets are *sunk* (lowered) or *swum* (raised), depending upon the depth at which herring are thought to be swimming.

To E. B. Cowell

Lowestoft  
August 27, [1867]

My dear Cowell,

We have come to be unlucky in our times of meeting: if one may call Luck what is more properly my roving Summer Life on board Ship. I have indeed been only two whole Days at Woodbridge since June; and not gone there more than three times; and yet not got further than this place all the time, being engaged with my Lugger and her Captain. Both of those left me for the North Sea a week ago: and then Mowbray Donne and his Wife came, and have been sailing with me every day, except Sunday and yesterday. They like the place, and my Ship—and, I believe, myself—so well, that they yet delay to make another Visit which they have to pay: and, as I also like them both very much, and also am glad to make their Holiday pleasant, here I remain a little while longer, till they go, which may be in a day or two, or by the end of the week. I want to get home; to clean my Ship, among other things; but, on the other hand, I do not want to leave them while they like to remain. I will let you know directly I return; or know when I return.

I had your Letter last night only: in a parcel sent me from Woodbridge. Not many hours before, I had finished *Oedipus Coloneus* again: going over it more carefully with the Wunder you sent me. Wunder is just what you told me; the best Edition, I doubt not; but, as you say, there is too much of what one does not want cleared up

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at all; and one finds the Commentators disagreeing about many passages one was in doubt about. However, I have got a good deal out of the Book, I think: have, at any rate, come to doat on the Play even more than I did before; and, so far from grudging the time and Eyesight I have spent on the Notes, I even love the Book that has put both in request. So with Don Quixote, which really lasted me six weeks this summer. I loved the very Dictionary in which I had to look out the words. I am now going to Oedipus Tyrannus. I make Mowbray Donne go over some of the grand things with me as we sail.

My Nephew Maurice has published a Volume of Translations; Euripides' Hippolytus, some Idylls of Theocritus, etc. The latter, as far as I remember of the original, very well: the former, well too: but, as I think, from keeping close to the form of the original Dialogue, has left the Drama deadlier in the living Language than in the dead one. I told him he should have taken Sophocles, who never *jaws* Philosophy in the midst of Passion; all his Speeches advance, instead of retarding, it. Maurice agrees: but says he did not feel up to such a task: I rather doubt his diffidence, however. I read in the Athenaeum of a good Translation by Mr. Plumptre:<sup>1</sup> I shall get it: and doubt not I shall be disappointed, and believe that, twenty years ago, I could have done better myself. I will send you Maurice's Book, of which I have two Copies.

Well—sorry as I am to miss you, I don't know that I can say more by way of remedy. I wish you would write me one line by return of post here—directing to me at 12 Marine Terrace where Mowbray lodges. You can tell me how long you stay at Ipswich. Whether I see you or not I am always yours

E.FG.

P.S. By the same Parcel your letter came in, I had one from your *Mrs.* dated Cambridge.

<sup>1</sup> Edward H. Plumptre's translation, *The Tragedies of Sophocles*, 2 vols., 1865.

To Mrs. John Charlesworth

Felixtow Ferry  
Aug. 31, [1867]

Dear Mrs. Charlesworth,

Do not attribute it to neglect, disrespect, or forgetfulness of old Friends, that I do not go to see you—so close as you are to me<sup>1</sup>—

September 1867

and so long as it is since I have seen you. I know that I am not amenable to any one of the above charges. But I have had to explain this so often to so many valued friends, for so many years—that I will say no more on the subject to you; relying upon it that you have heard of my Apologies in this kind made to others before; and that you will accept them charitably, as tendered to yourself now.

I have been very glad to hear of you from Elizabeth Cowell—quite lately. I think she also said something of your going to your Friends, the Allenbys: but I did not reflect that it might be here.

Please to remember me with all sincerity to—Maria! May I not call her so, after so many years? Tell her that my Nieces were greatly pleased with her last Book.<sup>2</sup>

And do you, dear Mrs. Charlesworth, believe me, in spite of all appearances, your very sincere and obliged Friend

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Charlesworth was also at Felixstowe.

<sup>2</sup> *Ministering Children, A Sequel*, 1867 (Sequel to *Ministering Children*, first published in 1854).

### To Bernard Quaritch

Markethill, Woodbridge  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 3/67

Dear Sir,

I hear no more of a collected Edition of S<sup>te</sup> Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*—which I had hoped to hear of by this time.

You wrote me—somewhile ago—of part of the original Edition to be got. Please to send me what is to be got of this, if no chance of the other.

Yours, etc.  
Edw<sup>d</sup> FitzGerald

### To ? (Unknown)

Markethill: Woodbridge  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 8, [1867]

Dear Sir,

I am told that Tomline is again moving to enclose Martlesham Creek.

September 1867

The Trinity Board forbid his doing so some years ago: there are the same good reasons for their forbidding it now. But one knows how these rich, selfish, and pertinacious men do manage to gain their ends *somehow* in the End; and this partly because no one will continue to be at the trouble of opposing them.

But, if you have any interest in the matter, pray do you use it all in thwarting what would be a great Public wrong done to gratify a very undeserving single individual. Even if the Bar of the River were not threatened by the withdrawal of so much *Backwater* as Martlesham Creek returns; still what right has any man to enclose so large a Tract of Common water which all are free to fish, shoot, and navigate? And, the water enclosed, the Banks and Walls to, and beside, it will lose their public right also. And, moreover, if (as I hear) Tomline proposes to make a Decoy of the Creek, that which is now so many acres of healthy salt water, or salt ooze, will become an unhealthy mere of more or less stagnant *fresh* water.

Pray do what can be done by you, and those whom you act with, to prevent this: and believe me

Yours truly,  
E. FitzGerald

Will you be so good as to give me the precise title, and address, of the Trinity Board of Brethren?

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 24/67

*My dear Cowell,*

Your Letter was forwarded to me at Felixtow: whence I came back here yesterday. I am quite sure you are a much better Greek Scholar than Wunder, or any of them. I meant to have resorted to the Ajax and Trachiniae: but cannot lay my hand on the Volume (of Wunder, I mean). So, unless I find it, you will have no more Queries at present in Greek. I have taken up Boccaccio: which is almost as delightful as Don Quixote. What a Thing it is that half a Dozen of these old Immortals satisfy one's Appetite Year after Year, without any craving or Appetite for fresh Food.

You were talking of Cicero's Treatises, and I of reading them: and the first thing I find on coming home is a Box containing the whole

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beautiful Bipont Cicero<sup>1</sup> in thirteen Volumes—sent me by my old College Friend Duncan (he who made the remark about modern *Effort*). I had never spoken of Cicero to him, I feel sure: but he *will* send all his handsome Books which he fancies will show to advantage in my new House! Last year came Herodotus—in six Volumes—Beaumont and Fletcher in some Dozen—all finely bound. And now comes Cicero, in creamy Vellum: he assures me it is the last Book he will send: and on this assurance relying, I do not send it back. I could have bought all the Cicero I wanted at Read's for a few Shillings.

I enquired every night, while I was at Felixtow, for Mrs. Charlesworth—at her Lodging. It seemed to me that her Servant did not speak so confidently of her Progress as you seem to do. On Sunday the landlord of the little Inn at Felixtow, which I spend some money and time at, dropped dead from his Chair while among his Friends. He was a very honest generous Paddy—his Wife—now his Widow—as good a woman.

Pray let me hear of you before you leave Suffolk. I think it possible you may be at Felixtow again. Anyhow, let me hear from you: aye, and from Cambridge too.

Love to the Lady.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

P.S. Yes—once more—Wunder's Philoctetes<sup>2</sup> 1031. οὐ γὰρ τοιούτων δεῖ, τοιοῦτός εἰμ' ἐγώ which Wunder despairs of Translating. Surely it means either "Where such Folks as *Diplomates* are wanted, I'm your man," etc., or, "I am ready on any occasion, good or bad. But when the Call is for Goodness, no one better than me." 1145. Scholia explains παλαιὸν ἀλγῆμ' as the Chorus' exhortation to go to Troy. But may it not refer to his long banishment in Lemnos with his Discourse, etc.

<sup>1</sup> One of the famous editions of the classics published at Zweibrücken, Bavaria, in the late 18th century.

<sup>2</sup> By Sophocles.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
Oct. 5, [1867]

My dear Donne,

I duly received your kind letter from Switzerland: but as you said you were daily expecting to leave the place where you wrote from,

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I did not pretend to answer. I suppose you are back—or almost back—by this time: and I hope all the better for your Journey. I have even less than usual to tell of my own Travels; less Travel to tell of, I mean: not even so far as Dover on one side, and no further than Yarmouth on the other.

And now here is October like Winter: so much so that I have been shut up in my kennel here for three or four days, during which W. Airy has been to see me.

My ship is still afloat, however: and her Crew still complete: gone down Today for their Sunday Dinner at home Tomorrow. If this North wind relaxes, I may yet cruise about a very little more, before being consigned to my Winter Tomb.

I daresay you heard from Mowbray about our doings at Lowestoft in August. I don't know when I had had to do with so pleasant a couple as he and his wife. And about three weeks ago I found the Cowells staying close by our "Harbour" mouth: and Cowell and I had some Sophocles together. . . .

Yours affectionately, my dear Donne  
E.FG.

To Bernard Quaritch

Markethill, Woodbridge  
Oct. 7/67

Dear Sir,

Can you get me a Latin Translation (I suppose in Verse) of Goethe's Herman and Dorothea—which version he thought highly of.

Also *Le Livre des Patiences* par Mad<sup>e</sup> de F. . . . Paris; chez Martisson Rue du Coq S<sup>t</sup> Honoré—1858.

Yours, etc.  
E. FitzGerald

To Posh Fletcher  
(Fragment)

Woodbridge  
Wednesday [October 9, 1867]

My dear Posh,

We should have waited at the Ferry to start for Lowestoft tomorrow, had there been any prospect of change of weather. But for the

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two last nights, I have been kept awake shaking with cold in my Cabin: and we supposed that what was N.N.W. . . .<sup>1</sup> mind is set at rest. Indeed, I did not know you would be made so uneasy by what I said.

What made us think that you might be merry, or muddled, at Yarmouth was, your not looking for us at the Suffolk. . . . to happen, do you? I only said that, *if* it happened, there might have been a better opportunity. But it did not happen; and I was wrong. You must remember that I warn you doubly about Drink because of your *Health*, as well as on other [grounds] . . . likely, I should never have meddled with you as I have: for all Confidence and Trust must be in constant danger of Wreck in such a case.

Well—there is an end of that. As I was wrong, you ought to lecture me, not I you. But you forgive me; and that is worth many Lectures.

Do not trouble yourself. . . .

<sup>1</sup> The bottom portions of all four pages of the letter have been cut off.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Oct. 12, [1867]

*My dear Cowell,*

When you have leisure you will let me know of your being settled at Cambridge? I also want to have your exact Address because I want to send you the Dryden and Crabbe's Life I promised you. At present you are busy with your Inaugural Address, I suppose; beside that you feel scarce at home yet in your new Quarters.

Mr. Allenby told me on Wednesday that Mrs. Charlesworth was really up again, and even got to Cambridge. Please to remember me to her, and to all your Party.

My Ship is still afloat: but I have scarce used her during the last cold weather. I was indeed almost made ill sleeping two nights in that cold Cabin. I may, however, run to Lowestoft and back; but by the end of next week I suppose she (the Ship) will be laid up in the Mud; my Men will have eaten the Michaelmas Goose which I always regale them with on shutting up shop; and I may come home to my Fire here to read "The Woman in White" and play at Patience—which (I mean the Game at Cards so called) I now do by myself for an hour or two every night. Perhaps old Montaigne may drop in



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to chat with and comfort me: but Sophocles, Don Quixote, and Boccaccio—I think I must leave them with their Halo of Sea and Sunshine about them. I have, however, found the second volume of Sophocles; and may perhaps return to look for Ajax and Deianeira.

Adieu: E.FG.

## To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge

Saturday [October 12, 1867]

Dear Posh,

I write you a line, because I suppose it possible that you may be at home some time tomorrow. If you are not, no matter. I do not know if I shall be at Lowestoft next week: but you are not to suppose that, if I do not go there just now I have anything to complain of. I am not sure but that a friend may come here to see me, and also, unless the weather keep warmer than it was some days ago, I scarce care to sleep in my cabin: which has no fire near it as yours has.

If I do not go to Lowestoft just yet, I shall be there before very long: at my friend Miss Green's, if my Ship be laid up.

I see in the paper that there have been some forty lasts of Herring landed in your market during this last week: the Southwold Boats doing best. I began to think the Cold might keep the Fish in deep water, so that *swum* nets would scarce reach them yet. But this is mere guess. I told you not to answer all my Letters: but you can write me a line once a week to say what you are doing. I hope *our* turn for "Neighbour's fare" is not quite lost, though long a coming.

Newson and Jack are gone home for Sunday. Tonight is a grand Horsemanship, to which I would make you go if you were here. Remember me to all your People and believe me yours

E.FG.

I see that the . . .<sup>1</sup> vessel: and, as far as I see, deserved to do so.

<sup>1</sup> Mildew has made a line and a half illegible.

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To Bernard Quaritch

Markethill, Woodbridge  
October 14/67

Dear Sir,

Please to post me 9244 *Nicolas' Omar Khayyám*<sup>1</sup>: for which I enclose 19<sup>s</sup> for postage, etc.

This Book, and No. 9245 (with my Name too!) remind me of what Cowell has told me more than once; viz, that you thought a small Edition of my Omar would sell in time.

I had always wished to add some twenty or thirty more Stanzas to it and some additional matter: but it seemed absurd to reprint a thing for that alone; and I have no other object. I might also have added to it the translation of Jámí's *Salámán and Absál*—printed in the same form—of which I have several copies left after Parker's Firm broke up.

These two would make a Pamphlet more worth 2/6 than the present Omar (I blush to see it!) at 3/6.

Yours  
Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> J. B. Nicolas, *Les Quatrains de Khèyam*, Paris, 1867, the Persian text and a prose translation of 464 quatrains lithographed at Teheran, 1857.

To Mowbray Donne

Woodbridge  
Oct<sup>r</sup> 16, [1867]

My dear Mowbray,

I have just come back from our Harbour mouth for two hours (to go back in Ship there) and, finding your Letter, dated Sunday, will answer it, in part, at any rate. You conclude from what I have already said that I am not yet shut up for the Winter: I thought I should have had to give up the Ghost last week, when the Cold came on like a Giant, and made me shake in my Cabin, under all the Coats, Waist-coats and Breeches I could pile upon me. But this week comes a lovely warm S. Wester, and so I keep at our Harbour: cruising about a little by day, and by night walking on the Sands under the Moon. After that, Grog at the small Inn: Sailors jabbering inside. My Captain's Wife<sup>1</sup> is going fast into a Decline: he does all he can for her: and I see

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thinks much about her. The other day she began to despair of herself: and he told her (in all sincerity and Affection) that, once she despaired, it would "clew her up in no time." My Lugger did nothing in the North Sea: and the Crew began to despair a little. This last Fortnight they have begun the Home Voyage, as it's called, and Today only I find a Letter to say they have at last caught something. I have not sailed to Lowestoft myself lately: because one gets jammed in among the Luggers very uncomfortably.

I assure you, my dear Mowbray, that I thoroughly enjoyed your visit to Lowestoft—in a way that is now very rare with me—really to feel sorry when you departed—you and Wife. My old friend W. Airy has been to see me here—only for two days—and him also I was not glad to lose. Oh yes: and Edward Cowell was staying near our Harbour a month ago: and came several times on board me: and we had some Sophocles (Philoctetes) together: and he comes like Daylight upon obscurities that the German Editors quarrel and blunder about. I have not the least doubt that EBC would have been the best Greek Professor, as well as Sanscrit; he is certainly *the* Scholar I have known.

Airy sent me a capital Photograph of Thompson—not Master of Trinity, but second Master of Bury in *our* Day.<sup>2</sup> I shall send one to old Spedding, I think, to try and make him remember me, and even write a Line to me.

I have been sunning myself with Boccaccio's Decameron on board, but all these Immortals—D Quixote—Sophocles—Montaigne, etc., somehow keep for summer and Ship: when *they* fail me, then Mudie comes in. I fancied I could always read A. Trollope: but his last Barset<sup>3</sup> has made me skip here and there. The Account of old Harding with his Violoncello in Volume II is—better than Sterne—inasmuch as it is more unaffected and true.

Now do write to me now and then, Mowbray. You see, at any rate, by the present speedy reply, that your Remembrance is welcome.

*Another Ham* has come and gone  
Since you did sail the Scandal on;  
And other Bards must come and try  
To sing your praise, friantic<sup>4</sup> Guy.

P.S. The Pencil all right: will be used before this Sun sets.

[No signature]

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Newson.

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<sup>2</sup> Henry T. Thompson, later Curate of Fornham All Saints and Westley, villages near Bury St. Edmunds. He died March, 1869.

<sup>3</sup> *The Last Chronicles of Basset*, 1867.

<sup>4</sup> Possibly coined by EFG from French *friant*, "fond of delicate food," or from obsolete *friand*.

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge

Wednesday, Oct. 16, [1867]

Dear Posh,

I am just back from the Ferry: leaving Captain Newson with the Ship at Kyson: and Jack dining at Mr. Southgate's. In an hour we shall be sailing back to the Ferry. I came back here to find if the Friend I expected was coming. I find no Letter from him; so, I suppose he is not coming. Therefore, I go back to the Ferry, while this warm wind lasts; and while the Moon shines. We may find our way any Day (when the fancy takes me) to Lowestoft: but while I can cruise a little about, I do not care to be jammed in by your Herring Luggers. Jack, however, wants to go once with you. I am glad that you have caught something at last: I am afraid that if I were to go, I should not be half as good as a *Horse-shoe*. However, you know that if I do not sail to Lowestoft, I shall rail to Lowestoft; and Miss Green will not let me be jammed among your Herring Luggers.

I cannot make out exactly whether you write 3 lasts, or 5 lasts: but I think 5 lasts. *Amen*.

I write you this Letter, because you tell me that you like to find a Letter from me. So, as I am an idle Man, it is easy for me to write: but, as you are a busy man, I have told you not to feel bound to write more than once a week. You might send Mr. Berry some Herrings one day: he will know what to do with them. But this you must do when it happens to be quite convenient. The thing now is—to catch them.

Yours always  
E.FG.

October 1867

To Bernard Quaritch

*Woodbridge*  
*October 24, [1867]*

*Dear Sir,*

I must return you the Molière (which I do by Today's Rail) as I have the very same Edition in six Volumes.

Yours  
E. FitzGerald

P.S. Since writing this I have received the French Omar. Please to procure another Copy directly, and send it, carriage paid, to

Professor Cowell  
24 FitzWilliam Street  
Cambridge

I enclose the same P.O. Order as before—19<sup>s</sup>.

To E. B. Cowell

*Woodbridge*  
*October 24, [1867]*

*My dear Cowell,*

This morning comes the French Omar: French and Persian: 464 Rubáiyát in very handsome Type, etc. I have only had time to look into it, and skim the Introduction. As I see that the Editor was long in Persia—that he has had the assistance of a learned Persian (he says) in his work: and as the Book is at any rate a very handsome one: I have written to Quaritch to send you a Copy: which accept from me, my dear Cowell.

I dare say you are so busy now that you won't have time to look much into the Book: but a Holiday will come; and what I hope is that you will make note and Commentary upon the ample margin.

I am just off for what may likely be my last cruise in my little Ship—probably no further than the River mouth: if so far; for there is no wind.

E.FG.

Quaritch will have to send to Paris for the Book—so it will be some days before reaching you.

October 1867

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Oct. 27, [1867]

My dear Cowell,

I have a Letter from the Master of Trinity telling me how exceedingly pleased he was with your Lecture<sup>1</sup> (and he wouldn't write so to me unless he were) and how indignant at the Negligence of the "University Marshals" in not duly advertising.

I only returned from my Ship last Night: and have only just been looking at the new Omar Today. If the Editor is right, I am wrong, and you, E.B.C., who directed me—in this grand respect; the Frenchman makes out Omar to be a Súfí, and that his Wine, etc., is all mystically spiritual. How shall this be? Some of the Quatrains favour *his* View: some *ours* (for surely you, my Master, thought so?).<sup>2</sup> You will soon see all about it when the Book reaches you; for in spite of your Lectures, you won't be able to resist a Peep at the new Omar. The Editor says the Omar is much read and admired in Persia: that there is a lithograph Edition of him printed at Teheran. I see some of the readings are different from ours; some of the Notes are very interesting: and altogether you will be glad to have the Book.

I cannot find Crabbe's Life which I want to post you. Wesley is ready:<sup>3</sup> but I think, perhaps, you may like him when you next come this way. You can tell me this when next you write. But, as you are busy, do not answer this Letter, which needs no answer; only tell me when you have looked into Omar. I must pause till the question of *The Wine* is settled.

Ever yours,  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "The Sanskrit Language and Literature," Cowell's inaugural lecture at Cambridge, delivered October 23.

<sup>2</sup> EFG—and Cowell, also, until his religious scruples interfered—interpreted Omar's verses literally. In his essay on Omar in the *Calcutta Review* in 1858, Cowell stated, "Omar was no mystic—we find no trace of Sufeyism in his book." Later, he believed or professed to believe that Omar was a Súfí. Nicolas adopted the Súfí interpretation, which construes the poem symbolically. Wine, for example, represents love for God; drunkenness, religious ardor; the loved one, God; separation of lovers, separation of the worshiper from the Deity. The majority of scholars concur in the literal reading. Omar, in fact, ridicules the Súfís in some quatrains, of which No. 87 in EFG's fourth version is an example. For EFG's appraisal of Nicolas's interpretation, see his introduction to the 1868 edition of the *Rubáiyát* (*Letters and Literary Remains*, VII, 50-56).

<sup>3</sup> John Wesley's *Journal*, one of EFG's favorite books.

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To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge

Oct: 28, [1867]

I doubt if I ought to send you the enclosed: but I venture because I am quite sure that Thompson would write exactly what he thought to *me*—and you may be glad to see that it corresponds with what he said to you.

Of course you are not to send the Letter back, or answer what I am now writing.

I have been nearly all day looking into the new Omar. A Note near the Beginning tells us that the French Editor studied it *with* a Súfí; who perhaps turned all to his own mystical Sense. No doubt, *some* of the Quatrains refer to a mystical Wine and Wine pourer: others would puzzle anyone to be so understood. And who knows how many are genuine! *You* know of some that are not so. I am pleased much with the following—though I don't know if I can make it legible to you.

ای کاش که جای درمیدان بردی  
یا این ره را روی رسیدن بودی  
کاش از پی صد هزار سال از دل خاک  
چون سبزه امید نمودمیدن بردی

This is horridly written: my first appearance in Persian text these ten years! It is number 400 in the new Version.<sup>1</sup>

You will be pleased to find that it is yet the custom in Persia to sacrifice some Wine to the Ground—though Nicolas does not say, in a *propitiatory* Sense.

Now Good Bye: I repeat, do not answer me now: but some day when you have seen the new Omar, and are at some little Leisure.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG translates:

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield  
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,  
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,  
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!  
Edn.2, 105; edn.4, 97

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To W. F. Pollock

Markethill: Woodbridge  
October 28, [1867]

Now, my dear Pollock, I have put on a new Goosequill Nib on purpose to write my best MS to you. But the new Nib has very little to say for me: the old Story: dodging about in my Ship for these last five months: indeed, during all that time not having lain, I believe, for three consecutive Nights in Christian Sheets. But now all that is over: this very day is my little Ship being dismantled, and tomorrow will she go up to her middle in mud (D.V.) and here am I anchored to my old Desk for the Winter; and beginning, as usual, by writing to my Friends, to tell them what little there is to tell of myself, and asking them to tell what they can of themselves in return. I shall even fire a shot at old Spedding: who would not answer my last Letters at all: innocent as they were, I am sure: and asking definite Questions, which he once told me he required if I wanted any Answer. I suppose he is now in Cumberland. What is become of Bacon? Are you one of the Converted, who go the Whole Hog?

Thompson—no, I mean The Master of Trinity—has replied to my half-yearly Enquiries in a very kind Letter. He tells me that my friend Edward Cowell has pleased all the Audience he had with an inaugural Lecture about Sanskrit. Also, that there is such an Article in the Quarterly about the Talmud<sup>1</sup> as has not been seen (so fine an Article, I mean) for years. I have had Don Quixote, Boccaccio, and my dear Sophocles (once more) for company on board: the first of these so delightful, that I got to love the very Dictionary in which I had to look out the words. Yes, and often the same words over and over again. The Book really seemed to me the most delightful of all Books: Boccaccio, delightful too, but millions of miles behind; in fact, a whole Planet away. And now for the “Woman in White”? I don’t know: I wish some one was here to read it out aloud.

The Poet Laureate must be written to: and, a little nearer Christmas, Carlyle. Only, I mustn’t make such a Blunder as last year. Perhaps he has married again.

Well, my dear Pollock, do you write me a little Letter, and tell me about yourself and yours (only, *not* about Switzerland)<sup>2</sup> and present my *Complimentary Respects* (new?) to Mrs. Pollock: and finally believe me yours always truly

E.FG.



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<sup>1</sup> "Talmud," a history and exposition of some of the fundamentals of the *Talmud*, by Emanuel Deutsch, *Quarterly Review*, Oct., 1867, pp. 417-64.

<sup>2</sup> Pollock had visited Switzerland in September with W. B. Donne and his daughter Valentia.

To Alfred Tennyson

*Markethill: Woodbridge*  
*October 28, [1867]*

*My dear Alfred—*

*or*

*——Mrs. Alfred—*

You wouldn't take any Notice of my last Letter,<sup>1</sup> I think: which indeed only contained a Petition (I think) about Cowell (I think). But now do write, one, or both, of you, and tell me how you are: and where you are: and where you have been all Summer. I have nothing but the old Story to tell of myself: for the last five months floating (chiefly at Anchor) on my little Ship: which is Today being dismantled, and Tomorrow will be cast into the mud. And here am I got back to my Desk: and the first use I make of it is to write to my few Friends—unseen—unforgotten. Pray let me hear of them: *you*, at any rate, have something more to tell of yourselves. When last I heard from you you were going to leave Freshwater for some Place in what County. I knew not. But Frederick mentioned in a Letter that one of his Daughters had been to stay with you at Freshwater, since then. I haven't heard from him this long while: I must rouse him up; though I know I had the last word.

What a wretched excuse for a Letter is this to send, and yet I declare I have no more to say. Well, I have taken great Delight in reading Don Quixote and Boccaccio in my Ship this Summer; but I doubt the announcement of this won't be so gratifying to you.

Write as little as you please: only write: else I shall think you have utterly dropt me—as I think old Spedding at last has. But *I* shall not drop you, or him, from my Memory.

Ever yours—both—  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> That of May 7, 1867.

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## To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
Saturday [November, 1867]

*Dear Posh,*

I was glad to hear that you brought in some fish. I see by the Paper that a great lot were caught this last week.

Newson and Jack have been up here this week, bringing up their Smack which is now put on the ways for repair. And there they have left her till the repairs be done.

Ablett Pasifull remains at Weymouth for the Winter: but he takes his share in the expenses, and the profits, of the Smack.

Newson and Co. got a Job a Fortnight ago: a Schooner got on the Bar, and they got her off in Newson's galley; and are to have £80 for so doing.<sup>1</sup> There were eleven of them.

I am pretty well just now, but cannot take either Pipe or Grog of a Night. I must get your Father to teach me how to net, I think.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

I may have to go to London next week.

<sup>1</sup> Salvaging—"saltwagin" or "solwagin," as it was called in the coastal dialect—was one of the means by which beachmen gained a livelihood. Groups formed "companies," each of which owned a yawl. When a ship went aground or was otherwise in distress, the companies launched their boats and raced to the vessel to give aid and thereby establish salvage claims granted to the first boat to get a line aboard. A single line warranted a claim. Payments, usually large and often exorbitant, were shared by the successful crew. Frequently, despite protests by skippers, "aid" would be lent to ships in no great danger. On the other hand, companies often performed heroic rescues in stormy seas. Each company chose a leader. Newson evidently was one.

## To Mrs. Tennyson

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 4/67

*Dear Mrs. Tennyson,*

I think I always make a Pleasure, as well as a Duty, in thanking you for the Answer which you so promptly and kindly make to my half-yearly Enquiries. And I think I always apprise you that you are not in any way called on to answer this Acknowledgment of mine.

I don't know, however, how this is to be this time. For something ought to be done about one, at least, of the Books which you tell me are destined for me. What the "Gems" are that you speak of I can't imagine. Nor what Mr. Jowett's Book, neither:<sup>1</sup> I thought he was a Theologic Writer; but I must write to thank him anyhow; unless you will do so for me when next he goes to you. For I don't know his Calling and Station at Oxford. Cowell, however, will tell me when he has leisure to write. At present he is busy with Lectures—preparing them, I mean.

To think of Alfred's approving my old Omar! I never should have thought he even knew of it. Certainly *I* should never have sent it to him, always supposing that he would not approve anything but a literal Prose Translation—unless from such hands as can do original Work, and therefore do *not* translate other People's. Well: now I have got Nicolas; and sent a Copy to Cowell: and when he is at Liberty again, we shall beat up old Omar's Quarters once more.

I'll tell you a very pretty Book—Alfred Tennyson's Pastoral Poems, or rather Rural Idylls (only I must hate the latter word) bound up in a Volume—Gardener's, Miller's, Daughters, Oak, Dora, Audley, etc.

Oh the dear old 1842 Days and Editions! Spedding thinks I've "shut my mind" since. Not to "Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud." When I ask People what Bird says that of an evening, they say "The Thrush."

I wish you would make one of your Boys write out the "Property" Farmer's Idyll.<sup>2</sup> Do now, pray.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Jowett, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, later Master of Balliol, had left a copy of Nicolas' *Omar* with Tennyson for EFG.

<sup>2</sup> "Northern Farmer, New Style."

To E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]

[November, 1867]

*My dear Cowell,*

I enclose you a Letter from Mrs. Tennyson which came here two or three days ago in answer to my usual half-yearly enquiry. You will read about their Son's delicate health. Is Alfred to share the Fate of other Great Men in leaving no Posterity?

But what makes me send you the Letter, which happens to turn up from under some others Tonight, is what she says about Omar. I had

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no idea *they* had ever seen it: I myself should never have dreamt of sending *it*, or any other *metrical* Version I should be guilty of, to *him*; who, I should feel sure, would only like literal Prose—unless from a Dryden. I remember thinking that the Rubáiyát *Stanza* was a good one; and I remember also thinking of *one* Stanza in it—that it might please even A.T. Perhaps it is just the one that *wouldn't*. Well, you know why I write all this; the Letter has turned up, and it has come into my head to forward it to you, who have some Interest in the matter. It gives me a *Spurt* to look what I can do further with Omar; adding some Quatrains; which may do more harm than good. But a few more will, at any rate, allow for the Idea of *Time passing* while the Poet talks, and while his Humour changes. But I shall have to wait and hear what you say of Nicolas and his Súfí Theory.

Only remember: do not feel the least in a hurry to write to me about this, or any other matter. You have plenty of more important to do and think of. I take for granted the Books reached you (Crabbe, and Nicolas) and I am sure you thank me, without any need you should write and do so.

By the bye, do not you—or Elizabeth (*let her remember!*)—say anything to Thompson or others about my meddling again with Omar. I don't mind talking of it to you, who set the Puppets to work, and whose help I want: but it seems making Mountain of Molehill to talk of it to others.

E.FG.

Remember, Mrs. EBC!

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Nov 7, [1867]

*My dear Cowell,*

I wrote to Quaritch about Omar: he says he shall have a Parcel with it from Paris on the fifteenth of November. This I suppose is quite soon Enough for you, busy as you are with other Things. But I am rather in a hurry for you to see the Book, especially in respect of what the Editor says about Omar's Sufeyism. I see Sprenger's Catalogue<sup>1</sup> quotes from Von Hammer's Redekunste that Omar *was* a great *Enemy* of the Súfis; as they of him. And this is surely the Doctrine which *you* also entertained: I mean, in thinking that Omar's wine, etc., was not mystical. I cannot help thinking that the French Editor has got in-

doctrinated by the Súfís in Persia, who may like to claim Omar for one of them. He is always adding, wherever Wine, Saki, etc., occur, "La Divinite," etc. No doubt many of the Quatrains look mystical, whether Omar's own, or not. I do not think many of the Ouseley MS are mystical. And certainly Omar presents this difference from all the other Súfí Poets I have known anything of. *They*, while rejecting Mohammed, etc., certainly are proud of their own esoteric Doctrine. But Omar laughs at all Knowledge, it seems to me.

However you will see about all this, even if you are in any doubt now. I am reading the French Edition; but have not yet compared it with your Calcutta one. Ours must be a better reading of the last Line of Ouseley's first Quatrain

۲ گرگوهر طاعتت نسفتم هرگز

instead of our last line Nicolas reads

۳ زیرا که یکی را دوست گفتم هرگز

"Car jamais de mes plaintes je ne t'ai importuné"

In the Magic Lanthorn one he must have a wrong reading if the Rhyme of the Quatrain should always be different. He makes the last line:

۴ ما چون صوریم اندر او حیرانیم

with a long Note about the Figures staggering, etc. The Ouseleys read  
گردانیم<sup>۵</sup> I see; حیرانیم<sup>۶</sup> being in the first Line.

Pray do not answer this Letter: not the least need for it. You will let me know when you have looked over Nicolas. I have been looking up some sketched out Quatrains, and may polish, and fit them in among the others. Only, I want to make sure about the Sufeyism, though people can always take their Choice.

Ever yours,  
E.FG.

Can you send me a Copy of your Article on Omar<sup>7</sup> from which I quote so much? My copy is at Geldestone, where the young Folks can't find it.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Cowell, Dec. 8, 1857.

<sup>2</sup> "If I have not threaded the pearl of your obedience."

<sup>3</sup> "For I have never cried." The original translates literally "for I have never said that one is two," meaning, "I have always believed in one God and never said there were two."

<sup>4</sup> "We are like wandering figures."

<sup>5</sup> "Rolling."

<sup>6</sup> "Wandering."

<sup>7</sup> Cowell's article in the *Calcutta Review*, March, 1858.

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To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Nov. 11, [1867]

*My dear Pollock,*

I must thank you for your Letter—Good Fellow as you were to write it. I must say that you never leave one long in doubt as to whether one is any longer acceptable or not. Not like that Wretch Spedding; who, since I wrote you, did write to me at last, and confess that he slightly repented of not writing before. However, I am contented that he thinks it worth while to think twice about the matter. He now talks of two more Volumes of Bacon in the Spring: and then he says he will take the reins into his own hands, and publish Volume by Volume as it is finished. He is now *entêté* (I forget how it's spelt) about some sort of Phonetic Alphabet.

I have not yet revived my Appetite for Novels: not even for my dear "Woman in White": which I should like to have read to me; and which even now exerts a sort of magnetism in drawing me toward the corner of a dark Cupboard, or Closet, in which (like the proprietary Skeleton) she lies.

I have heard from Mrs. Alfred, who (as you may know) answers for Husband and Self. She does not give a good Account of one Son (I believe the Eldest): and Frederick Tennyson, who was at Farringford this Autumn, thinks them both very delicate. Is it to be with AT, as is said to be the Fate of your great Men, to leave no Posterity?

Well—and I have heard from the Master of Trinity: who encloses me a Leaf of Proof-sheet of Plato, with good English Notes, corrected—and therefore, I doubt not, written by himself. The Page he encloses is meant to answer a Question I put to him years ago. I don't know when, nor on what occasion. However, I find the Question is left ambiguous even by Scholars.

Are you overrun in London with "Champagne Charlie is my Name?"<sup>1</sup> A brutal Thing; nearly worthless—the Tune, I mean—but yet not quite—else it would not become so great a Bore. No: I can see, to my Sorrow, that it has some *Go*—which Mendelssohn had not. But Mozart, Rossini, and Handel *had*.

I can't help thinking that Opera will have to die for a time: certainly there seems to be no new Blood to keep it alive: and the Old Works of Genius want rest. I have never heard *Faust*: only Bits—which I suppose were thought the best Bits. They were expressive—musically

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ingenious, etc., but the part of Hamlet—the one Divine Soul of Music, Melody—was not there. I think that such a Fuss can be made about it only because there is nothing better.

Now you need not answer this Letter: one day in the Winter I shall write again, and then you shall answer yours ever

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> By Charles Leybourne, popular music-hall entertainer.

A noise all night, in bed all day and swimming in champagne,  
For Champagne Charley is my name,  
Champagne Charley is my name.

Leybourne's zest for champagne was not affected. He played the role of the blasé "swell" both on and off stage.

### To Bernard Quaritch

*Woodbridge*  
*Nov<sup>r</sup> 11, [1867]*

*Dear Sir,*

If the second Omar will be with you from Paris by the 15th Inst. or thereabouts, please send him to Cowell, as first arranged.

Edward FitzGerald

### To E. B. Cowell

*Woodbridge*  
*Nov<sup>r</sup> 24, [1867]*

*My dear Cowell,*

Quaritch sent me word that he had received his Paris parcel just before you last called on him: so that you carried off Omar. I dare say you have looked into—perhaps even over—him by this time. When you have leisure—and not till then—you will tell me what you think of Nicolas: and, especially, about his Doctrine of Omar's Súfýism.<sup>1</sup> It seems to me that in his Biographical Preface all that he produces is *against* his Theory of Omar's Súfýism, which he so pertinaciously inculcates in his Notes. It gives me the notion (as I said before) of his having been indoctrinated to that effect by the Súfí perhaps who he says (Note to 10) explained to him at Teheran; and who might wish

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to enlist Omar into his Corps. Certainly there are very many Quatrains which seem to admit no other than a mystical sense; as, 10-15-23-32-36-46-50-73-98-141-144-204-248-287-329-386-409-439-440, etc. But I don't think any of these are in Ouseley: and we must at any rate suppose that many Quatrains not Omar's have got among his: as you told me is the case.<sup>2</sup>

Against Mysticism are many that can only refer to the Body and the Wine of Grape: as where he wishes his Body to be steeped in it—make Jugs of it, etc. And I do not think Quatrains 37-88-136-163, etc. will well bear out a mystical meaning. Quatrains 140 and 210 are directly, and by Name, against Súfýism.

About this you will tell me one day: but there is no sort of hurry, as you must know. I have made up some thirty more Stanzas: I suppose about as good as the rest: but it will still be a Question if there were not enough before: a thing I shall perhaps get you to give a Judgment on when the time comes.

I have been to Lowestoft; and came back on Thursday to receive Donne, who stayed with me till yesterday: as good, agreeable, and (I rejoice to say) as well as ever; though looking considerably older. He is sometimes reminded of Gout, but I tell him I don't mind that; it is so much better than much else.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Cowell, Oct. 27.

<sup>2</sup> The older Ouseley MS, which EFG translated, contains 158 quatrains.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 2/67

*My dear Cowell,*

I had your Address<sup>1</sup> yesterday and, as it rained all day, read it with great pleasure twice over. I particularly like the contrast between Greek and Hindu. All seems to me well, unaffectedly, and effectually written. I only stumble (you know I am what Johnson called Hurd<sup>2</sup>—a “Word-picker” [not a Wood-pecker]) at your “Vernaculars” in page 4. I conclude it means “Vernacular Languages” which I should have liked better: but I do not know how far I may be left behind in the use of such idioms by learned Men: I mean seriously I do *not*



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know if, for example, this Word is not used generally by Scholars as you use it. To me it has an air rather of slang: but I may be quite wrong.

I tell you all this, because I suppose you wish me to tell you sincerely what strikes me: and one day you will tell me if I am wrong. I am sure I wish you to tell *me* as much in any of my very little *brochures*, which need much less exactitude than a Lecture on Sanskrit—by a true Scholar; I always say, *the* only true Scholar I have known among all my learned and wise Friends.

By the way, you may before very long have to exercise on me the Word-picking I have bestowed on you. Yesterday I sent my new Version of Omar to Mr. Childs to be printed: only the Verse part; which I shall send to you in order that you may tell me not only of any *vernacular* faults, but (what I most want to know) if there is now too much of it. For you know there may be too much of a *very* good thing: and still more easily of a *pretty* good. I know that one is very apt to go wrong in re-castings, additions, etc. "Leave well alone" is a safe rule. But you will see. As to prefatory Notice, and after-Notes, I shall want to hear from you about some points which I have already written to you upon: but you must not think of troubling yourself about that till your present Course of Lectures is over—till Christmas Holidays perhaps!

Another Copy of Nicolas' Omar has been sent me—from whom I know not: unless *this* is the Book Mr. Jowett left for me at Tennyson's.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Cowell's inaugural address.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Hurd (1720-1808), Bishop of Worcester.

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 10, [1867]

*My dear Lady,*

I must answer your kind letter, adding a word or two direct for EBC. Tell him I was very glad to find from his Letter that I was not called on to reform my opinion of poor Omar in consequence of M. Nicolas. So I shall go on as before; and any reader, at any rate, can make Mysticism of it if he chooses. Tell EBC also that his Cal-

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cutta Review came safe: and safe shall travel back to his hands, I hope, one day. Is there any likelihood of your coming to Ipswich this Winter? I believe that Paper from the *Calcutta* is the only one I miss of those sent me from India: it is somewhere at Geldestone, where I have been in vain getting them to rout out a Book or two once left there: among others, Miss Ingelow's first Poems; worth all the rest of hers that I have since seen, and which the Critics now admire so much. I sent EBC's Paper on Gyges' Ring<sup>1</sup> to Thompson (Trinity) only because of Plato.

But I won't meddle more with the East till I have asked you who is the "Good Servant" you tell me has lately died in London? Mr. Reeve, is it? I never see a Newspaper, nor any one to tell me News. Pray one of you tell me this when one of you writes again.

I was in a horrible stew two days last week, not hearing as usual from my dear old (Aetat 28)<sup>2</sup> Lugger Captain during the Gales we had. It turned out that all the while he was safe in Port; *had* written to me; but not having a Postage Stamp at hand, did not send his Letter. Then when he heard that I had ascertained his safety elsewhere, here he comes, the dear Noodle, on purpose "to catch it" as he says. But I let him off easily. I was anxious not only for him, but a Crew of ten under him. Now, I think, to turn to EBC and ask him whether he holds with Nicolas, Quatrain 179, that *هفتاد و دو ملت* <sup>3</sup> means the Seventy-two Kingdoms of the World. I am pretty sure that, when EBC taught me the Poems at Rushmere, he rendered it the *seventy-two Sects*; and I think (not at all sure) that I understood from him the seventy-two Sects into which *Islamism* split. So I printed it in a Note but had misgivings directly afterward; and somewhere (I cannot recall where) read that it was Christianity which Mohammedans thought so split up. What does EBC say?

2. Was I wrong in printing Kúza Náma<sup>4</sup>—the Persian (as I understand) and not the Arabic Form? It *looks* so much pleasanter. Somehow I couldn't care to use the Arabic: there is no need to use either. I only did it for fun.

So here are two Questions for "*Le Mari*" which he can answer "*a loisir*"—English not supplying equivalents to these French words.

Believe me (both of you)

Yours always,

E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> "Gyges' Ring in Plato and Nizámi," *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society*, No. 2, 1861.

<sup>2</sup> Actually 29.

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<sup>3</sup> "Seventy-two nations." Persians did not read the term as a specific number but as "different nations" or "all nations." According to tradition, Mohammed predicted that the people of the world would form seventy-three sects, including Islam. EFG's *Rubáiyát* reads, "Two-and-Seventy jarring sects."

<sup>4</sup> "The Book of Pots," a subtitle that EFG improvised for quatrains 59-66 of the first edition but omitted thereafter. The passage appears in quatrains 82-90 in the fourth edition.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 10/67

*My dear Cowell,*

This is in hopes to catch you or Lady before either of you reply to any Question in my last. Only to ask you to reply, in addition, what is the Christian Name and Address of Mr. Jowett of Oxford? I suppose he is *Professor* Jowett, of some College—you will know, I dare say: and I want to know. For, some days ago came the Book he had left for me with the Tennysons; no other than Nicolas' *Omar*: thumb'd and studied, I think. I therefore wish to write and thank him for his present. If he has studied the matter, perhaps he would tell me what he thinks of Omar's Mysticism, etc. I will write out and send you what sort of thing I think of adding in the Preface about it. Oh, if you were not so busy, I should try and get *you* to do it. But I won't ask that: and will say very little. After all, people can please themselves as to understanding literally or mystically.

Enough now: pray tell me about Mr. Jowett at once.

E.FG.

To James Read

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 13/[1867]

*Dear Sir,*

I received the Portrait of the Founder of Exeter College. Is it certain there should be no more Portraits of Founders at Oxford?<sup>1</sup> Ackerman's *Cambridge* has a Dozen or more. I can't say I care for them: but, if they belong to the Book, the Book is not worth [the] whole

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price without them. As one of these was missing, it is possible that others may also: and this, I think, must be ascertained. I am sorry to trouble you: but indeed your Oxford Man is answerable. He ought to tell you whether any other Portraits should belong to the Book: as it is, the one you have just sent me is the *only* one.

I want to see Cotman's Normandy:<sup>2</sup> I am afraid it is a very big book; and that, you know, is a great Evil—in a small family.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> In *A History of the University of Oxford* by Rudolph Ackermann (1764-1834), pioneer in establishing lithography as a fine art in Britain. The volume and its companion *History of the University of Cambridge* are prized collector's items.

<sup>2</sup> *Architectural Antiquities of Normandy* by John Sell Cotman (1782-1842), artist of the Norwich School.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 17 [1867]

*My dear Cowell,*

I hope you did not think it necessary to read the Paper I sent you while you were busy. There was no occasion at all. I am very glad you approve of my alluding to you: with your leave I shall *name* you:<sup>1</sup> but not till you have seen the Additional Quatrains, which you may not care to stand Patron to: though I believe there is nothing worse than in the former; only perhaps too much of the same thing. You will see and judge; I have desired Mr. Childs to send you a Proof direct; but told him there was no hurry about it; he being busy, unwell, and unhappy. However, as he said the MS was in the Printers' hands ten days ago, I suppose a Proof will be ready before Christmas. I *know* some of the Stanzas must come out, or change place; but I stuffed all in to see how they would look in print; and we shall see how far you and I agree about them. You will of course tell me without reserve.

As to my making Omar worse than he is in that Stanza about Forgiveness<sup>2</sup>—you know I have translated none literally, and have generally mashed up two—or more—into one. Now, when you look at such Stanzas as 356, 436,<sup>3</sup> and many besides, where “La Divinité” is accused of the Sins we commit, I do not think it is going far beyond by way of Corollary to say—“Let us forgive one another.” I have cer-

tainly an idea that this *is* said somewhere in the Calcutta MS. But it is very likely I may have construed, or remembered, erroneously. But I do not *add* dirt to Omar's face.

*Whence* does Nicolas get his Anecdotes in the Preface—which so completely overset his Notes? The particulars *you* gather in your Review<sup>4</sup> are from Mirkhond, *Atash Khada*? and an Anecdote from Hyde.<sup>5</sup> Do any of these tell Nicolas' Anecdotes? And where does V. Hammer get that about Omar's being Enemy to the Sûfis, etc.?

I don't think you need wonder that so little Notice was taken of your Review at such a time as 1858, when all India was still heaving after the Storm of the great Rebellion! Who knows what may come now to put to flight such subjects from Men's heads! I shall post you Carlyle's last Pamphlet,<sup>6</sup> which I only got to see ten days ago—very touching—even tragic—to me! Age, as Spedding says, has not “done the only thing it is fit to do—calmed the extravagance of Youth.” No; I always told Spedding it would *not* do so in Carlyle: that he would rather grow to *insanity* than otherwise. He is not insane; but his Discontent at what Men do is only encreased, and vented in fiercer denunciation, which only more glaringly sets off his own impotence to suggest any remedy. He now really *twaddles* about some hope in—drilling the Aristocracy at School! Still his raving is that of Genius; and of a sincere Man too—that indeed is his Madness—and I am touched, I say, by his passionate Cries. Also I admire the grand patrician, Coriolanus-like Scorn and Hate of the Rabble that he exhibits; though I think he is too lenient and favorable to the Aristocracy—which seems to me rotten; the Tree dead *atop*, at any rate. And we know what that portends, even were the lower parts sound. But I can't help these things; so I never read a Paper, and stop all who would tell me what's in them: and, like the Folks in Boccaccio, amuse myself as I can in the midst of the Plague.

Thompson has sent me the proof of a really *excellently* written Excursus on Plato's Phædrus; I am scarce qualified to judge of the Argument—of *Love*—the Composition of the Soul, etc., of which so much may be said on many sides about such a Writer as Plato. But I am sure the Writing is capital: *no Style*: but direct, unaffected, clear; altogether that of a Man who expresses himself, because he understands, clearly. I am very glad of this: I doubted lest he would delay too long: till one has to hunt for words instead of their coming to you. Then is time to give up. I want to send you two Scraps of Translation which turned up with Omar and which I like, I think—short.

E.FG.

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<sup>1</sup> Name Cowell as the authority for portions of EFG's introduction to the *Rubáiyát*. Omar's heterodoxy made it impossible for Cowell to accept the proposal.

<sup>2</sup> Quatrain 88 in the second edition; 81 thereafter. In its final form the stanza reads:

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,  
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:  
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

<sup>3</sup> E. H. Winfield translates these quatrains:

[356] Was e'er man born who never went astray?  
Did ever mortal pass a sinless day?  
If I do ill, do not requite with ill!  
Evil for evil how canst Thou repay?  
[436] Who framed the lots of quick and dead but Thou?  
Who turns the troublous wheel of heaven but Thou?  
Though we are sinful slaves, is it for Thee  
To blame us? Who created us but Thou?

(*The Quatrains of Omar Khayyám*, 1883, nos. 398 and 471 respectively.)

<sup>4</sup> Cowell's essay on Omar Khayyám in the *Calcutta Review*, March, 1858.

<sup>5</sup> Mirkhond, 15-century Persian historian whose *Rauzat-ussafá* includes an account of the Assassins, whose founder was long confused with one of Omar's youthful companions. *Atash Kadah*, biographies of Persian poets by Lutf Áli Beg Adhar. Thomas Hyde (1636-1703), English Orientalist, author of the *History of the Religion of the Ancient Persians*, 1700. Joseph von Hammer, author of *Geschichte der Redekünste Persiens*, 1818.

<sup>6</sup> "Shooting Niagara, and After?" published in *Macmillan's Magazine* in August and as a pamphlet in September, a denunciation of the Second Reform Bill. The measure, Carlyle protested, would provide "new supplies of blockheadism, gullibility, bribability, amenability to beer and balderdash, by way of amending the woes we have had from our previous supplies of that bad article."

To Marietta Nursey

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 18, [1867]

Dear Marietta,

You and your Sister Cora remember the Picture that belonged to Isaac Clarke<sup>1</sup> representing himself, James Cole (I think) and Dog, sitting under a Tree, while at Bredfield shooting. This Picture I always understood was by your Father: and so Mr. Wade (by whom the Clarkes' Property was inherited) supposed also. But on sending the Picture lately to some London Picture Cleaner, he was told it was by *Nasmyth*,<sup>2</sup> and offered £400 for it! This was told me today by G. Moor, who is Wade's Agent here, and had it from Wade himself.

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Of course I don't believe a word of this: but what I do fancy is — that your Brother Perry<sup>3</sup> painted the Dogs and perhaps the Figures: and his high finish might be taken for Nasmyth's. Indeed, if Perry had stuck to Painting, he would have made a Fortune by the finished style of Painting which is so much admired in England.

However this may be, I am curious to know from you and your Sister the exact Truth about this; and shall be obliged to you if you will tell me.

Wade told Moor that the Dealer offered him £400 *twice*.

Your Turkey and Sausages will travel to London early next week: and I hope will all prove good. I wish you all a cheerful Christmas, and am yours sincerely

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Former Vicar at Bredfield.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Nasmyth (1758-1840), whose landscapes, Redgrave states, "are carefully coloured and finished." His son Patrick (1787-1831) also painted rural landscapes (Redgrave's *Dictionary of Artists*).

<sup>3</sup> Perry, Jr. (1799-1867) took a degree at Cambridge in 1823 and entered the Church.

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 20, [1867]

*Dear Captain,*

You are, I dare say, in a great bustle, making up:<sup>1</sup> but, as you have not answered my question, I must write again before it is too late.

I mean, as to making your people some present at the end of the season; especially if it has been a bad season. This can only be done by *your* Advice, and under your direction, though *I* should take the cost on myself, not meddling with the earnings of the Boat. Anyhow, I might give them a Christmas box perhaps; some 5<sup>s</sup> or 10<sup>s</sup> each, unless any of them have behaved amiss during the season. Had it been a very bad season, I should have proposed £1. But in no case should I wish to do anything unless at your direction: you know that I wish to appear in the Business as little as possible: and, at all events, I should never interfere between you and your men. Such a thing as the *Christmas Box* I speak of, might be given by me, not as owner at all, but only as from one who is your Friend, and was on board the *Lugger* several times.

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Whatever you give, give it as something *not to get drunk on*: oh, a cheerful Glass at parting—before going to their homes—that is well: but it would be better to carry even 5<sup>s</sup> home than to carry home an empty pocket and a sick head.

You must judge of this: what money you spend on it I will account for.

E.FG.

In another hand (probably Posh's) appears this notation at the end of the letter:

Luke 10<sup>s</sup>

Tom 10<sup>s</sup>

Jack 5<sup>s</sup>

Johny 1<sup>s</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The accounts of the lugger.

To Herman Biddell

Woodbridge

Dec<sup>r</sup> 22/67

*My dear Biddell,*

It occurs to me that, when I last saw you, you gave me hopes of finding a Chanticleer to replace that aged fellow you saw in my Domains. *He* came from Grundisburgh; and surely you spoke of some such Bird flourishing in Grundisburgh still. I will not hold out for the identical plumage—worthy of an Archangel—I only stipulate for one of the sort: such as are seen in old Story books; and on Church-vanes; with a plume of Tail, a lofty Crest and Walk, and a shrill trumpet-note of Challenge: any splendid colours; black and red; black and Gold; white, and red, and Gold! Only so as he be “gay,” according to old Suffolk speech.

Well, of course you won't trouble yourself about this: only don't *forget* it, next time you ride through Grundisburgh. Or if, in the course of any Ride, you should see any such Bird, catch him up at once upon your Saddle-bow, and bring him to the distressed Widows on my Estate.

Now, I gladly take this opportunity of wishing you and yours a Happy Christmas and New Year. You know you will be welcome here whenever you choose to come, to yours

Very sincerely  
E.FG.



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To Posh Fletcher

*Woodbridge*  
*Christmas Day, [1867]*

*Dear Captain,*

Unless I hear from you tomorrow that you are coming over here, I shall most likely run over myself to Miss Green's at Lowestoft—by the Train which gets there about two.

I shall look in upon you in the evening, if so be that I do not see you in the course of the day. I say I shall look in upon you tomorrow, I dare say. But, as this is Christmas time and I suppose you have many friends to see, I shall not want you to be at school every evening.

This is Newson's piloting week, so he cannot come.

E.FG.

To E. B. Cowell

*12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft*  
*Dec<sup>r</sup> 28, [1867]*

*My dear Cowell,*

I am sorry you troubled yourself to write under a cloud of headache: you know there was no sort of hurry in the matter. Somehow, I guessed you were not well.

I don't know well what one is to say about this Dream of Omar's.<sup>1</sup> However, it is no great matter.

I doubt Charles Childs must be ill too: he told me he had Bronchitis three weeks ago when he said he had sent Omar to the Printer. He was also in great trouble about his eldest Son, who has been borrowing money, etc., till forced to run. So I told Mr. C. not to trouble himself about poor little Omar; I only wanted him in time for you to see him before your own Business for next term begins. I fancy it was out of Civility that Childs undertook such a little Job.

I don't think I told you about Garcin de Tassy. He sent me (as no doubt he sent you) his annual Oration.<sup>2</sup> I wrote to thank him: and said I had been lately busy with another countryman of his, Mons<sup>r</sup> Nicolas, with his Omar Khayyám. On which De Tassy writes back by return of post to ask "Where I got my Copy of Nicolas? He had not been able to get one in all Paris!" So I wrote to Quaritch: who told me the Book was to be had of Maisonneuve, or any Oriental Bookseller in Paris; but that probably the Shopman did not understand, when

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*“Les Rubáiyát d’Omar,”* etc., were asked for, that it meant *“Les Quatrains,”* etc. This (which I doubt not is the solution of the Mystery) I wrote to Garcin: at the same time offering one of my two Copies. By return of Post comes a frank acceptance of one of the Copies; and his own Translation of Attár’s Birds<sup>3</sup> by way of equivalent. *τούλονδ’ ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.*<sup>4</sup> Well, as I got these Birds just as I was starting here, I brought them with me, and looked them over. Here, at Lowestoft, in this same row of houses, two doors off, I was writing out the Translation I made in the Winter of 1859. I have scarce looked at Original or Translation since. But I was struck by this; that eight years had made little or no alteration in my idea of the matter: it seemed to me that I really had brought in nearly all worth remembering, and had really condensed the whole into a much compacter Image than the original. This is what I think I can do, with such discursive things: such as all the Oriental things I have seen are. I remember you thought that I had lost the Apologues towards the close; but I believe I was right in excluding them, as the narrative grew dramatic and neared the Catastrophe. Also, it is much better to glance at the dangers of the Valley when the Birds are in it, than to let the Leader recount them before: which is not good policy, morally or dramatically. When I say all this, you need not suppose that I am vindicating the Translation as a Piece of Verse. I remember thinking it from the first rather disagreeable than not: though with some good parts. Jam satis.

There is a pretty story, which seems as if it really happened (p. 201 of De Tassy’s Translation, referring to v. 3581 of the original), of the Boy falling into a well, and on being taken out senseless, the Father asking him to say but a word; and then, but one word more: which the Boy says and dies. And at p. 256, Translation (v. 4620), I read, *“Lorsque Nizâm ul-mulk fut à l’agonie, il dit: ‘O mon Dieu, je m’en vais entre les mains du vent.’”* Here is our Omar in his Friend’s mouth, is it not?

I have come here to wind up accounts for our Herring-lugger: much against us, as the season has been a bad one. My dear Captain, who looks in his Cottage like King Alfred in the Story, was rather saddened by all this, as he had prophesied better things. I tell him that if he is but what I think him—and surely my sixty years of considering men will not so deceive me at last!—I would rather lose money with him than gain it with others. Indeed I never proposed Gain, as you may imagine: but only to have some Interest with this dear Fellow. Happy New Year to you Both!

E.FG.

I wish you would have Semelet's<sup>5</sup> *Gulistan* which I have. You know I never cared for Sádí.

<sup>1</sup> See EFG's preface to the second edition of his *Rubáiyát, Letters and Literary Remains*, VII, 47-48.

<sup>2</sup> As Professor of Oriental Languages at *Institut de France*.

<sup>3</sup> *Le Mantic Uttair ou le Langage des Oiseaux*, 1863. He had published a Persian text in 1857.

<sup>4</sup> "Such was the end of this tale." (The last line of five of Euripides' plays.)

<sup>5</sup> N. Semelet, *Gulistan ou le Parterre-de-Fleurs du Cheikh Moslih-Eddin Sa'di*, Persian text, 1828; translated with notes, 1834.

## To Mowbray Donne

Lowestoft  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 31/67

My dear Mowbray,

Your Letter only came to hand here this morning. But I am just in time to wish you both a Good 1868. So be it!

I came here a week ago to wind up accounts for the Lugger—all on the wrong side at present—but we look to 1868. Posh has fretted at his unsuccess: though in fact he has done better than half the Boats. It has been a bad Season: spoilt by the strong Winds in the last month. Yesterday we had a grand Bill paying: I told him there was *less* to pay than I expected: and, if he were what I thought, I would rather lose money with him than win it with many others. The dear old Boy got happy: and of course made me angry by coming home rather unsteady after settling the Bills. So I look glum Today: and all the while know I'm not worthy to grease his Boots.

What is all this to you! I should like to see a Westminster Play:<sup>1</sup> but I never could care for Terence. Very easy, elegant, and sensible: but no Devil. I have a Virgil with me here; he has no Devil neither: but then what an Angel! Talking of Devil, I am really reprinting that old Persian: all the copies of which have gone off, at a steady sale of two per annum: the greater portion having, I believe, been lost by Quaritch when he changed house. It is the only one of all my Great Works that ever has been asked for: I am persuaded, *because* of the Wickedness, which is now at the heart of so much—Goodness! Not that the Persian has anything at all new: but he has dared to *say* it, as Lucretius did: and now it is put into tolerable English Music. That is all.

Edmund Kerrich and Wife are here for a while: after which they

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go to Boulge, and then perhaps to *My Chateau* at Woodbridge. My Brother told them he expected Gerald<sup>2</sup> at Boulge. I was rejoiced to see your Dad so well and in such good Spirits: more amiable and good you know he could not be. I was sorry to hear from him that Mrs. Fred & Co. were come over.<sup>3</sup>

Oh, it's cold enough here now! And all the time my old Brother Peter is sitting under a Parasol, I believe, amid Oranges in Blossom, at Cannes. I had a very kind Letter from Mrs. Kemble: she seems glad to hear from England.

Now, my dear *Mow*, give my kind Regards to the *Missis*, and believe me ever yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> A comedy by either Terence or Plautus was produced each December, in Latin, by the students of Westminster School. The 1867 play was Terence's *Adelphi*.

<sup>2</sup> EFG's nephew.

<sup>3</sup> Mowbray's sister-in-law and her year-old son. Frederick Donne, a major, was stationed in India.

To W. E. Crowfoot  
(Fragment)

*Woodbridge*  
*Jan. 2, 1868*

*My Chateau* here is not yet paid for! not for my fault but the knavish Builder, who hitherto dares not consent to Arbitration.

To W. F. Pollock

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*Jan. 9/68*

*My dear Pollock,*

I saw advertised in my old Athenaeum a Review of Richardson's Novels in the January Cornhill.<sup>1</sup> So I bought it: and began to think you might have written it: but was not so assured as I went on. It is however very good, in my opinion, whoever did it: though I don't think it does all justice to the interminable Original. When the Writer

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talks of Grandison and Clarissa being *the* two Characters—oh, Lovelace himself should have made the third: if unnatural (as the Reviewer says), yet not the less wonderful: quite beyond and above anything in Fielding. Whether you wrote the article or not, I know you are one of the few who have read the Book. The Reviewer admits that it might be abridged; I am convinced of that, and have done it for my own satisfaction: but you thought this was not to be done. So here is internal proof that you didn't write what Thackeray used to call the "Hurticle," or that you have changed your mind on that score. But you haven't. But I know better, Lord bless you: and am sure I could (with a pair of Scissors) launch old Richardson again: we shouldn't go off the stocks easy (pardon nautical metaphors), but stick by the way, amid the jeers of Reviewers who had never read the original: but we should float at last. Only I don't want to spend a lot of money to be hooted at, without having time to wait for the floating.

I have spent lots of money on my Herring-lugger, which has made but a poor Season. So now we are going (like wise men) to lay out a lot more for Mackerel; and my Captain (a dear Fellow) is got ill, which is much worst of all: so hey for 1868! Which is wishing you better luck next time, Sir, etc.

Spedding at last found and sent me his delightful little Paper about Twelfth Night.<sup>2</sup> I was glad to be set right about Viola: but I think he makes too much of the whole play, "finest of Comedies," etc. It seems to me quite a light, slight sketch—for Twelfth Night—What you Will, etc. What else does the Name mean? Have I uttered these Impieties! No more! Nameless as shameless.

<sup>1</sup> By Leslie Stephen, pp. 48-69.

<sup>2</sup> "Miss Kate Terry in Viola," a critique that chronologically traces interpretations of the comedy (*Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1865, pp. 261-68).

## To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
Jan: 12/68

Dear Posh,

I have mislaid your Letter, and therefore am not sure if the cheque which I enclose for £140 is right. I think you wrote that the Nets came to £130—fourteen Pounds less than was at first asked. If so, here then are £10 over, for carting from Yarmouth, and any other ex-

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penses that want present payment. Only, take particular care to make an entry of all such payments in the Book I gave you: take all care of the money: and run into no expense which is not quite necessary. For I am drawn nearly dry for the present.

I send you the cheque now, because you may want to settle with the Man at Yarmouth tomorrow. If that be necessary, or proper, do so at once. If another Day or two make no difference, you can keep the cheque by you till you hear again from me. But by no means wait if the money is wanted or expected.

E.FG.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Jan. 29, [1868]

I see I have Jelaleddin—which should be Jelaluddin?<sup>1</sup> These Vowels seem to me very fanciful: but, as I have taken yours in nearly all cases, I wish to do so in this.

I find it *Mushtara* in the Dictionary. I suppose that *ʿ* expresses the *i* you give instead of *a*. As I love the *a* best, could I print it *Mushtara*, as in Dictionary?

What say you to Mahmūd (62)?

“Scatters before him with his Whirlwind Sword.”

*Conquering, victorious, triumphant*, etc. are weak, because implied. But this Whirlwind which has just struck me may be *Bombastes Furioso*<sup>2</sup>—and “forcible Feeble.”

I think of *dele-ing Kuza Nama*<sup>3</sup>; first because it looks gawky in the page (and I love my “pretty Page”) and secondly because it seems to be the heading of another Poem; as I found from the Printers by their Proof.

I am rather ashamed to trouble you about such Straws. But I almost think they are the last. Please to answer them—if your headache be gone.

E.FG.

I am trying to get an old Woodbridge Artist (now in London) to make a sort of rough etching of your فانوس خيال \* which I would stick at the beginning by way of Vignette Title. But I don't know if he can manage it.

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<sup>1</sup> Jeláluddín Rúmí, Persian poet mentioned in EFG's introduction to the 1868 edition of the *Rubáiyát*. In the passage which follows, EFG discusses alterations for quatrains 54 and 44 of the 1859 edition. These become 75 and 60, respectively, in the final version.

<sup>2</sup> A dramatic burlesque of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* by William Barnes Rhodes, produced in 1810.

<sup>3</sup> "The Book of Pots," a sub-title used only in the 1859 edition for the "Potter's House" quatrains.

<sup>4</sup> "*Fánúsi khiyál*, a Magic-lantern still used in India; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the lighted Candle within" (EFG's note to quatrain 68, final version). The etching, no doubt by G. J. Rowe, proved unsatisfactory, as was true, also, of a plate executed by Edwin Edwards in 1871. Edwards' plate is reproduced in George S. Layard's *Suppressed Plates* . . . , 1907, p. 188. A letter to EFG from Cowell, Jan. 16, 1868, which EFG showed Edwards, described in detail the Fanus he had seen in Calcutta and appears to have been the inspiration for Edwards' plate.

To Mrs. Cowell

[Woodbridge]  
[c. February 1, 1868]

My dear Lady,

Your letter only came here a few hours ago: but it snows and snows: so I will even answer your kind Letter—before the Sun rises!

I really never do see any paper but the Lowestoft Reporter, and that part of the Ipswich Journal that reports Woodbridge news. Therefore I was quite ignorant of E.B.C. appearing in the Times—in Asiatic Costume too. What he must do is, to send me that particular paper; and moreover to send me any Paper, and tell me of any Magazine in which he writes such things. I have been obliged to remonstrate with Spedding on the same: discovering from Donne that he had written a charming little paper on "Twelfth Night" in Fraser a year or so ago. A charming paper; though I think he makes more of it than the Author of the Play intended.

My dear Lady, you know that what I used to do with your own Verses was, to cut out; and now you won't let me do so with mine! E.B.C. will have had the Proof returned him before this: he almost frightened me; the more so because I know he is right. But, like Macbeth when he had committed the murder, I scarce dare go back to look on what I have done.

Do ask E.B.C. to answer me a Question in the Notes. It is about that line "He knows about it all—he knows—he knows"<sup>1</sup> (which re-

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minds me of Borrow somehow!). I quote the original Line (as I suppose)—“*U dánad, U dánad, U dánad, U.*” Now, I can’t find this in the first Calcutta Copy<sup>2</sup> which E.B.C. sent me from India, and in which I read it, if anywhere (for that, tell E.B.C., I know I didn’t invent). But I can’t find it in any Copy now: and I can scarce believe that the Line as I give it can be made to scan. Do, I say, ask Husband about this; and let him annotate it on the Proof sheet, which he will have to return to me.

Indeed, my dear Lady, you will have all that is worth having, and more, too.

I liked the looks and ways of Mrs. Garrett<sup>3</sup> much: and my friend Mr. Spalding here says she is quite the Good Motherly Woman. I suppose the young Lady is clever, etc.; but she had one of those audacious Boys’ hats on which make all the young Women look like dressed-up Schoolboys. And I believe it is the fashion to talk in Character.

Now it is 7½ P.M.; it does not snow: and I will take this Letter to post, and then stump for half an hour in the Almshouse Gardens. I dare say E.B.C. remembers going with me to see Mr. Meller there—some twenty years ago. It is odd that when I am returning into the Town from a Walk these Winter Evenings, I think that I am going to take tea at Mr. Barton’s, sometimes: this winter I have thought so—Why?

Robert Groome was to have come to me Today; but I was obliged to put him off, because of my Hostess being unwell. And, though we have a Servant, she frets if she doesn’t overlook, etc. This is the second time this year I have put off R.G., and for the same reason.

Crabbe the Poet said that if any external Circumstance inspired him, it was—a slight fall of Snow! Characteristic perhaps of his Genius. Well, the snow hasn’t inspired, but has been the cause perhaps of a long Letter.

Adieu now.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Rubáiyát*, quatrain 70, translated from the Calcutta manuscript.

<sup>2</sup> The faulty transcription of the Calcutta manuscript received in June, 1857. Cowell later sent a transcript of the quatrains copied from a book printed in Calcutta in 1836.

<sup>3</sup> Wife of Newson Garrett, Aldeburgh business man. Spalding had formerly been a clerk in his employ. The wearer of the “audacious” hat was one of the two daughters identified in n.1, letter to Fanny Kemble, Sept. 1, 1882.



February 1868

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
Valentina! [1868]

By dear Donne,

The enclosed explains that a new Edition of my old *Omar* is about to come forth—with a good deal added in verse and prose. The former Edition was as much lost as sold, when B. Quaritch changed houses; he has told Cowell these two years that a few more would sell: a French version has revived my old flame: and now Mr. Childs will soon send some 200 copies<sup>1</sup> to B. Quaritch.

It seems absurd to make terms about such a pamphlet, likely to be so slow of sale, so I have written to Q. in answer; that he must fix the most saleable price he can; take his own proper profit out of it; and when 50 copies are sold give me mine. If this won't do, I have bid him ask you. The whole thing is not worth two letters or two conversations about; I should be inclined to make the whole Edition over to him except such copies as I want to give away (to W.B.D. and Cowell, etc., and a few more), but one only looks more of a Fool by doing so—so I say after 50 copies, etc., when I believe my Ghost will have to call upon B.Q. for a reckoning.

The great thing (I tell him) is, only to put a moderate price, such as most likely to be given, not stick on what won't be given at all.<sup>2</sup> Don't you go to B.Q. about this: only, if he sends to ask you, you are apprized. I do not think I should ask you such a thing if it lay much out of your way. Only don't *you* try to make a Bargain for me; I can't tell you how absurd even this much Palaver about it is.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> A. G. Potter states in error that 500 copies were printed (*A Bibliography of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, 1929, p. 39).

<sup>2</sup> The second edition of the *Rubáiyát*, like the first, was bound in paper covers. It sold for 1s 6d.

February 1868

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge

Feb. 18, 1868

*My dear Cowell,*

Miss Crabbe has read in the *Times* your Article on Hariri,<sup>1</sup> not knowing whose it was, but thinking it might interest me, for me she kept the Paper, and sent it here a few days ago.

Why, you were quite wrong in not sending it to me yourself, for I think it's *Capital*. I am persuaded that all you want now is, not impudence, but confidence—to write away, as also to speak away, without fear, from a full memory set agoing by a just, active and intuitive intellect, now in its prime.

I believe you should always write as if with no more responsible object—than an anonymous article in a Paper, or a letter to me. You should let yourself run wild, for you will never go astray, neither in morals, Taste, nor erudition. I say again, you can never go astray, constituted as you now are in morals and intellect, so run wild.

Really, when I think of the Scholarship that you can pour out, *ad libitum*, in such articles, I am ashamed to think of your taking any pains with such word pictures as my *Omar*, etc. This is true.

Yours always,

E.FG.

The Thrush sings another Spring. It will bring out the Wherstead and Bramford Violets. Adieu.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> A review of *The Assemblies of al Hariri*, translated from the Arabic by Thomas Chenery, 2 vols., 1867.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge

Feb. 25, [1868]

*My dear Cowell:*

At last (I suppose) you have your *Omar*, as I have mine. But, as you wished for a dozen Copies, and I think I had told Mr. Childs half a dozen only, I post you that number.

I wish they had been done up in stiffer paper: however, it's done now.

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Please to send a Copy from me to the Master of Trinity: I should also send one to the Master of Sidney<sup>1</sup> (a very amiable Man, whom I wish you would get to know—go, and call on him from me!) but I'm not sure if he would care to harbour the old Miscreant.

By what Optimism of Hero worship can Elizabeth endure him!

Pray don't write about the Book to me now: for you have already written much, and you are now very busy. I told Quaritch of the Calcutta Review.

I have pasted my Views of Oxford into a Book: beginning with Magdalen, all up (or down) High Street, then turning at Carfax so as to return by Broad Street. Then I walk up and down, as I did with you sixteen and seventeen years ago.

E.FG.

When you, or your Dame, writes, tell me the size and price of Chenery's Hariri. Isn't it better than Preston's?<sup>2</sup> I fancied I saw the Capability of that through a dullish Execution. Today has been Summerly.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Phelps.

<sup>2</sup> Theodore Preston, *Makamat; or, Rhetorical Anecdotes of Al Hariri of Basra*, translated from the Arabic, 1850.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
March 4/68

*My dear Donne,*

I should be very glad of any Additions about the Kembles—but not to Bernard:<sup>1</sup> simply, because, altho' that is one of my Works, it is not one of my Masterpieces: I did not care Enough for it to bestow the whole force of my Intellect, Scissors, and Paste, upon it. I have some others on my Shelf far more worthy of your Additions: and some of these you shall see whenever you come here again. You wouldn't have room on Bernard's Margins to annotate there, I think: and, now he is bound, it is too late to stick in MS leaves. The thing would be to add to a still boarded Copy of Boaden's Kemble:<sup>2</sup> a very good book, I think: my copy, I am sorry to say, is in a dirty binding.

I have just had down a lot of old Theatrical Prints—almost all from De Wilde's Portraits—always good, however small and rough. De Wilde was an Artist of Genius, and a complete Collection of his Dra-

March 1868

matic Portraits will one day be valuable. Looking over these is my way of going to the Play: seeing such Actors as now are not to be seen, and some of them in such Plays as not now to be seen either.

I shall send you a capital Print of Edwin in Lingo:<sup>3</sup> showing what a Face he had for Drollery.

I have been all day with Lawyers and Builders getting up my Case for Arbitration between me and the Builder of my Chateau: so tiresome that I wish I'd let him cheat me without a struggle. It will end, I dare say, in losing all my heroic resistance from sheer Lies on his part, which I shall be too scrupulous to tell on mine.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> John Bernard's *Retrospections of the Stage*.

<sup>2</sup> James Boaden's *Memoirs of the Life of John Philip Kemble*, 2 vols., 1825.

<sup>3</sup> "Print of Mr. [John] Edwin in the character of 'Lingo,' in *The Agreeable Surprise*, Act I, from [John] Alefounder pinxt" (EFG's identification of the print among Donne family papers). The print is reproduced in *A FitzGerald Friendship*, opposite p. 96.

To Posh Fletcher  
(Fragment)

[Woodbridge]  
March 5, 1868

. . . You have to puzzle yourself to tell me the little I have to ask, and when you DO tell me, it seems that it is not in a way to make me understand. . . . I wondered how your grub for eleven men could amount to £160 [\$800] for four months.

To Herman Biddell

Woodbridge  
Thursday [Early Spring, 1868]

Dear Biddell,

You were very good to have thought of me and my disconsolate Widows.<sup>1</sup> What I shall do with them as Spring advances, I don't know. But I don't like your Cochins and Dorkings, thank you: no,

we must wait for an old-fashioned, Aesop-fable fellow. I wrote to my Nephew in Norfolk only last night. I believe I shall have to advertise if it can be decently done.

Then again, I want a *Drake* (three Widows in this case also!); and in this case also I deprive them of their lawful rights till I find an Old-fashioned Drake (have you one?) nearest akin to the *Wildfowl*—small, grey, and game-like: not your overgrown prize-fowls.

I think it will end in Hens and Ducks quitting my premises if I delay much longer.

Yesterday Mr. Spalding had proposed walking round to you: but there was some Drill at night which prevented him. I saw him Today and gave him your Message. I dare say he will stride over ere long. On my word, I would go too, if I went anywhere. But my Day is over. I had heard Mr. S. tell of your promised Picture: I shall be very severe upon it, if you stick to cold Colours. I hope you have brightened the ruins with setting Sunshine.

I wrote to Airy the other day to ask how he weathered the Winter; but as yet I have had no reply.

Peace to Playford—and A Rubber at Night! oh, how pleasant!

Yours truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Biddell, Dec. 22, 1867.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Sunday [March 15, 1868]

My dear Pollock,

I must thank you for your very kind Letter. I am really afraid old Spedding has flung me over entirely—unless perhaps I should want a Thousand Pounds or so of him: but he won't be at the trouble to write to me about a little Service.

I was glad to read the Aristophanic Version: getting out my Cambridge Shakespeare (which somehow I never care to read in—only to refer to) for the Original. Pistol's Hexameters (in the way of Aristophanes' χορησ—μολόγο,<sup>1</sup> I think the name is) are a very happy bit: I am not sure if the Aristophanic Phraseology has not been rather *too* closely followed: as in the case of χαῖρ' αὖθις, ὦ μοχθηρὲ καὶ μιανώτατε<sup>2</sup> which seems to me too general for the "scurvy, lousy, knave"<sup>3</sup>—of the

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original. But I am born, you know, to find fault: and am at least as often wrong as right—in classic matters at any rate.

I am now on the very crisis of Dispute between Self and House builder for his Account; and on Friday had an Architect and Lawyer over for a preparatory Examination. In a Fortnight or so we shall have his Surveyor and Lawyer over to meet mine; then will come the Tug: Evidence; *he* swearing against *me*, that I ordered and counter-ordered this and that: I believe that I shall be more cautious of swearing than he, and so shan't gain much, if anything, by the contest. But the Man proved himself a Knave by telling Lies to defend his Charges; so I was determined to have it out—and rather wish I had left it alone! Even showing him up at a premium isn't worth any Bother to

Yours, my dear Pollock,  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "Soothsayer."

<sup>2</sup> "Again hail, thou most polluted wretch."

<sup>3</sup> "I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave . . . to eat, look you, this leek."  
*Henry V*, V.1.23-25

## To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
March 29, [1868]

*Dear Poshy,*

I have your Letter of this Morning:—I suppose that you have got mine also. I hope that you understood what I said in it—about the Bills, I mean—that you should put down in writing all outgoings, and in such a way as you, or I, might easily reckon them up: I mean, so as to see what each amounts to. No man's Memory can be trusted in such matters; and I think that *your* Memory (jostled about, as you say, with many different calls) needs to have *writing* to refer to. Do not suppose for one moment that I do not trust you, my good fellow: nor that I think that you have made any great blunder in what Accounts you *did* keep last year. I only mean that a man ought to be able to point out at once, to himself or to others, all the items of an Account; to do which, you know, gave you great Trouble. You must not be too proud to learn a little of some one used to such business, as Mr. Spalding, for instance.

If you think that the Oil and Cutch<sup>1</sup> are as good, and as cheap, at

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Lowestoft as I can get them here, why, get them at once at Lowestoft. About that green Paint for the Lugger's bottom—Mr. Silver got some so very good for Pasifull's Smack last year that I think it might be worth while to get some, if we could, from *his* Merchant. You told me that what you got at Lowestoft was not very good.

I am very glad that the Lugger is so well thought of that any one else wants to build from her. For she was *your* child, you know.

Mr. Durrant<sup>2</sup> has never sent me the plants. I doubt he must have lost some more children. Do not go to him again, if you went before. . . .<sup>3</sup> I shall be running over to Lowestoft soon. But I am not quite well.

E.FG

Remember me to your Family. You do not tell me if your Mother is better.

<sup>1</sup> A resinous substance that, with linseed oil, formed a preservative for nets.

<sup>2</sup> A Lowestoft nurseryman.

<sup>3</sup> A word or two illegible.

To E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]

April 2/68

*My dear Cowell,*

I have not written to you because I knew you must be very busy, and that you might nevertheless feel bound to answer my idle letters. So, pray, tell "the Missis"—who says truly—"What a Lull in our Correspondence!" after the Omar Business. I am glad you don't think *that* spoilt in its new shape—which I thought not unlikely: if there be now too much of it,<sup>1</sup> you must do as I do with many a better book—strike out what is superfluous or wearisome.

I have found a Copy of the Calderon in the Desk I write upon: and so send it by this Post. I have some others in a parcel upstairs, if you should ever want more. This I say because the Plays might interest some whom *you* know.

Now, you really must not overwork yourself—remember! I doubt if you are not wrong in not leaving Cambridge (even if you don't leave Sanskrit) for these Easter Holidays. Anyhow, get away somewhere—somewhere further than Suffolk even—when Summer comes. Why not Switzerland? Donne was so delighted with his Trip there

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last year that he has proposed to Mowbray to go again: I think his expenses were only £20, and he went in all comfort with the Pollocks. Why won't you propose to go with Donne? You won't suppose that I suggest this in order to prevent our meeting during the Summer; there will be time and opportunity for that also, I hope. But I have no doubt that a more total Change of Scene would be good for you. Groome, who was here a fortnight ago, told you the same, I believe. *He* came here to become ill himself, just as he did on his late Visit to you: shut up all one day with bilious Headache.

Edmund Kerrich (whom you met here) and his Wife are living at my Chateau here, and I see a good deal of them in an out-of-door way. He is trying to exchange his Indian Service (for which his Sun-stroke unfits him) for English; and it is a very anxious time for him and her, till this is decided. He is a very honorable, spirited, and goodhearted Fellow: I make him talk a little Hindustani to me: but he says he loves Mahratta. His Wife is a good, generous, and loyal Woman.

I have had *my* Business also—in the shape of Arbitration and Lawyers coming to investigate and adjudicate on the Cost of my House. Once more, after near twenty years, I was put on my oath, to be brow-beat by a fellow from Colchester. I, and my witnesses, could but swear to the best of our Memories regarding two years back: but my Builder and his Witnesses were under no such restriction. I think I shall be licked: but it will not alter my opinion of the Builder, who (oddly enough) was just before adjudicated £64 instead of £190 which he had claimed from another Job. But really I am pleased to find how indifferent I am about the matter. Ah! If one could but reserve one's Indifference for Life's little *Troubles* only!

Love to the Lady. Always yours

E.FG.

I am really very glad that you and the Master of Sidney take so well to one another. He is one of the most amiable Men I have seen; [being]<sup>2</sup> undesiccated with College Life. Do pray remember [me] to him; I [would] have sent him my book if I thought he cared for it.

<sup>1</sup> EFG had increased the number of quatrains from the original 75 to 110 in his second edition. In subsequent editions there are 101 quatrains.

<sup>2</sup> Side of page torn.



April 1868

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
April 4, [1868]

Dear Posh,

I may be at Lowestoft some time next week. As it is, I have still some engagements here; and, moreover, I have not been quite well.

If you want to see me, you have only to come over here any day you choose. Tomorrow (Sunday) there is a Train from Lowestoft which reaches Woodbridge at about three in the Afternoon. I tell you this, in case you might want to see, or speak to, me.

Mr. Manby told me yesterday that there was a wonderful catch of Mackerel down in the West. I have no doubt that this warm weather, and fine nights, have [something] to do with it. I believe that we are in for a spell of such weather: but I suppose you have no thought of going Westward now.

I have desired that a . . .<sup>1</sup> of the Green Paint which Mr. Silver used should be sent to you. But do not you wait for it, if you want to be about the Lugger at once. The Paint will keep for another time: and I suppose that the sooner the Lugger is afloat this hot and dry weather, the better.

Remember me to your Family.

Yours always  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.

To Frederick Spalding  
(Fragment)

Lowestoft  
April 14/68

. . . Meanwhile the Crews loiter about the Town: A. Percival,<sup>1</sup> Frost, and Jack in his Kingfisher Guernsey: to whom Posh does the honours of the place. He is still busy with his Gear: his hands of a fine Mahogany, from Stockholm tar, but I see he has some return of *hoseness*.<sup>2</sup> I believe that he and I shall now sign the Mortgage Papers that make him owner of *Half* Meum and Tuum.<sup>3</sup> I only get out of him that he can't say he sees anything much amiss in the Deed. He is delightful with his Babe, whose name is Clara—"Hallo, Clara!" etc. . . .

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<sup>1</sup> Ablett Pasifull. See letter to him, [April, 1869].

<sup>2</sup> Hoarseness.

<sup>3</sup> The next day, April 15, sixteen of EFG's 48 shares were added to the 16 which Posh already had, and each became half-owner.

## To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
Saturday [April, 1868]

Dear Posh,

You must lay out three halfpence on the *Eastern Times* for last Friday. In that Newspaper there is a good deal written about that Act for altering Vessels: the Writer is quite sure that the Act does not apply to Fishing craft; and he writes as if he knew what he was writing about. But most likely if he had written just the contrary, it would have seemed as right to me. Do you therefore fork out three halfpennies, as I tell you, and study the matter, and talk it over with others. The owners of Vessels should lose no time in meeting, and in passing some Resolution on the Subject.

I have not seen Newson, but West was down at the Ferry some days back and saw him. For a wonder, he (Newson) was *Fishing!*—for Codlings—for there really was nothing else to do: no Woodbridge Vessels coming in and out the Harbour, nor any work for the Salvage Smacks. He spoke of his Wife as much the same: Smith, the Pilot, thought her much altered when last he saw her.

You will buy such things as you spoke of wanting at the Lowestoft Sales if they go at a reasonable price. As to the claim made by your Yawl, I suppose it will come down to half. The Builders are coming to my house again next week, I believe, having left half their work undone.

Now, here is a Letter for your Mantelpiece tomorrow—Sunday. I don't think I have more to say.

Yours  
E.FG.

Mr. Durrant has never sent me the hamper of Flowers he promised.

P.S. I post this letter before Noon so as you will receive it this Evening: and can get the Newspaper I tell you of:

*Eastern Times* for Friday last, sold at Chapman's.

April 1868

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
April 24, [1868]

*Dear Poshy,*

I hear from Mr. Birt this morning that the Life belts were sent off to you yesterday—directed to your house. So I suppose they will reach you without your having to go look for them. But you can enquire at the Rail if they don't show up.

Mr. Birt says that he makes the Belts of two sizes for the Life boat. But he has sent all yours of the large size, except one for the Boy. I had told him I thought you were all of you biggish Men, except the Boy. I suppose I have blundered as usual. But if the Jackets are too big, you must change some of them. That will only cost carriage; and that I must pay for my Blunder.

I doubt you have been unlucky in your drying days—yesterday we had here such violent Showers as would have washed out your oil, I think. And it must have rained much last night. But you share in *my* luck now, you know.

But I am very glad the children are better. I thought it was bad weather for fever. There has been great sickness here, I think. Mr. Gowing<sup>1</sup> and his house are as tedious as Mr. Dove and my house; we must hope that does not mean to play as false.

I am very sorry for your loss of Lines and Anchors.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Gowing, Lowestoft house agent.

To Posh Fletcher

[Woodbridge]  
[c. April 27, 1868]

*Dear Posh,*

Of course I blundered about the Jackets:<sup>1</sup> I hope that you will make them right. Take care to let me know what you pay for Carriage, up and down: that I may pay you again. For, you know, these Jackets are my Present to the Boat. Perhaps you will get some Name branded on the Cork—*M T*<sup>2</sup> perhaps: or what you like. Captain Doughty was saying yesterday that your People would never wear them. But I think you might engage them beforehand to wear the Jackets *at your*

May 1868

*Order.* Perhaps when they have once tried them, they won't be unwilling again.

You were lucky to escape the rain we had. Some violent Squalls on Thursday; and on Friday Morning, about 6, such a downright Shower for an hour as we don't often see. The Weather will now be fine, I think, for a time: as the Glass is got high.

Get for your Girl all the Doctor orders: and, if you find that you can't well afford it, let me know. If I were in Lowestoft I should doubtless send her some of the things the Doctor orders.

Yesterday they settled about my House; taking £120 from the Bill. No doubt it ought to have been double that, as Dove's own Lawyer said: but Dove will have lost £200 at least by Law expenses, and being out of his money two years—and—

*Serve him right.*

I can't care a button about the Business.

Why, Posh, I think that all my Letters will be harder work for you than all your lint.<sup>3</sup> But now I have nothing to swear at, and am yours truly

FitzGerald, Fletcher & Co.

Are any of the houses likely to suit you to live in? You could surely now rent one in a better place, if not buy. Send me a Bill. I hope we shall soon hear of Mr. Gowing.

<sup>1</sup> Life jackets for the lugger crew.

<sup>2</sup> For *Meum and Tuum*.

<sup>3</sup> "*Net*, whether before or after being made up into *nets*" (EFG's *Sea Words and Phrases*).

To W. E. Crowfoot  
(Fragment)

*Market Hill: Woodbridge*  
*May 11, 1868*

As usual I have nothing to tell of Men or Books; for I scarce see either. You know perhaps that I have taken interest in a Herring Lugger: in fact have turned Fish Merchant. Up to this time we have only lost, but this Season we do better: only that, while we catch more fish, we lose more nets in all this tempestuous weather, which keeps me in a perpetual fidget about the People's Lives. Only last Sunday night

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they were riding out their nets in a Gale till Tuesday, and one Lugger lost seven men washed overboard. I think if I can see my friends able to hold their own, I shall back out, for the anxiety is more than the amusement. Such is the upshot of our cunningly devised plans!

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge

May 15/68

*My dear Cowell,*

I have not written to you, as I explained before, because your time, I know, is all taken up with Lectures. These, I suppose, will be soon drawing to a close; let me hear what you are going to do with yourselves when Vacation begins. I have nothing to tell of myself—either what I have been doing, or what I propose to do—you know, or can guess it all. My Lugger set sail after Mackerel two days ago: I watched her out of sight: and last night came twelve Mackerel, to prove that *something* had been caught! My own small ship is getting new plumed at the Ferry: and will come out, with many a younger Bird, by the beginning of June, I suppose.

You, who really detest Crabbe (I think you do!) will wonder at the pleasure I take in reading him—as I have been doing, nearly all through this last month. One thing is, that I keep revising parts for my own private use; Oh, I know that if Crabbe had only known me, I could have been of some use to him! I couldn't furnish the stuff, but I could have helped him to shape it. He was careless of that; and perhaps somewhat deficient by nature.

By the by, I do think I shall ask you to take the trouble (but not till all your Lecturing is done) to ask MacMillan to return us those Verses, which I conclude they don't want, and which I have kept no corrected Copy of. They are wrong not to use them;<sup>1</sup> being far more likely to entertain readers than—Lucretius! What a failure! Exactly what Lucretius is not: nothing but Art. I am sure dear old Alfred should write no more—of his own, I mean. He could now translate for us some Sophocles!

With Love to the Lady,

Ever yours

E.FG.

May 1868

Donne tells me he is not going to Switzerland this summer: but to our Lakes, I think.

<sup>1</sup> EFG's "Two Generals" ignored by *Macmillan's Magazine*, in the current issue of which Tennyson's "Lucretius" had appeared.

To James Spedding

*Markethill: Woodbridge*  
*May 17, [1868]*

*My dear Spedding,*

You won't thank me for writing to you—especially as this time I can't pretend to have any Question to ask. Well: I shan't consider you in my debt then—considering this note of mine only as a reminder that if ever you should be in the humour to tell me a word about yourself—Q.E.D.

Why, for one thing, I thought you were to be launching Vol. III into the World before this? I have been launching—last Saturday—our Herring lugger, which is now equipt with Nets for Mackerel. About June, I suppose, my own little Ship will be all ready. This is nearly all I have to tell of myself; and you have heard the same for the last ten years. I run over to Lowestoft to see my grand Captain there, from time to time; and that is the only journey from this place.

As for Books, I have been reading all over Crabbe—for I don't know how many a time. I don't know what you think of him: and you wouldn't care to know what I think of him: only, that I think *much*, my often recurrence to him testifies. Donne told me that our Dr. Malkin said he found it good reading as he got older. Old Alfred said (the last time I was with [him] at Freshwater) fourteen years ago, "Crabbe has a World of his own."

The dryness of my Letter reminds me of a Story my Nephew told me yesterday. Some Church dignitary being pheasant shooting down here, the Gamekeeper put him at a good corner of the Wood; but didn't know by what Title to address him, should he have occasion to do so. "However," says he, "it all come upon me in a twinklin'. I'd scarce sot him in his place, when up starts an old Hare—'Blaze away, your Holiness!' says I, and damned if he didn't shoot un as dead as a Biscuit."

Does a Smile (as AT said) curl the surface of the Lymph?

Ever yours,  
E.FG.

May 1868

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
Saturday [May, 1868]

*My dear Lad,*

I suppose the Lugger had returned, and that you had gone out in her again before my last Note, with Newson's Paper, reached you. I have a fancy that you will be home this evening. But whether you are [or] not, do not stay at home to answer me. I have felt, as I said, pretty sure that the Boat was back from Harwich: and we have had no such weather as to make me anxious about you. One night it blew; but not a gale: only a strong Wind.

I shall be expecting Newson up next week.

I have thought of you while I have been walking out these fine moonlight nights. But I doubt your fish must have cut off before this.

You see I have nothing to say to you; only I thought you might [like] to hear from me whenever you should come back.

E.FG.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
May 28/68

*My dear Cowell,*

I was just about to post you your own Calcutta Review when your Letter came, asking about some Euphranors. Oh yes! I have a Lot of them: returned from Parker's when they were going to dissolve their House; I would not be at the Bother of any further negotiation with any other Bookseller, about half a dozen little Books which so few wanted: so had them all sent here.<sup>1</sup> I will therefore send you six copies. I had supposed that you didn't like the second Edition so well as the first: and had a suspicion myself that, though I improved it in some respects, I had done more harm than good: and so I have never had courage to look into it since I sent it to you at Oxford. Perhaps Tennyson only praised the first Edition and I don't know where to lay my hands on that. I wonder he should have thought twice about it. Not but I think the Truth is told: only, a Truth every one knows! And told in a shape of Dialogue really something Platonic: but I doubt rather affectedly too.<sup>2</sup> However, such as it is, I send it you. I

May 1868

remember being anxious about it twenty years ago, because I thought it was the Truth (as if my telling it could mend the matter!): and I cannot but think that the Generation that has grown up in these twenty years has not profited by the Fifty Thousand Copies of this great work!

I am sorry to trouble you about Macmillan; I should not have done so had I kept my Copy<sup>3</sup> with your corrections as well as my own. As Lamb said of himself, so I say; that I never had any Luck with printing: I certainly don't mean that I have had much cause to complain: but, for instance, I know that Livy and Napier,<sup>4</sup> put into good Verse, are just worth a corner in one of the swarm of Shilling Monthlies.

"Locksley Hall" is far more like Lucretius than the last Verses put into his mouth by A.T. But, once get a Name in England, and you may do anything. But I dare say that wise men too, like Spedding, will be of the same mind with the Times Critic. (I have not seen him.) What does Thompson say? You, I, and John Allen, are among the few, I do say, who, having a good natural Insight, maintain it undimmed by public, or private, Regards.

And yet—may you not err—on the side of yours

E.FG.

P.S. I don't want you to write till you have done work, and can tell me when and where you are going after leaving Cambridge.

P.S. Having consulted my Landlord, I find that I can pay carriage all through to Cambridge. Therefore it is that I send you, not only your own Book, and my own, but also one of the genteel copies of Boswell's Johnson; and Wesley's Journal: both of which I gave you, only never sent! Now they shall go. Wesley, you will find pleasant to dip into, I think: of course, there is much sameness; and I think you will allow some absurdity among so much wise and good. I am almost sorry that I have not noted down on the fly-leaf some of the more remarkable Entries, as I have in my own Copy. But you will light on something. If you have not read the little Autobiography of Wesley's Disciple, John Nelson, give a shilling for it. It seems to me something wonderful to read these Books, written in a Style that cannot alter, because natural; while the Model Writers, Addison, Johnson, etc., have had their Day. Dryden holds, I think: he did not set up for a Model Prose man. Sir T. Browne's Style is natural to him, one feels.



June 1868

<sup>1</sup> J. W. Parker had published the second edition of *Euphranor* in 1855 and the first edition of *Salámán and Absál* in 1856.

<sup>2</sup> F. T. Palgrave recorded that Tennyson "highly esteemed" *Euphranor*, "admiring especially . . . the brilliant closing picture of a boat race" (*Tennyson Memoir*, II, 505). According to Aldis Wright, Tennyson stated that the description of the race "was one of the most beautiful pieces of English prose" (*Letters and Literary Remains*, II, 249, n.).

<sup>3</sup> Of "The Two Generals."

<sup>4</sup> The sources of the monologues that constitute "The Two Generals."

To E. B. Cowell

[Lowestoft]

[June, 1868]

My dear Cowell,

Don't forget to let me know where you go to when you leave Cambridge. I may not be anywhere to profit by it: but I wish to know; and, at any rate, take for granted that, if we both live, we shall meet somewhere this summer or Autumn.

I am supposing that your Cambridge Vacation is begun: and that you are only staying perhaps to clear away some fag-end of Work. However, you may be preparing to stay up longer. I don't suppose we shall meet till you come toward this Coast: for you know I scarce leave it: growing worse and worse for Travel, by Sea as well [as] by Land, I doubt—my *last* Hobby!

However, I don't want you to write until you do leave Cambridge, remember: I mean, I don't insist on it: you know I am always glad when you write: only never wish you to do so when busy.

You know also that, glad as I shall be to catch you hereabouts, I advise you strongly to go further, whether in England, or out of it. I should think that at Cambridge you would easily find a pleasant party to join you, if you preferred that to going (you two) alone. I think you would be all the better for a complete Change, and that you would return to Cambridge in October all the fresher for a fresh Campaign in Sanscrit.

Your last Letter made me take Courage to read little *Euphranor*, which struck me as better than I had thought: I mean, less of mannerism in it. It even *affected* me in parts—perhaps from a return of old times—but also I think that what touched me will touch others too.

E.FG.

July 1868

To Frederick Spalding  
(Fragment)

*Lowestoft*

*Tuesday, June 16, 1868*

. . . Thank you for the Books, which were all right: except in so far that they were annoited by the oozings of some Rhubarb Jam which Mrs. Berry very kindly introduced among them. I am at my Don Quixote again; and really only sorry that I can read it so much more easily this year than last that I shall be all the sooner done with it. Mackerel still come in very slow, sometimes none at all: the dead-calm nights play the deuce with the Fishing, and I see no prospect of change in the weather till the Mackerel shall be changing their Quarters. I am vexed to see the Lugger come in Day after day so poorly stored after all the Labour and Time and Anxiety given to the work by her Crew; but I can do no more, and at any rate take my own share of the Loss very lightly. I can afford it better than they can. I have told Newson to set sail and run home any Day, Hour, or Minute, when he wishes to see his Wife and Family. But at present he seems contented to eat Fish here: whether some of the few "Stulls" which Posh brings in, or what his now innumerable friends the Trawlers are always offering. In fact, I think Newson looks to Lowestoft as a Summer Pasture, and is in no hurry to leave it. He lives here well for nothing, except Bread, Cheese, and Tea and Sugar. He has now taken to Cocoa, however, which he calls "Cuckoo" to my hearing; having become enamoured of that Beverage in the Lugger, where it is the order of the day. . . .

To E. B. Cowell

*Woodbridge*

*July 6/68*

*My dear Cowell,*

Already a great Hole in July! And I hear nothing of you and your summer Vacation. Thompson (Trinity) wrote me that he might possibly be at Lowestoft late in the Summer; he wants to try sailing for his health: and I shall be very glad to put my Ship and myself at his Service.

July 1868

I have come here that my Men may attend the Annual Dinner of a Shipwreckt Seamen's Society.<sup>1</sup> Today I sail away for Lowestoft again, where I have been almost all June. We have done nothing with Mackerel in our Lugger: as I did not embark in the Business to make money I don't care: but I am vext for the Crew who depend (except for their daily fare) on a share in what Fish is caught. Yet they continue cheerful, loyal, I think, to their Captain, who is made, both Body and Soul, to be loyally followed. And yet—*medio de fonte*,<sup>2</sup> this fine Fellow has an hereditary Disease in him, I doubt, which will not cut off, but tarnish his royal Manhood.

Which reminds me of young John Crowfoot—who I heard had been very ill in India, and therefore I wrote to his Father to enquire. I will enclose you his Answer received this morning.

I have got my dear Don Quixote on board with me, and find myself making way through him, as through the Summer, only too fast! I think of Juvenal, and two Plays of Sophocles to succeed. There is an Article in last week's *Athenaeum* about Tennyson and Browning<sup>3</sup> which would make one angry, only that one knows how a little Time will set all that right.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> A benevolent society established at Woodbridge in 1840.

<sup>2</sup> From a passage in Lucretius which is translated: "From the midst of the fountain of delight something bitter arises to vex us. . . ."

<sup>3</sup> A review of "Essay on Robert Browning's Poetry" by John Nettleship and of "A Study of the Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate" by Edward Campbell Tainsh, *Athenaeum*, June 27, pp. 891-92.

To W. E. Crowfoot  
(Fragment)

*Woodbridge*  
*July 9, 1868*

My summer gets divided between this place and Lowestoft where I am engaged in the Herring and Mackerel Line, both equally lucrative up to this time. However I didn't embark in the Business to make a Fortune; but to have a little Interest yet surviving; not so much in the Business itself as in those who are busied in it. My Captain there is a Great Gentleman: of the Heroic Cast, Mind and Body; of the

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Tennyson and Thackeray type: really: a Man, I say, of such Dignity of Presence and Demeanour that *nothing* could make him look ridiculous or mean. This altogether satisfactory Specimen of the Divine Image has been slightly defaced by bad Weather and bad Beer, which moreover (the last of them) has, I doubt, laid the foundation of Stone; so one need not sigh to be oneself!

To Frederick Spalding

*Lowestoft*

*Monday [July 13, 1868]*

*Dear Mr. Spalding,*

Not from disliking the Volunteer Camp itself, but from disliking the crowd and bustle which it brings about one's ears, I doubt I shall turn tail from it this year, and run home when it begins. Perhaps on Saturday, or Monday, next: but this depends partly on the Master of Trinity and his Wife who are now at the Royal Hotel, and who are come here partly to see me. They have been out once to Sea with me: but the Master was sick: on Saturday we drove to Fritton Water: Today I don't know what we are going to do: there is too much Sea and Wind for them; nor shall I go out if it be only to duck every body for an hour or two.

Only two or three Luggers survive for Mackerel fare: Posh made up and paid off on Saturday. I have not yet asked him: but I suppose he has just paid his way: I mean, so far as Grub goes. The Brother of one of his Crew was killed the night we got here, in a Lugger next to Posh's, by a Barque running into her, and knocking him—or, I doubt, *crushing* him—overboard.

I heard from Mr. Berry that my Niece was expected at Grange Farm<sup>1</sup>—this week, I suppose. Thank you for seeing to Markham. I wonder those little Clumps of Trees on the hillside aren't dead: I suppose Markham has watered Garden and Grass. When are we to have rain? Last night it lightened to the South, as we sat in the Suffolk Gardens: I, and Posh, and Mrs. Posh, and Spark: Newson and Jack being with some other friends in another Department. Posh and I had been sauntering in the Churchyard, and reading the Epitaphs: looking at his own little Boy's Grave—"Poor little Fallow! He wouldn't let his Mother go near him—I can't think why—but kept his little Fingers

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twisted in my Hair, and wouldn't let me go; and when Death strook him, as I may say, hallor'd out 'Daddy!'"

Yours truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The original name of the Little Grange property.

To E. B. Cowell

*Felxtow Ferry*  
*July 25, [1868]*

*My dear Cowell,*

I found your Letter on reaching Woodbridge yesterday; where you see I did not stay long. In fact I only left Lowestoft partly to avoid a Volunteer Camp there which filled the Town with People and Bustle: and partly that my Captain might see his Wife: who cannot last very much longer I think: scarcely through Autumn, surely. She goes about, nurses her children, etc., but grows visibly thinner, weaker, and more ailing.

If the Wind changes (now directly in our Teeth) I shall sail back to Lowestoft tomorrow. Thompson and Mrs. T. propose to be at the Royal Hotel there till Wednesday, and we wish, I believe, to see each other again. Sailing did not agree with his bilious temperament: and he seemed to me injudicious in his hours of Exercise, Dinner, etc. But he, and she, should know best. I like her very much: head and heart right feminine of the best, it seemed to me: and her experience of the World, and the Wits, not having injured either.

I only wanted Macmillan to return the Verses<sup>1</sup> if he wouldn't use them, because of my having no corrected Copy of them.

I see in the last Athenaeum a new "and revised" Edition of Clarissa<sup>2</sup> advertised. I suppose this "revised" does not mean "abridged," without which the Book will not permanently make way, as I believe. That, you know, I wanted to do: could do: and nearly have done; but that, and my Crabbe, I must leave for my Executors and Heirs to consign to Lumber-room, or Fire.

Pray let me hear of your movements, especially such as tend hitherward. About September—Alas!—I think we shall be a good Deal here, or at Woodbridge; probably not so much before that time.

Ever yours and Lady's,

E.FG.

October 1868

<sup>1</sup> "The Two Generals."

<sup>2</sup> An abridgement of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, edited by E. S. Dallas, 3 vols.

To Mrs. Alfred Smith

*Woodbridge*

*Sunday [Summer, 1868]*

*Dear Mrs. Alfred,*

I must thank you for the Cream-cheese which Alfred brought me here last night. It is a *Cream*-cheese indeed: only too good for one to eat up all by oneself: so I am just now carrying off a large Slice to my Niece Lusia (who is staying with her Brother, the Adjutant) and shall give it to her if she will promise to eat it.

Were I not going to meet her at my house, I might perhaps cross the River to yours this fine Evening. But I hope to do so before long. My love to Alfred: I am sorry I wasn't at home when he called: but I scarcely am indoor at all at this time of year. Enough of that in Winter!

Yours truly

E.FG.

To Posh Fletcher

*Markethill, Woodbridge*

*Oct. 2, [1868]*

*Dear Posh,*

I forgot to tell you that I had desired a Day and Night Telescope to be left for me at the Lowestoft Railway Station. Please to enquire for it: and, if it be there, this Letter of mine may be sufficient warrant for you to take the Glass.

Do not, however, take the Glass out to Sea till we have tried it.

We got here yesterday. I shall not be at Lowestoft this week, at any rate.

Yours,

Edward FitzGerald

October 1868

Please to send me word about the Glass. I left a Note for you in George Howe's hands before we started. I was sorry not to see you; but you knew where to find me on Monday Evening.

To Herman Biddell

Woodbridge  
October 5, [1868]

*My dear Biddell,*

Don't let me forget to thank you for the Partridges, which only came to hand on Saturday, Mr. Berry having sent them to Lowestoft, which I had left. Also, for the Apples. It is very good of you to remember me.

I happily missed Messrs. Henniker-Major and Corrance,<sup>1</sup> who, I am told, providentially called here the very day before I returned. Adair and some one else (I positively forget *who*, at this moment!) will, I suppose, come next. But I shall leave word that I won't vote for anybody: and should recommend all other Men to a like course, so as to let Parliaments collapse entirely.

There is in the last No. of *All the Year Round* the account of an astonishing Plan by a Mr. Brandon to regulate Railway Fares on the Penny Postage System:<sup>2</sup> so that one may travel from Edinburgh to Penzance for the same sum as one would pay from here to Saxmundham—or less. He proposed his plan to Government four years ago; who (of course) ignored it. *It will come to pass*. Have I not said it?

Pray do remember me kindly to the Ladies, and believe me theirs and yours

Sincerely  
E.FG.

I am just going to perish with Cold in my Ship.

<sup>1</sup> In November John Henniker-Major and Frederick Corrance, Conservatives, were opposed by Hugh Adair and Sutton Western, Liberals, as candidates for Parliament from East Suffolk in the first general election held after passage of the 1867 Reform Bill. The election produced a Liberal majority, but the Conservative candidates were returned for East Suffolk.

<sup>2</sup> "Passenger Postage" by Raphael Brandon, *All the Year Round*, Oct. 3, 1868, pp. 402-04.

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To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge

Monday [October 5, 1868]

*Dear Posh,*

If I could have made sure from your Letter that you were going to stop on shore this Day, I would have run over to see you. You tell me of getting a Job done: but I cannot be sure if you are having it done Today: and I do not go to Lowestoft for fear you may be put to sea again.

Of course, you will get anything done to Boat or Net that you think proper.

You did not tell me how the Spy-glass answers. But do not trouble yourself to write.

Yours truly

Flagstone FitzGerald

To W. B. Donne

*Sunday, October 25, [1868]*

(On the mud between Woodbridge and the river mouth)

*My dear Donne,*

I found your letter on going home yesterday, and reply to it as dated above. I don't work Ship and Man on a Sunday; but my Captain's wife is fast dying, and as he chose to return to his home on a Sunday, I thought no harm in going along with him. So here the Judgment comes upon us: *he* went down to Breakfast, his nephew took the helm, and quite conscientiously (poor fellow) steered us so high on the mud, that it must be a very good tide to take us off in twelve hours. We could easily go up or down in our Boat, to my home or to his; but as he chooses to remain so do I; and here we sit together; I writing to you; and they, thinking (I suppose) of some potatoes, and a Tin of Roast Hare which we are to have for our Sunday Dinner.

I do all I can to console poor Jack, who ran us ashore, who sits rather discomforted forward. I tell him I'm as well here as anywhere else; that there may be worse misfortunes; that it won't matter much a hundred years hence; and other Boethian consolations.

. . . I suppose that I replied to your last Letter; I told you some time ago of the Master and Mistress of Trinity at Lowestoft. I also



ran back for one day from my Ship to meet E. Cowell; who was well and lively: only auguring Dangers from New Reform Bills, etc. I cannot care one single Button about it, and told my Landlord to answer all inquiries for my vote by saying that I wouldn't vote for any one, and advised every one to do the same, and let the rotten concern collapse.

One more than Boethian consolation reconciles me to lying on the mud, *viz.*, that on getting home last evening I found old Spedding's last two Bacons<sup>1</sup> on my table; and after putting my eyes out by reading nearly half volume III by Lamplight last night, shall spend the greater part of this afternoon in reading what more I can, until the shortened Day closes in. I can't say I read all the part on Hamlet, i.e., Bacon himself: but all old Jem; it is really delicious to me! Where else is such Virgilian Prose? His way of telling the story teaches me more of the History of the Times than I yet know; though to be sure that's not saying much. I hear something from Mrs. Kemble from no less a person than Herself. . . .

I have also heard from Annie Thackeray who has also been ill of Cough; but now is well she thinks. She wrote from Freshwater; her sister in America; but I think soon to return. Now, my dear Donne, I have made the best use I could of a steel pen,

as we lay all the day

On the mud where samphires grow.

Always yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon*, Vols. III and IV.

## To Alfred Tennyson

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*October 28/68*

*My dear old Alfred,*

I think it's about this time I generally write to you. Little as I have to say, I yet might write oftener but for fear of giving Mrs. Tennyson the Trouble of replying. For, you old Creature, you know you won't! And now I don't know if I am justified in writing, on that very account. For I can't pretend that I am wholly uninformed about you: Annie Thackeray wrote me word from Freshwater that she had just come from running up—or down—one of your hills with you—so at least

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I interpreted her MS. From this I gather that you and yours are well as usual! The Master and Mistress of Trinity, who were staying at Lowestoft when I was there in my big Ship, talked with great comfort of your Visit to them: and Edward Cowell (whom I have seen for only one day this year) told me that you had looked in upon him while you were at Cambridge. And they all said you looked, and seemed, well.

Thompson was rather curious about the Milton Epitaph<sup>1</sup> which (to judge by my old Athenaeum) made such a fuss in Cockneyland. I couldn't care much whose it was; but I swore that, if the date 1647 was correct, it couldn't be Milton's; that is, when he was forty, and had written *Comus*, *Allegro*, etc. It could only have been an Early—youthful copy of Verses of his, in an older Style. So I say—but *you* would settle it by a word, my old Alfred: as I said at the time.

People tell me that Browning divides public favour with you: and there was a silly Article in the Athenaeum<sup>2</sup> balancing your rival Merits. *You* would say I was unjust to Browning, etc. But, let him be ever so much better than I conceive, any such talk can only come from the natural reaction in such cases; people wearied of worshipping even the true God and setting up a Brazen Image, etc. *That* will pass away, and I hope you will live to see it. I suppose I go the contrary way to *that* prejudice: for I won't and can't let even your own later things come near the old 1842 Volumes. But, even from these later things, aren't there lines that are become "Household Words," made use of in Every other page of Every other Book when People can't say what they want? Who quotes Browning so? "Now you're unjust, Fitz," etc.

Some one has abridged *Clarissa*—which *I could have done*—yes, you Paltry Poet, even I with my little Eye (bad rhyme?).

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Lines recently discovered in a copy of Milton's *Poems . . . English and Latin* (1645) in the British Museum. The epitaph, believed to be in the poet's handwriting, was dated October, 1647. The discovery produced a spirited controversy in which Milton's authorship was challenged and defended.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Cowell, July 6.

October 1868

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
October 28, [1868]

*My dear Cowell,*

I returned here today from my little Ship—for Good!—and must now betake myself to my Fireside by Night, instead of my Cabin, and to my Gravel-walk instead of my little Deck—for the next six months, I suppose.

I found here a week ago old Spedding's two last Volumes of Bacon. *His* part of it—narrative, and Reflection, and all—is delicious—such *Virgilian* Prose as I find nowhere else, ancient or modern. But I only grieve the more over such a Mind and such a Life given to such an Object. For even if he excuses his Hero (which I don't see) the Part his Hero played in the History is much too insignificant for all the pains Spedding has taken to write it. What did Bacon *do*, or get done, in Public Matters, however well he meant? He was not a Man of Action, but a Bookman: and his Books speak for themselves, with very slight help of History. I suppose you will easily see these two Volumes, which of course you will read. I will send them to you if you don't come by them easily from nearer Quarters.

I have ordered a little Book on Persian Sufism,<sup>1</sup> etc., by some Cambridge Man, advertised in the Athenaeum. You will no doubt see it: and when you are at leisure will tell me about it. I see also that Plumptre advertises a Translation of "*Aeschylus*"<sup>2</sup> which I shall perhaps get a sight of from Mudie. Now, I want you to promise me *in your own mind*—which will be enough—that you won't mention to *anyone*—that I believe I shall send you *the very last* of all my Audacities in the Verse Line—a Version of the Agamemnon: done ten years ago and looked at from time to time since. It was meant to go with the two last Calderons, as I think I told you: but I couldn't hammer it then into the best shape that I am capable of.<sup>3</sup> I shall want you—*and you only*—to see it: for in case of your disapproval, I shan't go further: if you approve, it shall be added to the Calderons; which, by the bye, I will send you some Copies of when I find the Parcel. What I now propose of Aeschylus is as much a *per-version* as in Calderon's case; only so much more audacious as the original is the more famous, etc. But though we must wait for a *Poet* to do the Thing, I am arrogant enough to believe that I have improved the conduct of Aeschylus' Play, as I think I have that of Calderon's; fitted it, at any rate, better

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to modern and English Apprehension. In this I feel confidence; but even thus far I may be wrong. You shall see, when your Vacation comes, for I won't trouble you before. And, though I don't think you are anxious to hear it, I can assure you that, as I said before, this is my last! I have not a Scrap of anything else by me; and am now too far gone to begin. Indeed, if I were as active as ever in that line, I ought to know by Experience how few will care for all I can do. Nor do I blame them: I have never thought more of these plays than that I had—made them readable to some English people of cultivated Taste.

Here is a long rigmarole; but I feel a little ashamed of speaking, even to you, of my obstinate pretensions to wear—the Laurel! No, but I really do *not* do that.

Now, you will keep this to yourself? Yes; don't make me ridiculous abroad by a hint that I have such a scheme in my head. For it will lie with you to quash it or not.

Don't write while you are busy. Love to the Lady Elizabeth: Al-lenby was asking about you both a few days ago.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> E. H. Palmer, *Oriental Mysticism*.

<sup>2</sup> *The Tragedies of Aeschylus*, by Edward Hays Plumptre (1821-91), Dean of Wells.

<sup>3</sup> EFG had begun his translation in 1857. The two Calderón plays were printed privately in 1865.

## To Mrs. Tennyson

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*Nov<sup>r</sup> 3, [1868]*

*My dear Mrs. Tennyson,*

I was *ashamed* to see your MS. knowing what a lot of Letter writing you had to do. The thought of this has more than once prevented my sending a Letter to Freshwater more than once a year. But it is as well, after all: for I really have nothing to write about.

*N.B. You are not wished to answer this present Letter at all.*

I don't know that I should have written, even to thank you: for I dare say you are half as much tired of reading Letters as answering them. But when I read in your Letter that you were doubting whether

to *tile*, or *slate*, your new house, I could not resist.<sup>1</sup> Tile, tile, tile!—or if (according to modern usage) you don't build your roof-beams strong enough for Tile—then, Pantile—Pantile—Pantile! I want to be Ruskin for twelve hours to write a Paper against the accursed Age of Slate: the colour of Ink (not *this* ink: I put *red* even to that!)<sup>2</sup> of Death—and, what is most to the question, of *English Cloud*, which covers us half the Year. Sweden, Norway, Russia, etc., who have, at any rate, a pale *blue* sky, colour their houses, I am told; and we English who live under a slate sky, slate the roof that ought to warm it up. It is still worse near *Water* which reflects the Sky. Only look at *Ryde*. Our Lowestoft is a singular instance: the *old* Town an irregular, red roof'd, picturesque place—the *new* (dirty white brick and slate) only fit for a Quaker's Settlement. Don't hesitate a Moment: how could a Poet—with (I suppose) *some* Eye for Colour? Nay, do you and Alfred preach a little on the subject to any friend who may speak ever so remotely of building. *Red* brick and Tile improve by Age; white and Slate get worse: and slate, I am told, is hot in summer, and cold in Winter. You didn't imagine that you were striking on a tender chord with me; it is an *idée fixe* and I am becoming a Man of one *Idea*: and that is—Slate.

What did I say about AT's later poems that you reprove me for? (Not *that I wish you to answer* mind!) Well: whatever heresy I am chargeable with, put it down to old youthful prejudice; I am, I believe, quite in a minority, too: for Cowell told me that People at Cambridge almost ignored the Old Poems in their worship of the new. Now, are they not wrong on *their* side? So let us compound for it.

Annie Thackeray must be a fine Creature. She always *was*, from a Baby. I think she must have grown like *him*, who somehow remains in my Memory as a Great Man.

I won't write more: pray don't answer: but believe me very truly yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The Tennysons were building Aldworth, a summer residence near Haslemere, Surrey.

<sup>2</sup> EFG used red ink when his eyesight became impaired, and he created a variety of hues by mixing it with other inks at times.

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To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Nov. 13, [1868]<sup>1</sup>

*My dear Cowell,*

You know I don't wish you to be troubled with writing Letters while you are busy with Lectures. Your letter, however, came today. Pray don't answer this: I shall hear of you before you break up, as School-boys say: I mean, I shall hear where you go at Xmas. Perhaps come this way? Robert Groome came to me on Tuesday, and went away yesterday: very well and merry. He told me he had spent three very delightful days with you. He says you are going into a new house.

I have heard nothing from Trinity Lodge lately: but Groome tells me that the Master is relieved of his Vice Chancellorship.

As to Aeschylus; I should show it to yourself before finally committed to print, only that it's too hard to make a busy man read MS—unless very worth reading. Nor will I even send you the sheets to correct: it would be a hopeless job: my Version is such a *Perversion* that there is *nothing* to be said about *parts*: and I very much doubt if you will excuse *the whole*. My excuse is, that I couldn't make the thing *live* at all by any strict adherence to what is left us of the text; I couldn't, I say, any more than others have done: so I hammer out a way of my own, as the best means I have of striking some sort of *Life*—however inferior—into the Play—and may call it a "Libretto" (as of an Italian Opera) till the competent man comes to do the Job. However, say nothing about this, please: I print because I can't correct otherwise; I shall send you—and you only—a copy: and if you decidedly say it's a failure, I shall quash it all between you and me. So please remember this.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Misdated 1870 in the Cowell biography.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 20, [1868]<sup>1</sup>

*My dear Pollock,*

I am ashamed to lay you under any tax for more Letters, since I really can send such poor repayment. And just now, I doubt, worse

than usual: for I'm not quite in sorts, nor have been these last ten days. Perhaps from a change of Life from being out all day long in Sea Air, to being shut up here.

I have bought and looked over (*that*, I must say, is all) Mrs. Ward's Clarissa (Routledge's 2s. affair) and seem to have a few scraps and bones of the original Book served up to me—the best part of the meat gone. I shall one day see from Mudie how Dallas has managed,<sup>2</sup> but our Mudie-man here is terribly slow. He tells me he has ordered Books over and over again; perhaps you great Londoners think anything will do for us Country chaps.

I remember when I was busy with Clarissa, being frightened at Montaigne's "Tout abrégé d'un bon livre est sot abrégé,"<sup>3</sup> which I think coincided something with the opinion of F. Pollock. I should, however, have done it—but now these people have spoilt my Market, and saved me money.

I am about to write my yearly Letter to Carlyle. I suppose he still lives at Chelsea. His Niagara Pamphlet was almost tragic to me: such a helpless outcry from the Prophet who has so long told us what not to do, but never what *to* do. I don't know if he still maintains his Fame at the former height.

There was an absurd Article in my old Athenaeum comparing the relative merits of Tennyson and Browning: awarding the praise of *Finish*, etc., to A.T., and of *originality* to B.! I am not perhaps sufficiently read in the latter: for I never could read him: and I have reliance on my own intuition that, such being the case, he is not a rival to A.T.—whom I judge of by his earlier poems (up to 1842). In Browning I could but see little but Cockney Sublime, Cockney Energy, etc.; and as you once very wittily said to me that Miss Brontë was a "great Mistress of the Disagreeable," so, if B. has power, I must consider it of that sort. Tennyson has stocked the English Language with lines which once knowing one can't forgo. Cowell tells me that even at Oxford and Cambridge Browning is considered the deepest! But "this also will pass away." But not A.T.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Misdated by Wright 1869.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Cowell, July 25, [1868].

<sup>3</sup> Essai iii.8: "Tout abrégé sur un bon livre est un sot abrégé."

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To the Editor of the *East Anglian*

[December, 1868]

*My dear Sir,*

You have asked me to send you some of the Sea Phrases<sup>1</sup> I have picked up along our Suffolk coast—from Yarmouth to Harwich—and here they are.

Certainly, the only two East Anglian Vocabularies<sup>2</sup> we had till within the last two years were deficient in this respect; and a considerable deficiency one must reckon it, considering how much of the country whose phraseology they undertake to register, is sea-board. But Major Moor, though born at Alderton, only two miles from the waves, went out to India as soon as he was in his teens; and, when at length returned to settle in England, occupied himself with an inland though not far inland farm, for the remainder of his wise, beneficent, and delightful life. Forby was busy with a parish near Downham Market; and though both might under certain conditions, have almost heard the sea that washes their coasts, they neglected the language of its people for that of those “whose talk is of bullocks.”

I had for some time meditated a fusion of their two Glossaries, taking the more accurate Forby for groundwork, to be illustrated with Major Moor’s delightful Suffolk Humour, and adding the Sea Phrases in which they both are wanting. Two years ago, however, Mr. Nall in some measure anticipated my dread exploit by the very good East Anglian Vocabulary which he appended to his Yarmouth Guide;<sup>3</sup> bringing to his task a great deal of etymological research, such as the march of philology has made much easier since Forby’s time, but such as I could make no pretensions to. I had however been more among the sailors, if not among the philologists, than Mr. Nall; and being very glad of his book, sent him the words I now send you, to be incorporated if he saw good, in any future edition of his book. He thanked me courteously, and since then I have heard no more of him.

Meanwhile, you think these words of mine may find a proper niche in your *East Anglian*; and you are very welcome to them. Picked up idly, with little care how or whence they came to hand, I doubt they will make a sorry show in your grave pages, whether as regards quantity or quality. They may, however, amuse some of your readers, and perhaps interest others in guessing at their history. On the whole, I think if you print them as I send them, it must be in some Christmas number, a season when even antiquaries grow young, scholars unbend,



and grave men are content to let others trifle. Even *Notes and Queries*, with all the scholars that Bruce so long has led, sometimes smile, sometimes doze, and usually gossip about what it is now the fashion to call Folk-lore (of which I send you some also) at Christmas. And so, wishing you at any rate, a happy one, I remain, yours very sincerely,  
E.FG.

P.S. I add a little incidental gossip at the end, in order to make up one number all of a piece,<sup>4</sup> if you think your subscribers won't drop off in consequence.

<sup>1</sup> EFG's "Sea Words and Phrases Along the Suffolk Coast" were published in January issues of the *East Anglian*, 1869-71; but a portion appeared in February, 1869, and "Additions to Forby's Vocabulary" the following February. Tymms, the editor, reprinted each portion of "Sea Words" as a sixpenny pamphlet. The glossaries are not included in the *Letters and Literary Remains* but are published in the Quaritch-Houghton Mifflin edition of EFG's works, Vol. II, and in Vol. VI of the Bentham Variorum Edition.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Moor's *Suffolk Words* and Robert Forby's *Vocabulary of East Anglia*.

<sup>3</sup> J. G. Nall, *Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft*.

<sup>4</sup> EFG's offering provided the entire contents for both the January and February numbers, Vol. III, pp. 347-58 and 359-63 respectively. Convenience, not design, prescribed *East Anglian* format. The February, 1869, number—minus title page and without explanation—begins with "Conceit," a definition in "Crabbe's Suffolk," an appendix begun in the January portion of the vocabulary.

To E. B. Cowell  
(Fragment)

[*Lowestoft*]

[*c. December 1, 1868*]

[Preliminary draft of the opening lines of the EFG's *Agamemnon*]

Once more, once more, and once again once more  
I pray the Gods release me from the Yoke  
Of this relentless Watch, that now a Year,  
Now one whole Year, I say, coucht like a Dog  
On Agamemnon's house-top I have kept,  
And seen the muster of the nightly stars,  
And those transplendent Dynasties of Heav'n  
{That as alternately they rise and fall  
{That in their glittering leashes after them<sup>1</sup>  
Draw Warmth and Winter over Mortal Man,

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Thus, and thus long, I say, at the behest  
Of the Man-minded Woman who here rules,  
I watch the Beacon from yon mountain-top  
{ Torch up<sup>x</sup> with some auspicious Light from Troy, etc.  
{ Kindle

<sup>x</sup> "Torch up" is a common phrase *here* for "flare up." I take the Liberty of making the Warder only Speak of *some* news from Troy: in the original he says at once *the Capture* of Troy, I think, which lets the Cat out of the Bag in the very first lines of the Play, and spoils the effect of Clytemnestra's revelation. This is *one* of my improvements—on Aeschylus!

<sup>1</sup> { indicates alternative lines.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 7, [1868]

*My dear Pollock,*

You really must not write to me when you have colds—nor when you are not quite at leisure, and in the humour. You know it's a selfishness on my part: liking to hear from a few people, who have something to say: and who might very properly punish me by neglecting altogether to write to one who won't go to see and hear them in person. So remember—once for all—do not write from—duty!—no, though Charity be a duty, I won't have it—only when you happen to be in the mind.

I have been out of sorts with a swelled neck; and have been to my Old Doctor, the Sea; who has sent me back all the better, I think. I am vexed to hear from the Mistress of Trinity that her Master still suffers from his indigestion; I have always fancied that his once inveterate smoking was at the bottom of all that: but I think he says *not*. She tells me they are both going to London shortly: and I tell her she must divert the Master with company, and Theatres, and Music, and Pictures, and cleanse the bosom of that perilous Stuff of Collegiate Cares.

I don't suppose I shall see Browning's new Poem;<sup>1</sup> I never could read one of his old ones. If the Arts are not beautiful—Music, Painting, Poetry—they are nothing to me. Dante himself is mediaevally ugly enough; but then he has such illuminations—nearly all Purgatory, for instance; and the divine End of all in the Paradiso.

You speak of young Dilke's America,<sup>2</sup> which I have not seen; but

I have lately read what seems to me a capital book on the subject, "Table-talk in America," or some such name, by one Zincke,<sup>3</sup> Vicar of a Parish near Ipswich. Pray read this and tell me one day what you think of it. He likes the Country and People: but he doesn't think they'll pay their Debt. Mrs. Kemble wrote me that it cost her £40 a week to live there with her two Servants.<sup>4</sup>

I bought Routledge's 2.6 *Clarissa*, as I think I told you. A young Merchant here—sensible and of good Taste, (but not *spooney*) borrowed, and read it with such interest that his Wife couldn't make out what absorbed him so. He couldn't help crying, he told me; and the Book appeared to him quite wonderful, and unlike anything he had ever read before. I was surprized, and glad, to hear this unprejudiced and truthful account by a sensible man—of this present generation.

Yours always  
E.FG.

I am reading Walpole's Journal of Parliament in the reigns of George II and III.<sup>5</sup> Surely he was a dainty Reporter!

<sup>1</sup> *The Ring and the Book*.

<sup>2</sup> C. W. Dilke, *Travels, 1866-67*, 2 vols., 1868.

<sup>3</sup> *Last Winter in the United States* . . . "Table Talk collected during a Tour," by F. Barham Zincke, Vicar of Wherstead, published Nov., 1868.

<sup>4</sup> Fanny Kemble was living at Branchtown, near Philadelphia, at the time.

<sup>5</sup> *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II*, Lord Holland, ed., 2 vols., 1822; *Memoirs of the Reign of George III* [1760-1771], Denis Le Marchant, ed., 2 vols., 1845; *Journal of the Reign of George III from 1771-1783*, John Doran, ed., 2 vols., 1859.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
Dec. 7, [1868]

My dear Donne,

. . . You must never write to me when overdone; I can always hear from Mowbray (from whom I had a very pleasant letter lately) about you and yours. He has writing also to do: but not, I suppose, with such strain of mind at the back of it; besides, he is young; and I don't mind calling him out. He seems very happy with his pleasant wife, and I daresay pleasant little home. It is well you have him near you; for I think he has heart as well as head to be a stay and comfort to you.

I heard from Mrs. Kemble a few days ago—a letter so crossed on

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thin paper, I could scarce read her MS, and am not sure that I have deciphered all exactly. She speaks of her present course of Readings as her last; and having, she says, vowed that it is to be so, so I daresay it will be.

She talks of being in England; next summer I think; but whether to remain in England or not, I do not know. I rather think not.

. . . I was thinking of you and Lord North, etc., reading Walpole's capital "Diary of Events in George II and III." Was there ever such a Parliamentary Reporter? and, I believe, in the main just in his estimate of people: Burke, for one: whom I think it has been the fashion to overrate a little since Coleridge's time. The English do not understand Irishmen; such as Burke and Goldsmith. I think I do! Now Alfred Smith is coming here to eat twenty-four oysters, so good-bye: don't write till easy.

E.FG.

## Carlyle to FitzGerald

*Chelsea*

*December 7, 1868*

*Dear FitzGerald,*

Thanks for enquiring after me again. I am in my usual weak state of bodily health, not much worse I imagine and not even expecting to be better. I study to be solitary, in general; to be silent, as the state that suits me best, my thoughts then are infinitely sad, indeed, but capable, too, of being solemn, mournfully beautiful, useful; and as for "happiness" I have that of employment more or less befitting the years I have arrived at, and the long journey that cannot now be far off.

Your letter has really entertained me: I could willingly accept twelve of that kind in the year—twelve, I say, or even fifty-two, if they could be content with an answer of *silent* thanks and friendly thoughts and remembrances. But, within the last three or four years my right hand has become captious, taken to shaking as you see, and all writing is a thing I require *compulsion* and close necessity to drive me into. Why not call when you come to Town? I again assure you it will give me pleasure and be a welcome and wholesome solace to me. With many thanks and regards,

I am always, dear FitzGerald,

Sincerely yours,

T. Carlyle

December 1868

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 8, [1868]

*My dear Cowell,*

Did you ever get a Letter I sent you from Lowestoft a week ago? with a version of those opening lines of Agamemnon for your Approval. If you have been too busy to attend to them, say not a word of excuse: I write, because I think it possible you never got the Letter at all, owing to my mis-directing it: for I have blundered in that way quite lately.

I enclose a little note from Carlyle, come this morning.<sup>1</sup>

I hear from Master and Mistress of Trinity that Term is about ending, and that they go off to London. I am very sorry to find that he is not better in health.

Where do you spend your Christmas? If Mr. Childs prints for me during the Holidays, I think I shall send you the proofs.<sup>2</sup> For they may amuse you then: but I doubt, not in the way you would most care for; viz, being sent back to compare with the Original. For that, you will see, is out of the question.

Ever yours and Lady's  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> It appears that EFG neglected to send the note, for it was enclosed in his letter of December 9 to Mary Lynn.

<sup>2</sup> Of *Agamemnon*.

To Mary Lynn<sup>1</sup>

Woodbridge  
December 9, 1868

I can't find any copy of Sir Thomas Browne which you write about. *Two* of his works you would read or read as much of as any one does read: the *Urn Burial* and *Religio Medici*. They are both quaint, but both have their fine passages, and the *Urn Burial* has a last chapter or two not to be paralleled in our language. There may be things as fine—or finer—but nothing as fine in their way: which is a fine way. It is exactly like the most solemn organ playing one out of cathedral at dusk. I enclose you my yearly note from Carlyle<sup>2</sup> (which I do not want again). You see that it is growing dusk with him too, and the

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organ beginning to play out. There is a capital—not long—book on America by Mr. Zincke, vicar of Wherstead, near Ipswich. It is called, I think, *Last Winter in America*—with table-talk of what he heard and saw there. It is quite unaffected, simple and I think impartial, praising country and people on the whole, but not believing they will pay their debt.

I have seen the bridegroom with a new coat and sub-cerulean neck-tie; alert, loud, long striding and debonair as before marriage. No one could have carried off the whole business with better grace, holding his own and going his way gallantly, but the Woodbridge heathen fret and wonder ever so much.

Yours truly,  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> One of EFG's childhood friends; niece of Major Moor of Great Bealings.

<sup>2</sup> The December 7 letter.

To W. A. Wright

Markethill, Woodbridge  
Dec. 11, [1868]<sup>1</sup>

Dear Sir,

When R. Groome was with me a month ago, I was speaking to him of having found some Bacon in Montaigne: and R.G. told me that you had observed the same, and were indeed collecting some instances; I think, quotations from Seneca, so employed as to prove that Bacon had them from the Frenchman. It has been the fashion of late to scoff at Seneca: whom such men as Bacon and Montaigne quoted—perhaps not Seneca's own, but cribbed from some Greek which would have been admired by those who scoff at the Latin.

I had not noticed this Seneca coincidence; but I had observed a few passages of Montaigne's own, which seemed to me to have got into Bacon's Essays. I dare say I couldn't light upon all these now; but, having been turning over *Essai 9, Lib. III. De la Vanité*, I find one sentence which comes to the point: "*Car parfois c'est bien choisir de ne choisir pas.*"<sup>2</sup>

In the same Essay is a piece of King Lear, *perhaps*: "*De ce mesme papier où il vient d'escrire l'arrest de condamnation contre un Adultere, le Juge en desrobe un lopin pour en faire un poulet à la femme de son compaignon.*"<sup>3</sup> One doesn't talk of such things as of plagiarisms,

of course; as if Bacon and Shakespeare couldn't have said much better things themselves: only for the pleasure of tracing where they read, and what they were struck by. I see that "L'Appetit [me] vient en mangeant"<sup>4</sup> is in the same Essay. If I light some other day on the other passages, I will take the liberty of telling you.

You see I have already taken the liberty of writing to a man, not unknown to me in several ways, but with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted personally. Perhaps I may have that pleasure one of these days; we are both connected with the same town of Beccles,<sup>5</sup> and may come together. I hope so.

But I have also another reason for writing to you. Your "Master" wrote me word the other day, among other things, that you as well as he wished for my own noble Works in your Library. I quite understand that this is on the ground of my being a Trinity man. But then one should have done something worthy of ever so little a niche in Trinity Library; and that I do know is not my case. I have several times told the Master what I think, and know, of my small Escapades in print; nice little things, some of them, which may interest a few people (mostly friends, or through friends) for a few years. But I am always a little ashamed of having made my leisure and idleness the means of putting myself forward in print, when really so many much better people keep silent, having other work to do. This is, I know, my sincere feeling on the subject. However, as I think some of the Translations I have done are all I can dare to show, and as it would be making too much fuss to wait for any further asking on the subject, I will send them if you think good one of these days all done up together; the Spanish at least, which are, I think, all of a size. Will you tell the Master so if you happen to see [him] and mention the subject?

Allow me to end by writing myself yours sincerely,

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Dated [1867] in *Letters and Literary Remains*. It is ironic that Aldis Wright, a careful editor, erred in conjecturing the date of EFG's first letter to him. Other letters, fully dated, establish the 1868 correction. The letter of January 12, 1869, states that EFG has not yet found the passage in Montaigne which prompted him to open the correspondence. On March 9, 1869, he tells Pollock of having "struck up" an acquaintance "by Letter only" with Wright. The paper of the December letter bears an 1868 watermark. There is other supporting evidence. Wright may have been misled by an error committed by EFG, whose letter of May 9, [1869] is dated 1868. For William Aldis Wright, see Biographical Profile.

<sup>2</sup> *Les Essais de Montaigne*, Pierre Villey, ed., Paris, 1923, III, 266.

<sup>3</sup> Villey, III, 275.

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<sup>4</sup> Villey, III, 255.

<sup>5</sup> Wright was the son of George Wright, minister of the Baptist church at Beccles from 1822 to 1870.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 17, [1868]

*My dear Cowell,*

I am afraid that I troubled you for your last letter: there was no sort of hurry about the Translation: I had begun to think you were ill, or in some trouble yourself.

I have told Mr. Childs not to trouble himself about Printing till after Christmas. The close of the year is always busy time with him, and Christmas should be left clear to all. Perhaps he didn't intend troubling himself till New Year.

I hope to catch a glimpse of you when you do come over to Ipswich: but I must not ask you to give up half a day to me, if you are only for a few days with your Mother and Family.

If you have the first Edition of "Euphranor," I wish you would send it me; for I can't find one. You say it is much better than the second; in some respects it is, I doubt not; but I think in others not. I think I could much improve the Second by reforming one sheet: from about page 31 to 47, where the Dialogue is cramped and disagreeable. If I see you, you shall tell me what you think most objectionable. But do not trouble yourself to write about it. The reason why I have been looking again over it is, that the Master and Librarian of Trinity asked me for a Copy for their Library. I understand this as being mainly on account of my being a Trinity Man: but I don't like to send, even on that ground, what I see so defective, and even disagreeable. I shall send them the Translations one day; which have their passing merit.

A Bonny Christmas to you and Elizabeth. Mine will pass as so many others have done with me, unless these late Gales shall have marred the Christmas of those who go in my Lugger, of which I am wanting to hear some report.

Yours always  
E.FG.



January 1869

To W. A. Wright

Markethill: Woodbridge

Jan. 12/69

Dear Sir,

I have sent you my "sea-phrases" which are scarce worth sending. The Editor and Printer has chosen to do them up in a form separate from his "East Anglian" in hopes, I suppose, of selling at Lowestoft a few copies of a Number which concerns the Place.<sup>1</sup>

Pray don't trouble yourself to acknowledge such a thing: I shall only be very glad to hear from you whenever you are minded to write, or I can be of any service to you.

I couldn't find the passage in Montaigne<sup>2</sup> which I wanted, as being in Bacon also; but I shall light upon it one day. For Montaigne often goes about with me. One might, I suppose, have a better companion; and certainly a worse.

I must not forget to send "The Master" a copy of Sea words—he having last Summer taken his Degree here. So I will now post him one.

Yours very sincerely

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> The first "Sea Words" concluded with "Wesley at Lowestoft," entries made by John Wesley in his *Journal* during visits to the port. Tymms issued EFG's successive glossaries as sixpenny pamphlets.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Wright, Dec. 11, [1868].

To Alfred Tennyson

Lowestoft

Jan. 12/69

My dear old Alfred,

I post you, together with this Letter, a little paper about Sea-phrases contributed to a dull Periodical here; *my* paper is rather flippant, I doubt, if not dull: I shouldn't send it to you but that your Name occurs in it.<sup>1</sup> You may think I may have taken a Liberty in quoting you as I have done; and I may have done so; but that is the very reason I send you the Paper: so that I mayn't take the Liberty without telling you—when it's too late for you to forbid me. Don't say you never said the words; I'll swear to them: for I don't forget your "dicta" so easily; you, who (I always maintain) give the final Verdict about things

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which the rest of us talk about—my dear old Alfred—so forgive me. And don't think of answering, or leaving Mrs. Tennyson to answer, either Letter or Paper; for I shall make myself easy in taking for granted that you *do* forgive yours always loyally and truly

E.FG.

Besides, I now don't have a chance (my own fault) of reporting anything else from your Mouth—only, I remember many still, which will come to mind on many occasions.<sup>2</sup>

I am here for a week to settle Lugger accounts—which don't show a profit by any means. But if you saw my Captain—who is of some such build as yourself—only freshened with Work, Sea breeze, and just enough Poetry to separate him far from his Fellows. Only Today he showed me two Turtle-doves hung up in a wicker cage outside his house; I laughed at his getting them with Dog, Cat, and Canary, beside; but he said, "Sir, I *must* have them: I *doated* on them." And he thinks they will only cost him a Penny a week for keep.

<sup>1</sup> EFG had cited Tennyson's use of "roller" for "a wave breaking on the shore." The term appears in "Enoch Arden" and "The Lover's Tale."

<sup>2</sup> The type of remark EFG admired is illustrated by the poet's observation, when the Metaphysical Society was established as a forum for frank discussion by believers and skeptics on questions of religion: "Modern science ought at all events to have taught men to separate light from heat" (*Tennyson Memoir*, II, 168).

To W. F. Pollock

*Lowestoft*  
*Jan. 15/69*

*My dear Pollock,*

Your Letter was forwarded to me in a parcel yesterday. I came here ten days ago, to wind up Lugger accounts (not on the right side of the Ledger—we still go on tick), and also because my Woodbridge Landlady is ill. However, she has got a Woman into the House to do for herself and me; so tomorrow I shall go back to my Den, and leave the Sea to its own Devices. It and the Wind are playing a rare Duet—Allegro con brio—at this moment; I hear 'em through rattling windows. But we have had no Earthquake that I know of; we have only half a chance of it here, you know; but surely I should have heard if any such thing had happened near Woodbridge from my Landlord

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there; we have too little news stirring to be silent about an Earthquake. Where did your Parsons date from? And one can't trust them always; they are often nervous themselves, and want to make other people so, with premonitory Symptoms of The Last Day, etc. You wouldn't believe Dr. Cumming<sup>1</sup> in such a case.

Here I have got to read Walpole's Memoirs of the Reigns of George II and III. I can't read all; but I doubt if I could *any* such Diaries of Politics by any other man. One sees he has his hates and likings (much more of the first than of the last), and that he likes to write Epigram. But I still believe he is right in the main. And what astonishing pains for a fastidious man who only lived to please himself! I like Walpole too for his loyalty to his Father: who, I should fancy, thought but little of a Son so very unlike himself. Sir Robert always reminds me of Palmerston; and I declare they seem to me the most genuine English Premiers, unless one excepts the two Pitts. Horace Walpole seems to me to understand Burke and Fox well—the Good and Idle Apprentice as Selwyn called them.<sup>2</sup> Coleridge and his School try to set up Burke as *the* man of his Time; I think we Irish folks can see the Irishman in Burke much better. So with Goldsmith: Forster<sup>3</sup> and Co. try to clear him of the Blunders and Vanity which such fools as Johnson, Reynolds, etc., laughed at; but we Paddies know how a Paddy may write like an Angel and talk like poor Poll.<sup>4</sup> It astonishes me to see the best English Brains, like old Spedding's, go the whole Hog so with any Hero they take up.

You don't tell me about your Christmas Play which your former Letter said was on the Stocks. Tell me about that when you write again.

I thought I wouldn't send you a paper on Sea Phrases which the Editor of an Antiquarian sort of Magazine asked me to contribute, and which he has done up separately to catch a stray Customer, I suppose. I wouldn't send it, I thought, because I have sent you so many such things, I think, that one may become a nuisance. But then I only want others to take them for what they are—trifles; not worth distinct acknowledgment; and, as you have now written and need not write again some while, I will post it to you as it lies on the table before me: and remain

Yours always  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> John Cumming, minister of the National Scottish Church, Covent Garden. In his writings on the Apocalyptic mysteries, one of his favorite topics, he pre-

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dicted an imminent pouring of the seventh and last vial of the Apocalypse, destined to destroy the earth by lightning, hail, and earthquake.

<sup>2</sup> The analogy to the two apprentices in Hogarth's engravings, "Industry and Idleness," was applied by George Selwyn to William Pitt and Charles Fox, not to Edmund Burke and Fox.

<sup>3</sup> In John Forster's *Life and Times of Goldsmith*, 1854.

<sup>4</sup> Said by David Garrick of Goldsmith.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge

Jan. 18/69

Dear Sir,

I should not take up so much of your time in reading—not to mention writing—unless I supposed that a common interest in Suffolk would excuse me. I found your letter on my return here (from Lowestoft) on Friday; and, as you are willing, I think, and able, I am sure, to throw light on our Suffolk, I post you today an interleaved Copy of my Gossip, which at odd moments you may add to.<sup>1</sup>

"Hoveller" is what *we* call "Hobbler," I suppose: a word I dare say imported from Kent: I have only heard the verb, "Hobbling." Can you find in Etymology?

"The Wold" is quite familiar to me in Lowestoft; the Luggers ply "about the Wold" which, I think, means the coast of Lincolnshire just after leaving Cromer. But I will enquire more particularly. But you have found it.

"Mardle" should, I doubt not, be written as you say; and so I will note it.

"Gowry," I heard a night or two before I came home—from my Captain: "Greedy," as you say.

"Pweel" is a puzzler: I never heard it: but will enquire. Your other words I shall note in Moor and Forby.

No sooner had my Gossip got printed than I found a slip of paper with some other words noted, and forgotten, one of them curious.

*Laig* (so pronounced, if not "lake") a chasm in the Cliffs between Gorlestone and Corton, running up to the Village of Hopton. I find in my old Latin Haldorsen "*Lag, locus depressus*" which must surely be the word.

*Brawtoe* (so pronounced) old rope's ends and fragments used (I am told) for paper-making. An old Fellow who went about picking

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this up was always called "old Brawtoe" and this was the reason given me for the name. I find in Haldorsen "Brot, plicatura" and what sounds *toe* may be *tow*. Query?

Pray think of these two Sinners—

*Come to bad Bread*, come into Trouble, disgrace.

*Last come last*—at the last; "He fared all on the drope, and, last come last, give way altogether."

*Force-put*—forced; "I didn't answer till I was force-put to it."

*In-bred*; letting a man in with a bargain: "I'll give you 6<sup>d</sup> in the pound Discount, if you'll come and buy the Article tomorrow"—when it would be 1<sup>s</sup> 6<sup>d</sup> dearer. "That's in-bred work."

I find more phrases; of little value as provincial, however.

At Lowestoft (and I think as far as Cromer) they return to the AS *d*, or *th d*; in such words as *Ruther*, for Rudder; *Lather*, for Ladder. And they slur the *h* in *three*, *thrash*, *thrum*—"The Wind *trum* in the riggin'" which is nearer Danish and German Trommen, etc.

By the way, Miss Crabbe, Granddaughter of the Poet, tells me that in Wiltshire a *Score* is called a *Drum*. Query?

Once more I say, pray don't trouble to answer my Letters merely because I write them.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

*Concite*. I fancy I have always heard it so pronounced, and don't know what else should put it into my head. I seem especially to remember old Mr. Biddell, Uncle of Airy—a very remarkable man himself of the old broad Johnsonian build often beginning, in a voice of corresponding depth, "I du concite," etc. Airy would tell you.

<sup>1</sup> Most of the terms that follow are defined in the 1869 and 1870 portions of *Sea Words and Phrases*. See Variorum Edition, VI, 205-70.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Feb. 2/69

My dear Pollock,

For the last four days I have had one of my sea-faring friends staying with me—the Captain of the great "Meum and Tuum" lugger; a fine fellow; a grand Gentleman; and we have been talking of Herring

and Mackerel, and looking at "Gays" (that is, Picture-books), which are a great Literature with these great Children. This Evening I am all alone again; and something has put it into my head to write to you.

One Man sent me a Saturday Review, with a Criticism on Spedding's Bacon; then Miss Crabbe sent me a Times Newspaper with ditto;<sup>1</sup> both of them, I think, candid and sensible; respectful to Spedding: quite open to think the best of Bacon; but both of them sticking where I should think every sensible and candid man must stick. Isn't Spedding sensible and candid then? Who so much; but his Hobby has run away with him; him, the most calm of men, one would think the least likely to be run away with. The Lord preserve me from my friends! People had got to believe Pope's Epigram all wrong;<sup>2</sup> and it is reserved for this wisest man *we* have known (I think) to justify Pope by a thirty years' Vindication of Bacon! I declare this is one of the most singular phenomena that has occurred in my Day; a thing to make Montaigne wake from the Dead to make an Essay upon.

One Chancellor leads to another—who will never need—and may he never get!—such an Apologist as J.S.—Lord Hatherley:<sup>3</sup> as just and conscientious a man as ever rose to the Woolsack, I believe; I suppose a very good Lawyer. I never thought a Man of much Wisdom, or of any sort of Genius—indeed, with a little of his Father the Alderman's *Goose* in him. I have known him these fifty years. His Mother was daughter of an old Surgeon here, named Page, with whom the Poet Crabbe was Prentice: and Page's Son (Brother of the Alderman's Wife) was an old friend of ours here; a very good man, magistrate, etc. With him the present Chancellor (his Nephew) often was down here; and at last married the Daughter of Major Moor of the Suffolk Vocabulary. I remember Lord H. at Cambridge, some forty-five years ago, after he had taken his Degree; and looking the same ingenuous, good man he now looks. He has always been happy coming down here to his Brother-in-law's, a Clergyman;<sup>4</sup> and making one in a very worthy, and very dull, Society, without any pretensions to be Cock of the Walk.

Now, one of his Friends has sent me a Prospectus to subscribe to a Portrait of Lord H. "on coming to be Chancellor"—in all his Robes—by Richmond; supposing I should be sorry to be left out of the list. There are Archbishops, Bishops, Judges, Q.C.'s, Laymen, Clergy, etc. And yet it seems to me an absurd thing. First, he may make a bad Chancellor, however good a Man and able a Lawyer. Secondly, he mayn't keep in office a year, however good Chancellor he may be. And thirdly, a Figure at Madame Tussaud's would be just as well as

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the best of Richmond's Portraits, when *the Man* is drowned in robes, Wig, Maces, Seals, etc.

So, am I to give an Answer to this Effect to his Admirer, who is no other than his Cousin, indeed—a Daughter of the second Page afore-said? What should you do, Pollock? What would Spedding do?

I wonder how the latter takes the Opinions given by the Times and Saturday? There was a blackguard Article by Dixon in the *Athenaeum*,<sup>5</sup> which one makes no account of. I can't help thinking I have noticed a vein of Sadness in old Spedding's few last Letters. I can't help thinking often and often of such a Sacrifice of such a Man's whole Life.

This is wretched MS of mine, not fit to trouble your Eyes; and you must not trouble yourself to answer it till quite at leisure, and a little in the mind.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Saturday Review*, Dec. 19 and 26, 1868, and *London Times*, Jan. 16, 1869. Reviews of Vol. IV of the *Letters and Life*.

<sup>2</sup> If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,  
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:

*Essay on Man*, Epistle IV

<sup>3</sup> William Page Wood, created Baron Hatherley when appointed Lord Chancellor in 1868. His father, Sir Matthew Wood, municipal reformer and M.P. for London, 1817-43, in 1837 received the first title bestowed by Queen Victoria, that of baronet.

<sup>4</sup> Edward J. Moor, Rector of Great Bealings.

<sup>5</sup> A review of Spedding's *Bacon*, Vols. III and IV, by W. Hepworth Dixon, Nov. 21, 1868, pp. 671-72. Dixon had published two biographies of Bacon.

To E. B. Cowell

*Lowestoft*  
*Febr 12/69*

*My dear Cowell,*

Don't trouble yourself about the Chorus; you have plenty to do; I should not have asked you to do it, had I not thought you could do it in ten minutes. But even that ten minutes, after such work as yours, had better be given to Idleness, Company, or Walpole—who is a great friend of mine: I think, one of the shrewdest men of his time—as well as one of the wittiest. I have lately been reading his Journals of the Reigns of George II and III. Surely, such a Parliamentary Reporter

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as can scarce be equalled; and (in spite of private bias) *just*, in the main, I think, to the Men of his Time. I am sure he understands Burke better than anyone: Chatham also. Like old Montaigne, he sees that Men are mixed Clay and Gold; that a Wise Man may play the Fool: an Honest Man the Knave; a Hero the Coward, etc., and, with all his trifling, is wiser than Spedding!—whom Queen Sheba might have travelled to consult.

You see I am come again here to be among my Sailors. My dear Captain is preparing to go off in March to Cornwall, after Mackerel, and then I shan't see him for near three months. Oh, what a Pismire looks the Author of *Novum Organum* compared to this man in manly Honesty—yes, and in simple direct Common Sense.

By the way, you don't quite understand Walpole if you think his love of French ware is inconsistent with his "passion" for Gothic. Now I can understand it: because I recognize something of the kind closer to home.

I have been looking into Wesley's Journal all the morning: in them you see what you see in his face; shrewd insight, and Sarcasm upon the Pretenders to it; a spirit which it required all his Religion to subdue.

I have stuck fast at a Proof of Cassandra: she does little more in Aeschylus than roar like a Bull-calf; and what is to be done for her by yours ever

E.FG.

The latter part of my Play is good, I think: but you won't—and needn't—think so at all.

To W. A. Wright

[Lowestoft]

Mid-February, [1869]

Dear Wright,

(There! We are both Suffolk Men, who have heard something of each other from mutual Friends some while—I shall know I have not taken a wrong liberty if you return me the compliment<sup>1</sup> when next you write.)

Thank you for your Letter: which I ought to thank you for, considering how busy you are, and how much entertainment it gives me.

One can't doubt, and one must be pleased with the two Chaucer



words "fret full" and "groyning." How often have I heard "Almost greened<sup>2</sup> to dead," etc.

"Roke"<sup>3</sup> is surely in Moor and Forby both. Indeed I think I remember the Major quoting some Lady's shot at the word *Sea-roke* as—Sirocco!

I always take Macbeth's "rooky wood" to mean "roky," "dripping with damp, or misty." I remember Tennyson once saying the other—rooky—was "possible too." And I have a sort of lingering regard to the idea of tall tree-tops clustered with—*rooks'-nests*!—up in a dark sunset (as I once saw something of the sort in a grand Wilson Landscape suffered to fall into cracks at Helmingham). But, whichever reading one takes, I have always thought it the most wonderful of all *Tombées de la Nuit* (a fine French phrase)—"Light thickens"—!

We had three wrecks just off here last Friday:<sup>4</sup> and my grand Luger Captain whom I saw helping to haul poor fellows ashore by the help of rockets and blue lights, told me next day—"Sir, if the wind hadn't samped<sup>5</sup> as it did, it's my belief we should have had the shore *blind* with wrecks by the morning." Will there be anything so audacious—or so good—in all Mr. Browning's new Poem, which is, I am told, to excel the *Iliad*—and Dante—in length?

Last night, as we supped together on roast potatoes and ale at his tidy little Cottage, he told me he had just before seen the New Moon—pretty little Dear—for the first time, and given his money—'twasn't much—a turn in his Pocket for Luck. Such is the Belief here, as he told me: but his little Wife put in a word then, "Yes, Joe, but you must see her abroad, face to face, or it's unlucky." That is, unlucky to see her through a Window.

"Rooms"<sup>6</sup> of a Boat I know: "Swale" I will enquire about. I was vexed to find what a lot of Words I left out of my Catalogue: knocking it up in a hurry for Mr. Tymms, and then not wishing to trouble him with some I did remember in time.

You don't say anything about the *Laig* or *Lake* to Hopton. They also call the pools of Water sequestered by some sand bank from the tide—*Lays*. Do look at Article *Lake* in Richardson.

One of last Friday's wrecks was right *on the Manor* before my windows; the Manor meaning the Main land, so far as the tide ebbs; and the Lord of the Manor claims a fee for every Vessel there wreckt—if it doesn't get off!

Yours truly  
E.F.G.

March 1869

<sup>1</sup> By using the familiar salutation.

<sup>2</sup> Green, v.: To throttle, choke (*Moor, Suffolk Words*).

<sup>3</sup> A cold fog or mist.

<sup>4</sup> Feb. 13, 1869.

<sup>5</sup> Died down.

<sup>6</sup> "The spaces between a boat's thwarts," i.e., an open boat.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge

March 1/69

*My dear Cowell,*

Just tell me which of the two Versions<sup>1</sup> marked in the enclosed is best; or (as I think you may feel) least bad. You mustn't mind which is most literal, but which runs best—and you need not write one word more than "best" over the version you think so. I really do not wish you to write more, of any sort; but I *do* wish you to write this one word, and post it to me directly.

What with my delay (and Mr. Childs') this has been a long job, you see. It will be ready by your March holiday, I dare say. And with it I make my bow to the Muses.

My Lugger Captain has just left me to go on his Mackerel Voyage to the Western Coast; and I don't know when I shall see him again. Just after he went, a muffled bell from the Church here began to toll for somebody's death: it sounded like a Bell under the sea. He sat listening to the Hymn played by the Church chimes last evening, and said he could hear it all as if in Lowestoft Church when he was a Boy, "Jesus our Deliverer!" You can't think what a grand, tender, Soul this is, lodged in a suitable carcase.

Ever yours,  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Of a passage in *Agamemnon*. The enclosure is missing.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge

March 7, [1869]

*Dear Wright,*

When you quote Shakespeare confounding his plurals, I think it may so very likely be his printers doing so for him. At any rate it was not

his practice, surely. I know we have one very ugly instance of his *singulars*:

The Springs  
on chalic'd flowers that lies.<sup>1</sup>

But there the rhyme was wanted: as in Crabbe's case. I say "ugly" because of the hissing words, applied to a rather clumsy figure. But yet the whole little song how beautiful! inspiring every Musician. Shakespeare may do what he pleases; he is the universal Sovereign that can't do wrong. Crabbe's usage leads to confusion; for it is at first hard to know whether the plural does not govern the singular.

A frowning coast

Which neither groves nor happy vallies boast.<sup>2</sup>

And what law *should* alter the grammar of the other lines? Fancy "When our relief *rise* from such resources." And I know there is somewhere in him a case where there is no plurals to divide the claim.

As to Bacon—if he, and not his printer also, made a slip, it is surely not *his* usage neither.

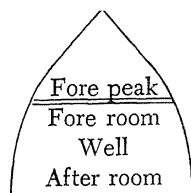
You see I insist much on Printers' slips, which you know more about than I. I suppose they were more common in that day than this. Bacon would, I suppose, look closer to his proofs. But as to Shakespeare—we know how it was with him: Players to correct what Printers sent in; and Players (though Shakespeare was one) are usually but poor, and careless, Scholars. Johnson said that Mrs. Pritchard,<sup>3</sup> who was so great a Lady Macbeth, was "a vulgar beast, Sir, who called a gown, a *gound*."

My referring all such mistakes to the printer reminds me of some passage in Vanbrugh. When a Lady has resolved to requite her husband's gallantries in kind, she is told that we are bidden to return good for evil, etc. "Ah—that may be a wrong Translation!" says she.<sup>4</sup>

*Swale* I cannot find to be known at Lowestoft as meaning "shade;" but it *is* a term for the nets bellying out by a slight change of wind so as to cause double toil and trouble in hauling them in. Thus the word would imply something of what Forby gives it inland—a *hol-  
lowing in*.

What can you make of *this* word? "When I was a little chap, I would go to sea, though I was of no use; so one day my Father took me 'gäst-cope'—sc: without wages; on liking." I suppose it's Dutch. Has not "gäst" some German relation about *expense*? I forget the little German—and less Dutch—that ever I knew.

*Rooms of a Boat*. Yes; in general, the spaces between thwart; but thus distinguished at Lowestoft;



*Sammodithee*.<sup>5</sup> I know not scarcely if it make for, or against, your theory, that the ancient and formal assent of Freemasons to any official proposal is still—"So mote it be." So Mr. Spalding here, who is a Freemason, lets out to me, who am not.

*Frugal*. Forby notices the Norfolk use of this word (also found in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives*) in exactly the contrary sense to the modern: sc: *lavish*, instead of sparing. My nephew Edmund Kerrich was telling me one day an odd instance. His Father's Gamekeeper would say some morning as they went out shooting—"That dog's uncommonly frugal this morning"—meaning, *un-costive*.

As you read strange MSS, I must enclose you one I have today from my dear old Captain (*Posh* is his nickname) gone to Plymouth. Don't think I laugh at its misspelling, etc., ah no! It is almost sacredly serious to me; what one of Homer's Chiefs might have done; the man has as sound, upright, and well-proportioned a Soul as he has Body: only he has been at Sea from a Boy, and has learned a great deal more and better than orthography. And such a tender Soul too—to Wife—Child—Dog—Cat. He was with me here this day week to bid Good bye; sitting with loftier manners than the genteel, fifty times over; and when our Church Chimes played an Evening hymn—all old Lowestoft Church came upon him, he said, as when he was a Boy, and a better Churchgoer than now; all the People he could see; good Mr. Cunningham<sup>6</sup> "faring like an Apostle"—and could hear the words of the hymn "Jesus our Deliverer!" Ah! Ah! these sort of people are more wonderful now than you will find in a—Combination room! They are becoming an extinct Species. My Captain is becoming a Dodo. God bless him!

Yours truly  
E.FG.

Pray don't ever write merely for Acknowledgments' sake. You are a busy man, I an idle one—only with my *starboard* eye half put out with being held close to a paraffin lamp.

"With sighs of Love that costs the fresh blood dear."<sup>7</sup>

Here it may be "Love that costs" not *Sighs*; and I should think *better*, if you will retain the singular.

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<sup>1</sup> From the song, "Hark, hark, the lark," *Cymbeline*, II.3.

<sup>2</sup> From Crabbe's description of his native Aldeburgh, *The Village*, Book I.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Hannah Pritchard (1711-68).

<sup>4</sup> "That may be a mistake in the translation," Lady Brute responds to Belinda in Vanbrugh's *The Provoked Wife*, Act I.

<sup>5</sup> A corruption of Middle English, "So mot I thee," "So may I thrive, or prosper." EFG's curiosity about this word and "gast-cope" was not allayed until the following January.

<sup>6</sup> The Vicar.

<sup>7</sup> *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III,2.97.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge

March 8/69

*My dear Pollock,*

If the line you ask about were in Crabbe I should never have noticed it. For is it not one that *any* one who wrote verse since Pope's time might have written—my namesake of the Literary Fund Dinner<sup>1</sup>—or his Namesake of Markethill, Woodbridge? So, I dare say, you think as well as I. But let your man have a shot at Notes and Queries.

I have, I think, broiled my starboard eye with it close to a hot Paraffin lamp these four or five winters: and now, I observe, it can't read by itself, and confuses the sight of its fellow. Do you know what to do in such a case? I am all for cold water; but I don't know if this Eye may not want a homeopathic application of warm.

When you do write (not before you please) pray tell me if you see anything of Spedding, and if he goes on in his old course with Bacon, undismayed by this unbelieving World. I cannot help thinking that his last letters—very few and far between—have an air of sadness in them: but I do not say I refer it to that cause.

I have struck up a pleasant Acquaintance, by Letter only, with Aldis Wright of Trinity. We are both East Anglians; his Father a very respectable, and even a venerable, old Dissenting Minister at Beccles, near which I used to be a good deal at my Brother-in-law's house. So Wright and I exchange a little gossip about Suffolk words.

Do you ever read Crabbe? My old Schoolmaster Malkin said he found he could always read him as he got older. I am not sure if Crabbe's carelessness and *potter* (for such it often is) does not make one recur to his books oftener than if they were finished like Pope,

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after one has once got to like them (*c'est le premier pas*, etc.). Not being pointed into epigram one does not remember them, and so they come fresh. This of course wouldn't hold unless the staple of the whole were good.

So much for my one eye, and enough for tonight.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> William Thomas Fitzgerald who, at Literary Fund dinners, "year after year" recited his own verses appealing to "England's loyalty and valour."

## To Mowbray Donne

[Woodbridge]  
[c. March 8, 1869]

*My dear Mowbray,*

Sunday night, and too late for post: but I have just come from a delightful walk in frost and moonlight; and from thinking as I went along (rather tender work for the feet, frosty ruts, though) that I should write to you—with nothing whatever to say. Only what those very frosty ruts put into my head: which, when it got there, put you into my head also; for I thought you would be pleased to know that Tymm's familiar Devil, in sending me the proof of that Sea-paper, had changed "*Fuimus Troes*" into "Farmer's toes." I know you will be pleased with this; yes, you and your Edith, who do seem to me two as happy people as I know of, and long may you be so. I was almost vexed that your Dad took the trouble of writing me a conscientious letter of thanks for that idle paper; there was no occasion, as you may guess, for you to do so. I sent them for fun to everybody: to old Spedding, for one! Well; he will think it much better than my heroic flights; and so it is; but it is high time to have done with all such flights, high or low, now, I think. I have lately struck up an acquaintance with Aldis Wright, whom everybody likes; we have exchanged some letters about Suffolk, and its words. He is a Beccles man, you know. I see in the Ipswich Paper the name of *Salmon* advocating a very humorous cause in behalf of Sidney, the Manager,<sup>1</sup> at Bury, before the County Court Judge, little Worledge;<sup>2</sup> I think this must be a Brother-in-law of yours.<sup>3</sup> Sidney plays his part well under Examination. It all made me think of the old Theatre: of when I went to it myself a Schoolboy, under a more august Management; and also

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when *you* were a Schoolboy and I used to spend such pleasant days at your Father's,<sup>4</sup> with that capital Ribstone Pippin Tree dropping its fruit down under the Theatre walls.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

Now for Grog.

<sup>1</sup> William Sidney, manager of the Theatre Royal at Ipswich.

<sup>2</sup> John Worlledge.

<sup>3</sup> Mowbray Donne had married Edith Salmon.

<sup>4</sup> Donne's home in Westgate Street, Bury St. Edmunds, had been next the theater.

To W. B. Donne

[Woodbridge]  
[April, first week, 1869]

*My dear Donne,*

I wrote to Mowbray ten days ago to ask about you; thinking to save *you* by making the younger man tell me what I wanted to know. He told me what I most wanted to know about you; that you were well and in good Spirits. Therefore you see there is no occasion for you to answer this present letter, which—I don't know how I came to be inspired to write.

I have been myself half blind of one eye for these last six weeks; owing, I think, to having held it close to a hot paraffin lamp for several winters. At last I ran up to the Queen's oculist in Berkeley Square a fortnight ago. He prescribed; and I ran down again the same afternoon. After some trouble in getting his prescription made up, I applied it; and think that my Eye mends: but I don't do much with it, nor with its fellow which I do not care to draw into a like condition.

I have made shift to look over Hawkins' *Kean*,<sup>1</sup> from Mudie: which tells one nothing one did not know, except a little about Kean's last days from his Richmond Doctor. Hawkins had not even read, or used, some of the materials to be found in common Books; as, for instance, in Tom Dibdin's *Memoirs*,<sup>2</sup> where a remarkable account is given of Kean's first rehearsal at Drury: Dibdin acting (as Prompter) with him on a deserted stage. I think *you* should write *Kean's Life*; in one Volume; giving Hazlitt's and other good Criticisms of the time in smaller print, or by way of Appendix. I see that my namesake's Gar-

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rick<sup>3</sup> is to be had for a few shillings at the Bookstalls: as great a blunder in over-doing as Taylor's Sir J. Reynolds.<sup>4</sup>

I scarce ever hear from Cowell; he was so busy with his Lectures; and now, I suppose, is away from Cambridge, his Mother-in-law, Mrs. Charlesworth, being dead, as I heard by chance the other day from one of my Nieces. Mowbray wrote me that you had been dining with old Spedding, who (some one else told me) had been to Cornwall after some Bacon Letters. On with his work he goes undismayed! I have not heard from Master or Mistress of Trinity this long while: but they sent me two dozen of Audit Ale which is to be tapped in August. R. Groome is, as I suppose you know, Archdeacon of this district; surely he will never dare come here again to sing over old Cambridge Songs with me.

A little Comedy I have played with little Woodward.<sup>5</sup> Eleven years ago he wanted to borrow £80. I lent him £25, and tore up his little Note of hand directly. After he had got his Queen's place for four or five years I was resolved to see if he even thought of it: and wrote to him that the money was of no account to me but that every man ought to try and repay what he owed by ever so small instalments. He replied that "by next July," etc. After two years I wrote again; till, at last, having seen that I was right in my estimation of the little fellow, I told him to trouble himself no more with promises! I never wanted, and never meant to take, the money, etc. He of course has put on the usual tone of insulted Virtue. He really is, as I told him, a kindly, clever, man, willing to do what is fair: but with a certain absurd Vanity and improvidence that makes him unreliable. So much for little W. and

Yours always  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> F. W. Hawkins, *The Life of Edmund Kean*, 1869.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Frognall Dibdin, *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, 2 vols., 1836.

<sup>3</sup> Percy Fitzgerald, *Life of David Garrick*, 2 vols., 1868.

<sup>4</sup> Tom Taylor and Charles R. Leslie, *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, 2 vols., 1865.

<sup>5</sup> Bernard B. Woodward. See letter to Cowell, March 29-April 21, n.3.



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To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge

April 10/69

*My dear Cowell,*

I was very glad indeed to hear from you once more. I do not write to you because you are so busy, and might feel called on to answer once in a way, if I did.

I only heard of Mrs. Charlesworth's Death ten days ago from one of my Nieces. I could [have] written a very sincere condolence to Elizabeth: but to what end? Two days ago when the warmer weather had brought out the leaves in my garden, the smell of Violets hidden in the green somewhere recalled Mrs. C. at Wherstead close on forty years ago. I myself completed my sixty years on March 31 last.

I have for the last six weeks had my right eye out of sorts; I believe from holding it close to a hot paraffin lamp so many winters. What with total rest at night, and several Lotions, goggles, etc., it is now, I hope and think, mending: though it may never be quite the same man it was before. So I have read but little—even from Mudie. The extracts which the Athenaeum gave of Browning's Poem<sup>1</sup> (which it calls the Great Work of the Age) seemed to me dull as well as disagreeable: perhaps they were the worst parts, only the Athenaeum thought them the best.

Crabbe's monostich (beastly word) lines<sup>2</sup> are in the *Old Bachelor's* Story, Tales of the Hall. Pray read also his account (the Bachelor's) of how his love suit went with his own Father, and the Girl's Mother; wonderful. Pity that the whole Story is so clumsily and carelessly put together. But I find a curious thing in all this; viz, that the very want of finish and Art in these Poems makes them fresher to read again; one doesn't remember the detail, but there is enough in the whole Story and in several parts of it, always to lead one back to it. So that I don't know that *my* edition<sup>3</sup> (which I think I shall bequeath to you) would be on the whole better than Crabbe's!

I suppose (paullo majora!) that Agamemnon is printed some time ago: but I think Mr. Childs has got one of his little offences against me, and so thinks to snub my Vanity by determined neglect. He must amuse himself; for, as I expect no reader but yourself, who I know won't like it, I can afford to wait. I say you won't like it; how should you, such a treason to such an Original! It is not what the proper Man—the Poet—should do; but it has nevertheless drawn the Play into

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distinct shape, with, I believe, a Life in it. So you see I modestly assume to improve not only Crabbe, but Calderon, and Aeschylus.

I will send you some Calderons. As to Euphranor, I am disposed to remodel some sixteen or eighteen pages in the middle of it—very bad—and with that make up some copies from some sheets lying upstairs, if they be not spoiled by damp.<sup>4</sup> What a Fate is that of my stupendous Works!

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *The Ring and the Book*, published in four volumes, November, 1868, to February, 1869; reviewed in the *Athenaeum*, March 20, 1869, pp. 399-400.

<sup>2</sup> No doubt the passage in which questions or statements and the responses are restricted to single couplets.

<sup>3</sup> EFG was devoting a portion of each year to "reading and cutting" Crabbe's complete works, despite John Murray's refusal in 1865 to publish a volume of selections which EFG offered to prepare. By 1874 he concentrated his editing labor on *Tales of the Hall*; and in 1879 distributed among friends privately printed copies of *Readings in Crabbe, Tales of the Hall*. A number of these, with Quaritch's imprint, were placed on sale in 1882. A published edition was issued by Quaritch in 1883.

<sup>4</sup> Revised copies of the second edition of *Euphranor* were sent to friends the following spring.

To Alfred Tennyson<sup>1</sup>

[Woodbridge]  
[April, 1869]

*My dear old Alfred,*

I have been thinking of you so much for the last two or three days, while the first volume of Browning's *Poem* has been on my table, and I have been trying in vain to read it, and yet the *Athenaeum* tells me it is wonderfully fine. And so sometimes I am drawn to write to you (with only one eye, the other scorched by reading with a paraffin lamp these several winters), and, whether you care for my letter or not, you won't care to answer; and yet I want to know what you yourself think of this poem; you, who are the one man able to judge of it, and magnanimous enough to think me capable of seeing what is fine in it. I never could read Browning. If Browning only gave a few pence for the book he drew from, what will posterity give for his version of it, if posterity ever find it on a stall? If Shakespeare, Milton,

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Dryden, Pope and Tennyson survive, what *could* their readers make out of this Browning a hundred years hence? Anything so utterly unlike the *Ring* too which he considers he has wrought out of the old gold—this shapeless thing. “You are unjust, Fitz”—that is what you will say or think, I fancy. I wish you *would* say as much; and also that you are not angry with me for the use I made of your name, which I am rather afraid of. And I don’t at all wish to give you any such offence, and never thought, till too late, that you were jealous of such liberties—even in such a local trifle as I took it in. For you have no more loyal follower than

E.FG.

Who can hardly see.

<sup>1</sup> Source, *Tennyson Memoir*, II, 64. Undated.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge

April 25, [1869]

*My dear Cowell,*

I desired that a Copy of Agamemnon should be sent from the Printer to you: *mind you don’t leave it about*, pray! as well as not *say* a word of it. You need be in no hurry to tell me what you think: I think I can guess something what you will think. The Lyric Choruses (as I have said in a prefatory note, which I dare say is misprinted, for I did not revise it) had better be superseded by a Bit of Handel or Beethoven: I think the whole part from old Agamemnon’s Death is *good*, though not literal; and so not good to you.

Enough of that.

I really read Salámán with interest the other day: it seemed fresh to me. I believe it is the best done of all; really fusing the story into a—better *Ring* than Browning seems to me to make of his; and retaining more of the Oriental flavor than Omar. A few corrections, and I think I should like it even if some one else had done it.

I have tried several times to read Volume I of Browning, but cannot. It seems to me a most impudent piece of Cockneyism. I have tried to read Morris’ Jason:<sup>1</sup> but can’t either: one sees the Talent; but not Genius enough to relate such a Story in so slipshod a way.

Mr. S. Cowell<sup>2</sup> told me you were to be in Ipswich last week.

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Groome visited us as Archdeacon on Thursday:<sup>3</sup> I was not at home: but his Address as reported in the Journal seemed to me good.

Don't hurry to write: only mind my Caution——

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> William Morris, *Life and Death of Jason*, 1867.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Cowell, E. B. Cowell's uncle, who was active in the civic life of Ipswich.

<sup>3</sup> R. H. Groome had recently been appointed Archdeacon of Suffolk.

### To Ablett Pasifull<sup>1</sup>

*Markethill: Woodbridge*  
*Wednesday [April, 1869]*

Gardner Frost was up here today, Captain, and tells me that he thinks Newson will hardly get leave to go with me.<sup>2</sup>

This I shall be very sorry for; but I would not allow him to throw up his pilotage on that account for any consideration.

When you were last at Woodbridge, I was almost on the point of asking you if you would go with me in case Newson could not. But I did not ask you; thinking in the first place that it was rather too early to ask you at all on the subject; and, secondly, that, if I had to ask you, it might be better to do so by letter. For, by so doing, you can consider the matter if you think it worth considering: or you can decline at once, without any hesitation, if you do not. Indeed, no sort of hesitation need there be in the matter: it is a very small concern for you to take charge of: you have only yourself to consider; and, if my thoughts on the matter were of any consequence to you, I can say that, though I should be very glad if you could come, I shall perfectly understand that you have perfectly good grounds for refusing, without any wish to disoblige me.

If therefore you are *decided* beforehand not to come, I wish you would be so kind as to send me one line to say so. One line, I say, will do; for I shall understand it all in good Will, without need of excuses.

But, if you think my proposal may be worth while considering, *do* consider of it; till we hear whether Newson can come or not, you need be in no hurry to decide. Only, I repeat, if you *are now* decided *not* to come, let me know please; as I would then cast about elsewhere. I have spoken to no one but yourself about going, nor shall do so till

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it is decided. G. Frost spoke something to me of *his* going: but I told him I had others in my Eye. If you don't come, I shall perhaps try Posh.

When I propose this to you, I am of course supposing that you are to have done with Mr. Reed's Yacht. Else, I should not mention it; and I should be glad to hear you were fitting her out. You know, I dare say, that I give Newson 30s. a week,<sup>3</sup> and keep, on five months: though the last month is almost all at Felixstow.<sup>4</sup>

Once more, write me a line if you *can't* go: else think of it; and believe me

Yours  
E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> A seaman of Felixstowe Ferry at the mouth of the Deben, skipper of the *Emily*, owned by Thomas German Reed of London, producer of light musical plays. Ablett's surname has been variously spelled, but "Pasifull" appears as his signature. EFG occasionally writes "Percival," from which the name probably evolved: Percival—Parcival—Pahsiful—Pasifull.

<sup>2</sup> Newson was one of the licensed pilots who navigated vessels between Woodbridge and the mouth of the Deben.

<sup>3</sup> About £31 for the season. Multiplying the sum by ten would provide a conservative estimate of Newson's wages in terms of modern purchasing power.

<sup>4</sup> In EFG's day, spelled without the final *e*.

## To Ablett Pasifull

Woodbridge  
Tuesday [April, 1869]

*Why Ablett*

While you have been waiting to hear from *me*, I have been waiting to hear from *you*, in reply to my second letter which I wrote you *last Saturday week*. If you have that letter by you, you will see that I left it for Newson and his Brother Pilots to decide whether they agreed that he should go with me, consistently with their own wishes, as well as the Public Service. For, although the Trinity Board had given him leave to go, I did not wish to have any hand in making ill blood between them all; and I had heard that some of them (I think your brother for one) did not wish to spare Newson from the service.

Now I not being at the Ferry, and having more than once gone down to the quay here, to look for anyone coming from it—

I cannot judge how all this stands, you who are at the Ferry and

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hearing all parties, *can* judge; and I wished you, after consulting with Newson and the others, to let me know.

In case they are all agreeable to Newson's going, and able to show no good reason against it, then let him go with me by all means, as he has done before. But if they are not so agreed, and with good reasons for not being so agreed, then pray let not Newson be the cause of a rumpus, which would not be for his good, nor at all desirable to me; and if he cannot go with justice and goodwill among all, then do you come with me Ablett, if you will, as you say you wish.

This is what I said in my last; and wished you to get it decided directly so as you might write directly to Mr. Reed if Newson could not go. And pray do this at once.

I should write to Newson himself, but you can read to him all that I write to you; and I hope, and think he will see that I wish to do the best for himself as for others.

I shall go down to the Ferry if I can, but do not wait for my doing so; but settle this at once with Newson and Co.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

To E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]  
[April, 1869]

*My dear Cowell,*

You like the Play very much better than I thought you would. I believe you are quite right in the fault you find—too much of Blood, etc. To be sure the Cassandra of the original is not nice in her account of the Children with their roasted flesh in their hands, etc., but I believe that I have, as you say, lost the due proportion, and dropt Aeschylus rather down to the "Minor Theatre;" a very great Wrong to him, which it is too late for me to amend now, but which ought to be noted in the prefatory remarks, so as not to give any reader who does not read Greek a wrong impression of the Original.

I had thought of Chapman<sup>1</sup> as a man to do the Job, if he would but have taken more pains than he took with Homer: which he has rendered unreadable to me.

I should hardly trouble you with this letter but that I want you to correct with a pen two places in my text.

Clytemnestra's Speech, p. 54. Instead of  
 Aye, in the fatal meshes of the loom  
 read

Aye, in a deadlier web than of the loom  
 otherwise, poor Agamemnon would seem smothered in his own Carpet. Then Clytemn: again, p. 19, instead of "Zeus-dedicated," read "Zeus-consecrated Lemnos." I really do think this speech a successful *tour-de-force*; leaving out, if you choose, the beginning about "the lame God," etc., which yet is not *unlike* old Aeschylus' grim humour, I fancy.

So much for my last *tour-de-force* in this, or any other poetical way: which properly closed when I completed my sixty years. On looking back to all these Translations (which is all the Poetry I have pretended to), I am confident that Salámán is the best; and I am confident that the reason *why* it is the best is, that you, Edward Cowell, had most hand in it. On looking over it some little while ago I perfectly remembered many of the most felicitous Expressions coming from your lips at Oxford in 1854, or 1853, and in St. Clements in the winter of 1854; and my noting them with a pencil on the margin. This I assure you is so: and that is why this Translation smacks most of the original. I assure you that reading it over again touched me very much with the recollection. The merit that I chiefly possess in all these translations is, the compressing and compacting a loose Original into a distinct and readable shape; a talent owned by many a poor French Playwright. I say what I think of myself, and of you: *that*, at least, I may hope to do after completing sixty years.

Elizabeth's Verses—are they not?—I shall comment upon in a letter to her; that is more my province than writing them. By the by, before you leave Oxford send me my "Two Generals" which MacMillan stupidly (I think) refused. And let me know if I shan't see you some time this Summer. But you can tell me all this when Business is over, at the end of Term.

Farewell, dear Cowell, for the present

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> George Chapman (1559?-1634), translator of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

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To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
Tuesday [May, 1869]

*Dear Posh,*

I send you some gays.<sup>1</sup> If you happen to catch anything like the *Sun-fish*, be so good as to save it for me.

I have not run over to Lowestoft yet partly because my right Eye is not right, and I have been rather afraid of the glare. I went in my boat to the Ferry<sup>2</sup> last week, and was not the better for it. However, I may tumble in upon you any day.

Newson looked thin and pale, but frisky enough. Jack and his Crew were out in the Smack after Anchors. They have got one the biggest ever seen: so much so that one smack had enough to carry the Anchor, and the other smack to carry the Chain. So that, on this occasion, the two sharks did not devour each other, as in the case of the two pikes, of which I send you a gay.

Mr. Spalding wants to know about the Herring-spink which you told me would fly on board at sea, but which you did not know on shore: no bigger than a titmouse, with a red or yellow mark on its head. This you can tell me when I see you. You know you can come over here when you want to see me. What are you doing in the Net-chamber? And is your own House got in order? Continue to steer clear of more than two Half pints, and believe me yours

E.F.G.

I have a Nightingale singing among my Shrubs.

<sup>1</sup> Pictures or, as EFG wrote to Pollock, Feb. 3, picture books.

<sup>2</sup> Felixstowe Ferry at the mouth of the Deben.

To Alfred Tennyson

[Woodbridge]  
[May 6, 1869]

*To be taken occasionally*

*My dear Alfred,*

I am really very much obliged to you for your letter, knowing as I do that you hate letter-writing; and I feel relieved that you don't resent the liberty I took with you.<sup>1</sup> As I quoted nothing that could be called personal, I should not have had any misgivings in the case of any one



but yourself; but knowing your horror of the literary leech!<sup>2</sup> It all came across me when I looked over the pamphlet: and, had not the Editor been already a fortnight behind his time, I believe I should have cancelled the leaf. But if you are not annoyed, All's well that ends Well.

When, a little while after, I was smoking a Pipe with the Captain from whom I quote so much, his pipe wanted lighting: and I took out of my pocket a torn leaf of this very pamphlet, kept there for uses to which it is quite equal to Shakespeare. Before the Captain rolled it up into shape, he read over some of his own words with perfect unconsciousness (I never having told him anything of the matter) and, when I asked him if that was right, he said with quiet and complete unconsciousness that he didn't know but it was. And there the matter rests with both of us.

What do I mean by calling Browning *Cockney*? Well, you know it's not so easy to define; but I believe that by *Cockney* I mean the affected and overstrained style in which men born and bred in a City like London are apt to use when they write upon subjects with which neither their Birth nor Breeding (both rather plebeian) has made them familiar. So Leigh Hunt's was the Cockney Pastoral: Bailey's Festus (beg pardon!) Cockney Sublime: and I think Browning's Books Cockney Profound and Metaphysical. There is nearly always a smack of the *Theater* in these writers; why, here is B. in this very book telling a story, as from himself, in the style of some Person in some old Drama. If B. really do talk in that style himself, why—his Book is the best of the two.

Now a Tale I have read called "Maud" deals with a Browning sort of subject in a very different way: and I venture to think that it will be found when B. is nowhere.

I think you know I don't flatter you, Alfred; and I know you wouldn't care for it if I did. But my "cabbage blood" (as you used to call it) really has been roiled (as we in Suffolk say) by these Athenaeums, etc., and by what Cowell tells me the Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge gabble in their Combination rooms. Of course the Cockney Critic will cry up the Cockney Apollo—but that Scholars!

But *you*, A.T., tell me he is grand; and I ought to hold my tongue; only I remember you wanted to cram Festus the Sublime down our throats<sup>3</sup>—you magnanimous great Dog you!

Why, if it be one test of a Poet that he says for us what we can't say for ourselves, so as we can't help quoting him at every turn—who quotes Browning, after his thirty years labours in Verse? Whereas,

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I never open a Book from Mudie's but I recognize lines become so familiar to the World that the name is not added.

Here I *must* stop.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Tennyson, Jan. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Tennyson's Will Waterproof recalls the time when  
He flash'd his random speeches,  
Ere days that deal in ana swarm'd  
His literary leeches.

<sup>3</sup> See letter from Tennyson, Nov. 12, 1846, n.6.

To W. A. Wright

Markethill: Woodbridge  
May 9/68 [69]<sup>1</sup>

Dear Wright,

I can't say I have anything to say, except that a passage in a Magazine just lent me reminded me of your last letter. The Magazine, in a rather good Article on Thackeray, says, "We are compelled to admit that the *elopement* of other Women's husbands with other men's wives are not always of the same Platonic nature," etc.

So this form, which you detect in Shakespeare, Fletcher, etc., seems to crop up naturally up to this time.

I have not left Woodbridge these three months; and have *heard* scarce any new Words; and scarce read any, my right Eye not yet having recovered. Perhaps one has no right to expect it should, after sixty.

My Lugger Captain has, however, been with me once or twice, and some sea-faring jewels generally drop out of his mouth.

*Bean*: "Throw in a Bean"; sc: an Objection. Where could they get hold of this classic phrase? I once heard a Farmer's Wife say to her Husband—"You mind and hull in an obistacle, Bor!"<sup>2</sup>

*Bawley-boat*: a large boat almost like a *Yawl*, but wider in proportion, to swi<sup>pe</sup> anchors in, or do any chance Job of Pilotage. Halliwell gives, "Bawlin, big, large" from Cotes. Can this have to do with "burly" which Richardson derives from *Boor*: boor-like, etc. The Sailors pronounce the word short, "Burly-but," rather.

*Caravan-hat*: an old fashioned Bonnet coming over forward like the tilt of a covered Cart I suppose.

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*Foul*: used in fair sense. "When I come foul of those nets" sc: come to take them in hand.

*Froren*: frozen. "I stood till my fingers were all froren."

*Hovel*: or *hüvel*: (Hobble again!) Odds and Ends of Fish, such as bitten by Dogfish, and sold cheap.

*Hues*, *Old Hues*: the Tan Water in which Nets have been soaked, and which may be used again with a fresh infusion of the Dye.

*Joop*: a form of *Whoop*? "They come joopin' and hallorin' after us."

*Last come last*: at the last.

*Now and Again*: repeatedly.

*Nutshell*: "Such a calm, we didn't move a nutshell in an hour—as the saying is."

*Old Bones*: "That Child'll never live to make old Bones."

*Paper-stuff*: "Her deck and beams were only so much paper-stuff."

*P* or *Pee*: of an Anchor; it's fluke, or barb. (French *piéd*?)

*Ribs and Trucks* [*Q*? *Rips*?]: Odd pieces of a Carcase of Meat: all but the primary Joints.

*Scutcheons*: wooden Baskets, something between Butcher's Trays and Coal skuttles, with handles, to carry *fresh* herring in. *Roarers* are for the *salt*.

*Services*: coils of old net-work folded round a Cable to keep it from Chafing.

*Skeet*: to scud, or *skate*, on the surface.

Here is a letter not worth answering from yours sincerely

E.FG.

My Ship is getting ready and I suppose we shall be cruising at the end of the month. But not far.

<sup>1</sup> EFG misdated the letter 1868. See letter to Wright, Dec. 11, [1868], n.1.

<sup>2</sup> A common East Anglian form of address. Recall *neighbor*.

<sup>3</sup> *Swipe*: grapple for.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
May 10, [1869]

My dear Pollock,

I am like old Mr. Barton, who, as he never left Woodbridge, could only talk by letter to Friends beyond. (Dear me! it is now just ten years since I made my last bow before the London Lights.) Like him,

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too, I take a pinch of snuff between-whiles—and, I now think of it, from the very box he held in his hand five minutes before his death. What agreeable Associations!

However, you know that I never expect you to answer me unless I put a particular question; and that is not very often; and I think you are generally good enough to reply to it. This present Letter wants no such notice at all. I am not got on board my Ship as yet; she is now making her Toilet—or “toilette” as I see it now written, to meet me at the end of the Month; and after that I dare say we shall be living together, for better or worse, till November. It seems to me but a few weeks since I parted with her.

Your notion of J.S. and the Velocipede (I know it's yours only) is capital. I remember one day talking with my poor friend W. Browne as to what forms Drunkenness would take with our friends in case they should ever get overtaken. How with old Spedding? W.B. said at once, “I can fancy him turning a chair bottom upwards and fancying himself an Applewoman.” A touch of Genius, I thought: I don't know how it will strike you.

I have made three vain attempts at Volume I of Browning—did I tell you? It seems to me an audacious piece of defiance to the Public whom he has found so long blind to his Merits—“Now you have at last come to accept me, I'll ride over you rough-shod.” But AT tells me he “finds greatness” in the work, call it Poem or what you will. And I should say no more, only I remember old Alfred trying to make us worship Bailey's Festus—magnanimous Great Dog!

Laurence I have given up as hopeless these twenty years, since he himself gave up his sketches in Crayon and Oil to seek after Venetian Colour. Old Spedding encouraged him; was as sure of his finding that secret out as of redressing Bacon; and in both cases leaves his Heroes worse off than he found them.

There are interesting Notes of Conversation with Rossini in some back Numbers of *Once a Week*,<sup>1</sup> showing how perfectly sane and comprehensive was the mind of that great Genius, at any rate.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Jan. 2 and 23, Feb. 6 and 13, 1869.

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To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
Monday [May, 1869]

*Dear Posh,*

It is well you did not come over on Saturday; for I had gone to the Ferry with Mr. Spalding, and only came back today. I suppose I must not wait till my Eye grows well before I go to Lowestoft; I keep about here, partly because the green of the Country agrees best with me; and partly because I have had some Law business which I get done best while I am here. Beside this, I have my sick Niece at my house, who is glad to see something of me after a Year's absence. But it will not be long before I go to Lowestoft.

Your Mackerel came all safe; very fine ones. I gave Newson four of them and he and Jack made two good meals off them. People here have been crying Mackerel about the Streets so low as six for a Shilling; and I have seen one or two Lowestoft men selling them in a Cart. So I supposed that there must have been some good catches.

Mr. Grimwood's Cutter has been coppering here, and has gone off for the Colne river today. Ablett Pasifull will have fitted out his this week, and will go to the Thames. It is melancholy now to stop at the Ferry; as there is no custom at poor Mrs. Darcey's. I think she never can continue there. I don't know what can best be done for her. Newson and Jack are both well, and would (no doubt) send you their regards if they knew I was writing.

So now Good Bye for the present; I dare say you will see us before long. I thought we were in for another fit of bad weather: but the Afternoon has cleared up warm and bright.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

To Mowbray Donne

[Woodbridge]  
[May, 1869]

*My dear Modie,*

Thank you for calling at Dixey's. They have this day sent me a pair of binoculars of course not like those I ordered and specified. So I

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shall have to send them back. But I shall not have to trouble you, once having got into communication with the Optician himself.

Why do you ask me about Ireland and America?<sup>1</sup> I who never read any Paper but the "Athenaeum," which does not meddle with such subjects, and an old "Ipswich Journal" whose Public News, and whose Remarks on it, I studiously avoid.

I continue to live in astonishment that England is suffered to go on in peace thus far; shall never be astonished to hear that she is at War, at home or abroad; but in the meanwhile will not plague myself with rumours and omens whose ill significance I can't evert, and which may turn out groundless, in spite of the omniscient Newspapers. I always say that the last American War—or Rebellion—proved sufficiently to me what the value of Newspaper Critics was, and made me vow to trouble myself about them no more.

What do you think of Browning's Poem? I say an impudent piece of Cockneyism—so far as I can judge from the three vain attempts I have made to read it. Alfred Tennyson says I am wrong, however, and I should shut my mouth after that, only that the magnanimous old Dog tried to force Bailey's "Festus" down our throats in the same way.

Now, Modie, when you were a Boy, and a Lad you were right to call me Mr. FitzGd. But now I won't have it any longer; remember it really chills me to see it. Tell Charles so too.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

P.S. Ask "the Missis" if she remembers any part of Hopton called *The Lake* or *The Laig*—which old Posh tells me of very gravely. But you needn't write about it, Mowbray, nor answer this letter at all; for you have enough of it, I daresay.

I don't know if old Newson will go with me this Summer; one of his gang of Pilots is dead, and I don't know if the remainder will spare him. Meanwhile he is rigging out the little Ship. I hope to have him Captain still; and he declares he can't sleep of nights—can't eat, etc., thinking of her—like his own child, he says—which is Blarney; as I tell him, when I set him down to a dinner at the Cookshop here.

<sup>1</sup> Six thousand armed and uniformed Fenians had marched in a parade in Philadelphia in 1868; and, during 1869, the leaders planned a second invasion of Canada. The attack, a fiasco, was launched from Vermont in April, 1870.

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To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
May 30, [1869]

Dear Wright,

I am sorry that you troubled yourself to answer my letter, busy as you were with your books, and (I think) with some Cambridge solemnities, of which I have heard from the Mistress of Trinity—openings of Chapels, Bishop's Visits, etc.

I now only write to answer your query as to the Serpent distich.<sup>1</sup> I felt sure that, of your two Versions, that rhyming with "free" was the righter; the use of the word "clear" in that sense being, I fancy, more modern.

On consulting my friend Mr. Spalding (a Ditchingham man) he remembered at once having heard the Proverb when he was a Boy; but running, as he remembers, in this way:

If the adder could hear and the Slow-worm see,  
Then England from *death* would never be free.

He won't swear to "death"; but it seems better than your "serpents," though scarce less of a truism, than that a non-sequitur.

Neither Mr. S. nor I can agree with you about "sag" which we understand as meaning simply to droop. Surely Macbeth means so.<sup>2</sup>

Thus far the two Sages of Woodbridge; who, however, return our thanks, and submit our superior knowledge to your theory of Four-y-leet.<sup>3</sup>

My ship came up for me; but I sent her back till these perverse winds know their places better.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See Bentham Variorum Edition, VI, 263.

<sup>2</sup> Learning that the Scottish nobles have deserted him, Macbeth says:

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

V. 3. 9-10

<sup>3</sup> Wright was unable to explain fully "four-y-leet," originally "four-way-leet," a meeting of four ways (Variorum Edition, VI, 263).

Summer 1869

To James Read

Woodbridge

Monday [Summer, 1869]

Dear Sir,

I was vexed at what must have seemed incivility to you in not asking you in when you called.<sup>1</sup> My Guest (George Crabbe) would have been glad to see you; that I know: but he comes to me as an Invalid, not allowed to talk much; and my Landlady (who has also been an Invalid) was prepared to take a Drive directly our Dinner (at 1) was over; so I did not like to cause any disturbance—even by getting an additional plate of meat, and bottle of Ale, for you; to which you would otherwise have been very welcome. George Crabbe told me I made a difficulty about nothing.

The few Books I have to send you of any worth, are, Gardiner's Music and Friends,<sup>2</sup> 3 Vols.: the Selwyn Correspondence (with Walpole), 4 Vols.;<sup>3</sup> both well half bound and clean. These are of some value, as being not common; you can tell me what you allow for them: and, if I accept your terms, it can go in exchange for other Books now or hereafter. If not, I can return them to the Bookseller. I had them on the same conditions.

The other Books must go for what you judge them worth.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The incident alluded to in this note to the Ipswich book dealer is probably the origin of a passage in Thomas Wright's *Life* (II, 149-50) in which Wright states that EFG once invited Read to dine with him. Upon arriving at Little Grange—so the account runs—Read was turned away by the housekeeper with the words, "You can't see him today." The story was denied by Read's nephew—and successor at the shop—whose statement is recorded in a letter from John Loder, among the Aldis Wright papers at Trinity College. The facts appear to be that Read, at an inconvenient time, had called at Market Hill to examine books FitzGerald proposed to sell.

<sup>2</sup> By William Gardiner, published 1838-53.

<sup>3</sup> Probably *George Selwyn and His Contemporaries* by J. H. Jesse, 4 vols., 1843-44.





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*appearance but Posh's aesthetic sense is slight. He is more concerned with fit and cost than Colour.*

E.FG.

To Frederick Spalding

*Lowestoft*

*Sunday [August 29, 1869]*

*Dear Sir,*

Thank you for your Letter which only came to hand last night, when I went for my nightly dose at the Suffolk. Thank you also for the pains you have taken about the footpath. Do you think G. Moor's a good plan? But you needn't write to answer this.

I was half minded to run to Woodbridge this Afternoon: partly because I wanted to go to the Bank; and partly to avoid Tomorrow's Regatta. It now blows strong: if it does so tomorrow, Newson thinks he could whack the River boats. But I will have no more to do with Races, unless dragged in: which indeed has been my case in all former things of the sort.

You will see by the enclosed that Posh has had a little better luck than hitherto. One reason for my not going to Woodbridge is, that I think it possible this N.E. wind may blow him hither to tan his nets. Only please God it doesn't tan him and his people first!

Alfred Smith writes that he wants to bring Wife and Children here for a week. I have written him what Information I can about Lodgings.

As to Lord Hatherley's MS, Edward Moor will be the man, ready and able, to get it for you. Lord and Lady H. were here last week—no, this week: and I met them on the pier one day, as unaffected as ever. He is obliged, I believe, to carry the Great Seal<sup>1</sup> about with him; I told him I wondered how he could submit to be so bored: on which my Lady put in about "Sense of Duty"—etcetera-rorum. But I (having no Great Seal to carry) went off to Southwold on Wednesday, and lay off there in the calm nights till yesterday: going to Dunwich, which seemed to me rather delightful.

Newson brought in another Moth some days ago: brownish, with a red rump. I dare say very common, but I have taken enormous pains to murder it: buying a lump of some poison at Southwold which the Chemist warned me to throw overboard directly the Moth was done for: for fear of Jack and Newson being found dead in their rugs.

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The Moth is now pinned down in a lucifer match box, awaiting your inspection. You know I shall be glad to see you at any time. I don't suppose I shall move away now, as the Donnes and Cowells talk of being here soon: as also Alfred.

Yours sincerely  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> As Lord Chancellor, Britain's highest judicial authority and Speaker of the House of Lords, Lord Hatherley was Keeper of the Royal Seal.

To Frederick Spalding

Lowestoft  
Sept. 4, [1869]

Dear Sir,

I wish you *were* coming here this Evening, as I have several things to talk over.

I would not meddle with the Regatta—to Newson's sorrow, who certainly *must* have carried off the second £10 prize. And the Day ended by vexing me more than it did him. Posh drove in here the day before to tan his nets: could not help making one with some old friends in a Boat race on the Monday, and getting very fuddled with them on the Suffolk Green (where I was) at night. After all the pains I have taken, and all the real anxiety I have had! And, worst of all, after the repeated promises he had made! I said there must now be an end of Confidence between us, so far as *that* was concerned, and I would so far trouble myself about him no more. But when I came to reflect that this was but an outbreak among old friends on an old occasion: after (I do believe) months of sobriety; that there was no concealment about it; and that, though obstinate at first as to how little drunk, etc., he was very repentant afterwards: I cannot let this one flaw weigh against the general good of the man: I cannot if I would: what then is the use of trying? But my Confidence in *that* respect must be so far shaken; and it vexes me to think that I can never be *sure* of his not being overtaken so. I declare that it makes me feel ashamed very much to play the Judge on one who stands immeasurably above me in the scale, and whose faults are better than so many virtues. Was not this very outbreak that of a great genial Boy among his old Fellows? True, a Promise was broken. Yes: but if the Whole Man be of the Royal Blood of Humanity, and do Justice in the

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main, what are *the people* to say? *He* thought, if he thought at all, that he kept his promise in the main. But there is no use talking: unless I part company wholly, I suppose I must take the evil with the good.

Well—Winter will soon be here, and no more Suffolk Bowling greens. Once more I want you to help in finding me a lad, or boy, or lout, who will help me to get through the long Winter nights—whether by cards or reading—now that my Eyes are not so up to the mark as they were. I think they are a little better: which I attribute to the wearing of these hideous Goggles, which keep out Sun, Sea, Sand, etc. But I must not, if I could, tax them as I have done over books by lamplight till Midnight. Do pray consider this for me, and look about. I thought of a sharp lad—that son of Hayward, the Broker—if he could read a little decently he would do. Really one has lived quite long enough.

Leathes<sup>1</sup> will be very glad to show you Herringfleet at any time. His Wife is really a very nice Lady: and his Boy, one of the nicest I have seen these thirty years. The Major himself sees wonderful things: he saw two sharks (supposed by Newson to be Sweet Williams) making love together out of the water at Covehithe: and a shoal of Porpoises tossing up a Halibut into the Air and catching it again. You may imagine Newson's demure face listening to all this, and his comments afterwards.

I only had your Letter when I got to the Suffolk at night, so was too late to tell you that I should have been very glad to see you here tomorrow (to hear all old Rachel's Lamentations over her stray Son!) if you had found it convenient and agreeable to yourself. But I suppose your going to Beccles on Tuesday would have kept you at home now. Don't come over only for an hour on Tuesday to any inconvenience.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Col. (not Major) Hill M. Leathes of Herringfleet Hall, near Lowestoft, noted for a rare collection of old masters.

To Frederick Spalding

*Suffolk Hotel, Lowestoft*  
*Sept<sup>r</sup> 21, [1869]*

*Dear Sir,*

Thank you much for your Letter, which I got last night when I went for my usual dose of Grog and Pipe.

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Posh came up with his Lugger last Friday with a lot of torn nets, and went off again on Sunday. I thought he was wrong to come up, and not to transmit his nets by Rail: as is often done at 6d a net. But I did not say so to him: it is no unamiable point in him to love home: but I think he won't make a fortune by it. However, I may be very wrong in thinking he had better not have come. He has made about the average fishing, I believe: *about* £250: some boats have £600, I hear: and some few not enough to pay their way.

He came up with a very bad cold and hoarseness: and so went off, poor fellow: he never will be long well, I do think. I was foolish to forget G. Crabbe's homeopathic *Aconite*: but I sent off some pills of it to Grimsby last night.

If it be time to have one's Garden set out for next year, *that* I do wish you would order to be competently done for me. Mr. Woods would furnish me some more common, gay, and hardy Tulips, and Anemones: Narcissus: and *some* others in the list which I enclose: but I doubt he has not the other old fashioned flowers.

When October comes, I shall plant a few more trees. I want to have one or two of the common Willow, with a white leaf, such as grows on the way to Kyson: and which I believe will grow from a stick of it put in the ground.

Leathes begged me to apologize for his hurried attention to you at Herringfleet: but I dare say you did not want Apology, knowing the stew he was in.

Though I date from Lowestoft I write rolling in my Cabin off Yarmouth, whither I have carried the Donnes. How they will get on board again I scarce know. They will be gone at the end of the week, I believe: and I leave it open what I shall do after that. I want a night at Yarmouth.

I hope your face is got right: it is but coldish here, with a NW wind.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

To Herman Biddell

Woodbridge  
October 26, [1869]

Dear Biddell,

I ought to have thanked you long ere this for the Brace of Birds you sent me. It has crossed my mind to do so several times: but has

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escaped me. This evening, talking to Mr. Berry about Birds and Shooters, I said I *would* write before I got to bed. And I am now doing so.

You know, I dare say, that my Life is divided into two pretty nearly equal shares: six months of the year tittuping about in a little Ship: and the other six months gnawing my paws in the room which I now write in. All I have to say is that I have been pretty well since I last saw you.

You, I hear, are going to be married one of these Days.<sup>1</sup> I dare say you have heard that that Estate is a Lottery, in which a few draw prizes; and he may even be called not unlucky who only draws a Blank.

My Lugger, which has drawn Blanks for two years, has this Autumn done better: and I really did anticipate having a whole £10 note to [put] into my pocket out of her. But the Captain will keep all Money to pay Debts:<sup>2</sup> which (as Lady Teazle says) only encourages Creditors.

Do remember me to your Sisters, and believe me

Yours truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> To Harriet Barlow.

<sup>2</sup> Posh may have taken the initiative about paying the bills. However, see the November 1 letter to him.

To Thomas Carlyle

*Markethill: Woodbridge*  
*October 27, [1869]*

*Dear Carlyle,*

You know I call on you for a little bit of a Letter once a Year: about this time too, when we are all of us shutting in, I suppose. I dare say you have not much more to tell me than I you; and that is, next to nothing: nothing that I have not had to say for the last ten years. All the Summer I was afloat, if not sailing: and I came up the River here yesterday, for Better or Worse. I don't know which to call the Wind and Snow we have here today: well out of that, at any rate.

Donne was with me for three days: and, though I think he scarce sees or knows you, had something to tell me about you. I read your French Revolution again in my Ship: and felt you talking to me all

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the while: the sign of a living Book, I suppose. I should rather like to know what you think of Browning, and his big new Book, which the London Critics are trumpeting above Alfred T. which surely is—*bosh*—little as any one may care for either. I have tried three times at the Book and Ring, and three times failed. I dare say you won't care to say a word about it—even if you have ever read it—and I am sure the whole Concern is indifferent Enough to me also.

This is a wretched pretence of a letter: but it only comes once a year. And I really do not like to fling away the last link of an intercourse in which you were very kind to yours always

E. FitzGerald

To Mrs. Tennyson

*Markethill: Woodbridge*  
*Oct<sup>r</sup> 27, [1869]*

*Dear Mrs. Tennyson,*

I write to *you*, because you would have to answer me, I believe, if I wrote to Alfred. Oh, but he did write me a very handsome letter which relieved my mind—this last Summer—the first letter, I believe, these fifteen or twenty years. That was very good of him indeed.

Well: when you write—which I suppose you will have to do one day—but I am sure you need be in no hurry about—you will tell me how you all are, and where you have been this Summer. Frederick was expecting to be engulfed by a tidal wave from the Atlantic, ninety feet high: but he escaped that, at any rate. I came back yesterday, for better or worse, from my Seafaring Life: and in good time: for here is Wind and Snow. I hope my Lugger is in port. For the first time we made a pretty good Voyage of it this last Autumn: and I was preparing to receive £10 instead of paying it: but my Captain insists on paying Debts, and bids me wait till Christmas. By that time all our Gains may be turned to Losses. If I can once see him safe on his legs, and his way before him clear, I think I shall back out of the Business, for I keep in a constant stew about all these people's lives whenever the Stormy Winds do blow.

I believe the London Critics go on in the same way about Browning. Why is it that *no one* I know (except AT) can manage to read the Book at all? Not either Donnes, Thompsons, or Cowells, or others with surely good judgments, and unprejudiced.

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Now for my happy hour! A Glass of Gin and Water, and a Pipe:  
so Good Night to you, and the "paltry Poet."

Ever yours  
E.FG.

To W. A. Wright

Markethill, Woodbridge  
Oct. 31, [1869]

Dear Wright,

Your Letter only reached me today, having lain this fortnight at my dear old Suffolk Hotel. I was forced out of Lowestoft (about the date of your letter) by a *frapp* of Luggers coming in from the North Sea—my own among the number—till the harbour was too hot to hold me. So I sailed off, and hung for a while nearer home at Aldbro' and Orford (the latter a very favourite old haunt of mine), till I came to meet Donne here a week ago. And when he went the Snow came: so I sent my little Ship and little Crew away to their Winter Quarters, and am come back here to my own.

Posh raised £450 by his North Sea: and I really fancied I should have a whole £10 in my pocket for once. But all is gone in Shares and other expenses except £6:3:3 up to this present writing. I am rejoiced the poor fellows all came home with something to carry to Wife and Children; £18 a Share: never was Money more gladly dispensed with.

I am glad you have hit upon Frapp and Smolt:<sup>1</sup> if Tymms wishes for a few more words in his Christmas East Anglian, I shall avail myself of your information. I had found smylt, etc., in Bosworth.<sup>2</sup> What Nall gives is the simple Etym: of *Safer*; viz, Sea-fare: I think more likely to be Icelandic: *saefn*, *congeries*: don't you?

Donne has a dozen people pleading for his Interest at Court for the Royal Library. Did you see little Woodward? An ingenious and well-informed little fellow: but something absurd about him; of a gaseous temperament, always aiming at what he never carried through: always in money troubles from his somewhat ambitious notions of Gentility. I always said he would not be the better for getting into the Air of the Court. They should have a man free from debt in such a place.

I can't get your Audit Ale<sup>3</sup> *up* here: my Landlord thinks his Cellar



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may be too cold. If Airy comes, he must give me counsel on the matter. His Cousin near here has been expecting him these three or four weeks.

When you have nothing better to do (which is not often, I think) send me a line, and believe me yours truly

E.FG.

I don't care what A.T. says about his Birds.<sup>4</sup> I know better.

<sup>1</sup> Wright had found that in *frapp*, "a crowd; crush," and *smolt*, "a calm," the Lowestoft seamen had "preserved two exceedingly good, old words" (*Sea Words and Phrases*, 1870).

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Bosworth, *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*, 1838. J. G. Nall, *Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft*.

<sup>3</sup> A choice ale, originally tapped on Audit Day, brewed at Trinity in conformity with a folk custom of providing special brews for specific occasions or seasons. "Up," to work up, ferment.

<sup>4</sup> See letter to Tennyson, Nov. 3.

## To Posh Fletcher

[Woodbridge]

Monday, November 1, 1869

I cannot lay blame to myself, Posh, in this matter, though I may not have known you were so busy with the boat as you tell me. Hearing of great disasters by last week's gale, I was, as usual, anxious about you. Hearing nothing from you, I telegram'd on Thursday Afternoon to Mr. Bradbeer:<sup>1</sup> his answer reached me at 5 P.M. that you had come in on Tuesday, and were then safe in harbour. Being then afraid lest you should put off paying away the money, which, as I told you, was a positive danger to Wife and Children, I directly telegram'd to *you* to do what I had desired you to do the week before. Busy as you were, five minutes spent in writing me a line would have spared all this trouble and all this vexation on both sides.

As to my telegrams telling all the world what you wish to keep secret; how did they do that? My telegrams to Mr. Bradbeer were simply to ask if you were safe. My telegram to you was simply to say, "Do what I bid you;" who should know what that was, or that it had anything to do with paying the Boat's Bills? People might guess it had something to do with the Boat: and don't you suppose that every one knows pretty well how things are between us? And why should they not, I say, when all is honestly done between us? The Custom House

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people must know (and, of course, tell others) that you are at present only Half-owner; and would suppose that I, the other Half, would use some Authority in the matter.

You say truly that, when we began together, you supposed I should leave all to you, and use no Authority (though you have always asked me about anything you wished done). Quite true. I never did wish to meddle; nor did I call on you for any Account, till I saw last year that you forgot a really important sum, and that you did not seem inclined to help your Memory (as every one else does) by writing it down in a Book. In two cases this year I have shown you the same forgetfulness (about your liabilities I mean) and I do not think I have been unjust, or unkind, in trying to make you bring yourself to Account. You know, and ought to believe, that I have perfect confidence in *your honour*; and have told you of the one defect I observed in you as much for your sake as mine.

Quite as much, yes! For the anxiety I have [experienced] these two years about your eleven lives is but ill compensated by all these squalls between us two; which I declare I excuse myself of raising. If, in this last case, you really had not time to post me a line or two to say you were all safe, and that you had done what I desired you to do; I am very sorry for having written so sharply as I did to you: but I cannot blame myself for the mistake. No: this I will say: I am not apt to think too much of my doings, and dealing with others. But, in my whole sixty years, I can with a clear conscience say that I have dealt with *one man* fairly, kindly, and not ungenerously, for three good years. I may have made mistakes; but I can say I have done my best as conscientiously as he can say he has done his. And I believe he has done his best, though he has also made mistakes; and I remain his sincerely,

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Bradbeer, ship broker and merchant of Lowestoft.

To Alfred Tennyson

Markethill, Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 3, [1869]<sup>1</sup>

*My dear old Alfred,*

I abuse Browning myself; and get others to abuse him; and write to you about it; for the sake of easing my own heart—not yours.

Why is it (as I asked Mrs. Tennyson) that, while the Magazine Critics are be-lauding him, *not one* of the men I know, who are not inferior to the Writers in the Athenaeum, Edinburgh, etc., cannot *endure*, and (for the most part) cannot read him at all? I mean his last Poem. Thus it has been with the Cowells, Trinity Thompsons, Donnes, and some others whom you don't know, but in whose Candour and Judgment I have equal confidence, Men and Women too. Frederick sent me some months ago a piece of a Mrs. Brotherton's<sup>2</sup> mind, going so far as to say that the Poem was not only disagreeable, but "nasty," and equally indignant with me about these Critics letting his Shadow obscure you—for a little—a very little while. "Pretty strong Language for a Lady," says Frederick, "And Long Life to her!!" Since I wrote to your wife, Pollock, a great friend of Brownings, writes to me. "I agree with you about Browning and A.T. I can't understand it. *Ter conatus eram* to get through the Ring and the Book—and failing to perform the feat in its totality, I have stooped to the humiliation of having young ladies to point out extracts for me (they having read it *all quite through* three times) and still could not do it. So I pretend to have read it, and let Browning so suppose when I talk to him about it. But don't you be afraid," (N.B. I am *not*, only angry) "things will come round, and A.T. will take his right place again, and R.B. will have all the honours due to his Learning, Wit and Philosophy."

Then I had the curiosity to ask Carlyle in my yearly Letter to him. He also is, or was, a friend of B.'s, and used to say that he looked on him as a sort of Light Cavalry man to follow you. Well, Carlyle writes; "Browning's Book I read—*insisted* on reading; it is full of Talent, of Energy, and effort, but totally without *Backbone*, or basis of Commonsense. I think among the absurdest Books ever written by a gifted Man." (Italics are *his*.)

Who then are the people that write the Nonsense in the Reviews? I believe the reason at the bottom is that R.B. is a clever London diner-out, etc., while A.T. holds aloof from the Newspaper men, etc. "Long Life to him!" But I don't understand why Venables, or some of the Men who think as I do, and wield trenchant pens in high places, why they don't come out, and set all this right. I only wish I could do it: but I can only see the right thing, but not prove it to others. "I do not like you, Doctor Fell," etc.

I found a Memorandum the other day (I can't now light on it) of a Lincolnshire story about "Haxey Wood" or "Haxey Hood"<sup>3</sup>—which,

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if I had not *told* it to you, but left it as by chance in your way some thirty years ago, you would have turned into a shape to outlast all R.B.'s Poems put together. There is no use in my finding and sending it now, because it doesn't do (with paltry Poets) to try and drag them to the water. The two longest and worst tales (*I think*) in Crabbe's Tales of the Hall, were *suggested* to him by Sir S. Romilly, and "a Lady in Wiltshire." I wish Murray would let me make a Volume of "Selections from Crabbe"—which I know I could do so that *common* readers would wish to read the whole original; which now scarce any one does; nor can one wonder they do not. But Crabbe will flourish when R.B. is dead and buried. Lots of lines which he cut out of his MS. would be the beginning of a little fortune to others. I happened on this couplet the other day:

The shapeless purpose of a Soul that feels,  
And half suppresses Wrath, and half reveals.<sup>4</sup>

Not that Crabbe is to live by single Couplets or Epigrams, but by something far better, as you know better than I. There is a long passage in the Tales of the Hall (Old Bachelor) which always reminds me of *you*, A.T., where the Old Bachelor recounts how he pleaded with his Whig Father to be allowed to marry the Tory Squire's Daughter: when,

Coolly my Father looked, and much enjoy'd  
The broken Eloquence his Eye destroy'd, etc.

and then pleads to the Tory Mother of the Girl.

Methinks I have the Tigress in my Eye, etc.

Do look at this, A.T., when you get the Book, and don't let my praise set you against it.

I have written you a very long letter, you see, with one very bad Eye too. I thought it had mended, by help of Cold Water and Goggles; but these last three days it has turned rusty again. I believe it misses the sea air.

δαινῶν τ' ἄημα πνευμάτων ἐκοίμισε  
στένοντα πόντον<sup>5</sup>

Do you quite understand this *ἐκοίμισε*? But what lines, understood or not! The two last words go alongside of my little Ship with me many a time. Well, Alfred, neither you, nor the Mistress, are to

answer this Letter, which I still hope may please you, as it is (all the main part) written very loyally, and is all true. Now, Good bye, and remember me as your old

E.FG.

Ne cherchez point, Iris, a percer les ténèbres  
Dont les Dieux sagement ont voilé l'Avenir;  
Et ne consultez point tant de Devins célèbres  
Pour chercher le moment qui doit nous desunir.  
Livrez-vous au plaisir; tout le reste est frivole;  
Et songez que, trop court pour de plus longs projets,  
Tandis que nous parlons le Temps jaloux s'envole,  
Et que ce Temps, hélas! est perdu pour jamais.<sup>6</sup>

But wait—before I finish I must ask why you assure Clark of Trinity that it is the *rooks* who call “Maud, Maud,” etc. Indeed it is the *Thrush*, as I have heard a hundred times in a Summer’s Evening, when scared in the Evergreens of a garden. *Therefore*:

Rooks in a clamorous quarrel up in the tall trees caw’d;  
But ’twas the Thrush in the Laurel, that kept crying,  
Maud, Maud, Maud.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Misdated 1867 in *Tennyson and Friends*, p. 118.

<sup>2</sup> Mary Brotherton, novelist, and her husband, Augustus, an artist, were friends of the Tennyson family.

<sup>3</sup> See letter to Mrs. A. Tennyson, July 5, 1862.

<sup>4</sup> Lines in the original MS of “Sir Owen Dale,” *Tales of the Hall*. Passages rejected by the poet in the course of composition survive as notes in his son’s 1834 edition of Crabbe’s works.

<sup>5</sup> “And the Breath of dreadful winds can allow the groaning sea to slumber.” Sophocles, *Ajax*, 674-75.

<sup>6</sup> An old French paraphrase of Horace, *Odes* I.xi.

<sup>7</sup> EFG’s version of *Maud*, XII.1. Clark was William G. Clark, Fellow of Trinity; joint editor with Aldis Wright of the *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

To Herman Biddell

Woodbridge  
Guy Faux Day, [1869]

Dear Biddell,

I have thought once or twice that Tennyson himself ought to have that illustration of one of his Poems which Thackeray made,<sup>1</sup> and

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which I gave to you. If you do not set any particular store by it, let us arrange that, and do you take any other you please from the Book you know of. But if you *do* set store by that particular drawing, why keep it by all means. I have never mentioned it to Tennyson, and do not suppose that he would care very much for it. Yet it seems the right thing to do: for he was a great friend of Thackeray's, and admired *the Man*, without (I suppose) having ever read any of his Books through. I remember his taking up a No. of *Pendennis* in my lodging twenty years ago, reading awhile, and then saying—"How *mature* it is!"—perfectly ripe, seasonable, and perfect, a produce of the Man's Wit and Experience of the World.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

I am sure that Thackeray's drawing must be better than any of Doré's—which I have never seen!

<sup>1</sup> An illustration for "The Lord of Burleigh," given to Biddell in November, 1866.

To W. A. Wright

[Woodbridge]  
[November 11, 1869]

Dear Wright,

Did I ever ask you where the word "gast-cope" (so pronounced) could come from? It means, as I understood, "without hire, or pay." "We took the Boy *gast-cope* on the Voyage to see how he'd like the Sea;" explained to me "We took him by way of a *guest*, without paying him for what service he might do." Has the word to do with *guest*, and *keep*?

Tymms will be glad, he says, of some Xmas gossip of the same sort as last year: so I shall write out for him the little I have, and have eyes for. I asked you in my last if you would help with some inland words? I shall put down (in your words, if you please) what you say of *Frapp* and *Smolt*: but I will not name you unless you choose, of course. With all good will to me, you may not care to be mixt up with my loose chat.

Airy seems rather huffed at my telling him that one guest suits my Landlady best; and thinks that I am bored with the thought of his

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coming alone. He is accustomed, you may know, to rule rather autocratically; I have written to tell him that I shall not be in the least bored, but very glad to see him; as I shall be to see you whenever you wander hitherward single.

I am actually running to London tomorrow to see Bowman the dentist:<sup>1</sup> but shall be back at night. I am not so well altogether as in my Ship.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> William Bowman, ophthalmic surgeon, *not* a dentist.

To E. B. Cowell  
(Fragment)

[November, 1869]

. . . Mrs. Thompson has very kindly written to me, giving a fair account of the Master. She tells me she hears from your Wife that you *will* read, and *won't* walk. And if you do and don't all this (and eat) you will get ill, indeed you will, and then repent; and we shall all have to repent with you.

You need not answer this (except by Elizabeth's transcript of the Generals—which I believe are in possession of the late Mrs. Harris) for I really only write because I have a mind to talk to you, solitary as I now feel, "These are my troubles, Mr. Wesley."

Good-night; and believe me yours (in spite of your ill-faith) and Elizabeth's (in spite of the lost MSS—precious as Livy's),

E.FG.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
Nov. 17/69

Dear Wright,

The grand Translations you have asked for are all bound up (such as would bind up) together, and sent by this time, I believe, to you by the Binder. Little as they do really deserve ever so small a corner in a Library where there should be only what is enduring and original

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(which, as in Dryden's case, a Translation may be), yet it would be yet more absurd for me to wait to be asked for mine a third time. So there they are. I have had them done up in *Russia*, which will, at any rate, help to give your Library the fine Odour which all Libraries should breathe, as I think. And with this I wash my hands of the presumption, which must be excused by your kindness in asking me.

Pray don't forget to let me know whether, and what, you will do for Tymms this Christmas.<sup>1</sup> But don't trouble yourself to do anything: you have plenty more important on your hands. I can simply add what notes I have of yours to my few words; and you can correct them, before or after print, as you please.

I hear nothing of Airy, who, I doubt, is offended with me. Do not you be so but believe me yours truly

E.F.G.

P.S. I told Leighton, the Binder, to stick in his own name somewhere if the Book satisfied him as a Specimen of his Binding. I have always found him very attentive, and reasonable in charges. Donne recommended him to me ten years ago.

<sup>1</sup> A portion of EFG's *Sea Words and Phrases* for January, 1870, was supplied by Wright.

To W. H. Thompson

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 17/69

*My dear Master,*

It seems strange to me to let so long a time pass without writing to you. I should do so oftener, only that Mrs. Thompson is so good as to tell me all about you, and you have scarce time—and often scarce healthful spirits—enough to write without positive necessity. As the Mistress wrote me not long ago a kind long letter, tell her not to think of replying in your behalf to this of mine: and do not you think of doing so for yourself.

By the by, old Spedding wrote me a long and very kind Letter a week ago: soon after his arrival in London. I think I would enclose it to you; only to do so involves your returning it with a word from yourself; so I won't. You know the Man, and how he writes: as no one else does, I think. He tells me (what you know already) that he has



a fifth Volume of his Bacon only waiting for its Index to be published—"not the last," he says.

"Paulo majora," etc. For I was about writing to your Librarian that I had desired a London Binder to bind in Russia all my Translations that would go into one Volume and send them down to him.<sup>1</sup> You asked me for this a year ago, I think: A. Wright asked me again in September at Lowestoft; and it would be making too much fuss about it to wait to be asked again. You know (if you believe me) what I think of such things: not at all fit to be in a Library like yours, except as being the handiwork of a Son of Trinity. And I will at any rate contribute a good Binding, and, so far as I go, "smell sweet," if not blossom, "in the dust" of your shelves. I love the scent of Russian in old Libraries, and so will add my mite to yours.

I shall one day also send *you* the little Dialogue you asked about, roughly cancelling a disagreeable part in the middle. It is really very pretty in its form, and also in parts: but would need a general revision to make it the pretty little Piece it might be.

With which will certainly end all my performances, or attempts, in the way of Book writing, which I had never any business with. What I *can* do—namely, to put some other man's much better, but looser, work into Shape, by help of scissors and paste—that no one will let me do. Which is a cruel Shame.

My Eyes not being so well again, I ran up on Friday to consult Bowman, who (whatever be the result of his advice) is evidently fifty times the Man that the Queen's Oculist is. I heard of Bowman from lots of people directly after I had been to the other man (here again is an instance of the perversity of human fate!) and Annie Thackeray wrote to me about him as a Genius in his way.

On my way from Shoreditch to Clifford Street, I thought I would look in at the National Gallery. That, of course (Humanity again!) was closed: so I went behind it through Leicester Square. There I saw a really charming Sir Joshua Lady at a Frame-maker's Window; just looked in to ask if they were framing it for somebody. No; it was their own, sent up in exchange with other things from some young Gentleman who wanted to get rid of his old Lumber, and refurnish his house with new. The Price? £25. I had just got £20 in four Fives from Coutts, and—said so—and got the Picture. The colour of the dear Girl's face is partially flown, as usual with the dear fellow's faces, you know; but all elegant, Ladylike, etc., and the Dress, etc., in the best light colour of the Venetians, never reproduced, I think, but by

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Sir Joshua. She holds a turtle-dove in her lap; and its mate is tumbling down (so badly drawn) through the Window. But all such a prism of delightful Colours!

Now, if *I* be right, how came this Picture to hang unnoticed in a window by which Artists, Academicians, and Connoisseurs, pass daily? *They* will simply say that *I* am wrong. Let them. I don't blame Fate here.

Here is a long ill-written letter: do not answer it, pray! But do you and the Lady believe me

always yours sincerely  
E.FG.

Merivale at Ely!<sup>2</sup> Donne writes me.

<sup>1</sup> The volume contains the eight Calderón plays and *Agamemnon*.

<sup>2</sup> Gladstone, who had become Prime Minister for the first time the previous year, had proposed appointing Charles Merivale as Dean of Ely in a letter to him dated November 11. The appointment was announced December 11.

To Mrs. Thompson

[Woodbridge]  
[c. November 20, 1869]

Dear Mrs. Thompson,

(I must get a new Pen for you—which doesn't promise to act as well as the old one. Try another.)

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Mistress of Trinity—(this does better)

I am both sorry, and glad, that you wrote me the Letter you have written to me: sorry, because I think it was an effort to you, disabled as you are; and glad—I need not say why.

I despatched Spedding's Letter to your Master yesterday; I daresay you have read it: for there was nothing extraordinary wicked in it. But, he to talk of *my* perversity! What but perversity on *his* side could make him talk of his *stupidity* being at fault for not appreciating Browning? That was simply because I had reckoned (without my Host) on his *not* liking B. Every other sufficient Friend I had my doubts of; so I tried Carlyle, in my yearly Letter to him. *He* likes and admires B. and always used to say that he considered him as a sort of Light Horseman after Tennyson; but he says the last Book is "without

Backbone or Common-sense; in fact, among the absurdest ever written by a gifted Man." Pollock has tried three times (as I have done) and failed; I think you and the Master were "non-plunged" (Sailor's phrase) in about the same way. And so, when I write all this to Spedding, you see what he answers. Well: I have no spite against Browning at all; but I am angry at the Cockney Reviews setting him, not only near—but above—Tennyson; whose later works I certainly don't care for: but "Will Waterproof" is worth, and will outlive, all that B. ever wrote, or can write. I couldn't help easing my mind in writing all this to A.T. himself: in my yearly letter to him.

My Sir Joshua is a darling. A pretty young Woman ("Girl" I won't call her) sitting with a turtle-dove in her lap, while its mate is supposed to be flying down to it from the window. I say "supposed," for Sir J. who didn't know much of the drawing of Birds, any more than of Men and Women, has made a thing like a stuffed Bird clawing down like a Parrot. But then, the Colour, the Dove-colour, subdued so as to carry off the richer tints of the dear Girl's dress; and she, too, pensive, not sentimental: a Lady, as her painter was a Gentleman. Faded as it is in the face (the Lake, which he would use, having partially flown), it is one of the most beautiful things of his I have seen: more varied in colour; not the simple cream-white dress he was fond of, but with a light gold-threaded Scarf, a blue sash, a green chair, etc. I should write to Tom Taylor (who I see is editing a list of Sir Joshua's works for Murray) to tell him of this: but I am not Great Man enough to make him believe I know true from false: though I probably do know more than he; having been interested in all such things these fifty Years, while I fancy he has only lately become an Authority in them. But I am told he is now "A-one" in such matters—What a phrase!

I was rather taken aback by the Master's having discovered my last—yes, and bonâ-fide my last—translation<sup>1</sup> in the volume I sent to your Library. I thought it would slip in unobserved, and I should have given all my little contributions to my old College, without after-reckoning. Had I known you as the Wife of any but the "quondam" Greek Professor, I should very likely have sent it to you: since it was meant for those who might wish for some insight into a Play which I must think they can scarcely have been tempted into before by any previous Translation. It remains to be much better done; but if Women of Sense and Taste, and Men of Sense and Taste (who don't know Greek) can read, and be interested in such a glimpse as I give

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them of the Original, they must be content, and not look the Horse too close in the mouth, till a better comes to hand.

My Lugger has had (along with her neighbours) such a Season hitherto of Winds as no one remembers. We made £450 in the North Sea; and (just for fun) I *did* wish to realize £5 in my Pocket. But my Captain would take it all to pay Bills. But—if he makes another £400 this Home Voyage! Oh, then we shall have money in our Pockets. I do wish this. For the anxiety about all these People's lives has been so much more to me than all the amusement I have got from the Business, that I think I will draw out of it if I can see my Captain sufficiently firm on his legs to carry it on alone. True, there will then be the same risk to him and his ten men—but they don't care; only *I* sit here listening to the Winds in the Chimney, and always thinking of the Eleven hanging at my own fingers' ends.

This Letter is all desperately about me and mine—Translations and Ships. And now I am going to walk in *my* Garden: and feed *my* Captain's Pony with white Carrots; and in the Evening have *my* Lad come and read for an hour and a half (he stumbles at every third word, and gets dreadfully tired—and so do I—but I renovate him with Cake and Sweet Wine) and I can't just now smoke the Pipe nor drink the Grog. "These are my Troubles, Mr. Wesley"—but I am still the Master's and Mistress' loyal Servant,

Edward FitzGerald

Hindes Groome is at any rate more terrible than Clytemnestra.

<sup>1</sup> The *Agamemnon*. Thompson was a Greek scholar.

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 22/69

*My dear Lady,*

So the Two Generals turned up at last<sup>1</sup>—yes, and have found their way home here. Thank you for them. As to forgiving you—why, I am only wroth with EBC for never sending me even one line ever since he failed in his promise to return to Lowestoft. I told Mr. Wright that I thought you both had cut me, for some reason unknown.

Here I am in my Winter Quarters, and not by any means the better for it. Half my Life at least falls into eclipse; partly, I suppose, because

of missing the Sea and the Sea Air all day and night long; and partly from missing the only Company I now seem to get. Whose fault is that! Whosoever it be, and whatever be the causes of my disimprovement, less well I am, and rather dread a Winter of growing worse. But I will say no more of that.

A little Fellow comes to my room every night to read to me from half after seven till nine. By which time he is tired, as well he may, after stumbling at every third word. But he is a nice quiet Boy, and well-mannered; so when nine comes, I give him Cake and Sweet Wine, and send him off to his Bed.

The Luggers have had plenty of rough weather, and have torn plenty of Gear, Sails and Nets. Last Night and Today it has been blowing a Gale again. My Captain writes about once a week, and I dare say I shall hear in a day or two, if he be alive to let me know.

I have had a very kind Letter from Mrs. Thompson. Why *she* finds time to write even with a shattered frame after her untoward Accident. Blush, E.B.C.!—Blush, Mrs. Ditto! and believe me both yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript of EFG's poem which he had asked Cowell to return in May, 1868.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[November, 1869]

*My dear Pollock,*

I meant to have thanked you for your first long, and capital, letter, even had it not been followed by that of yesterday. You think to mystify a poor Country man? Well, it is all capital fooling. Do, pray, when you have an idle half hour, send me any such letters. I cannot return them in kind, you know as I know: I have not the Material, nor the Wit to work upon it. That is quite true.

I have not seen Forster's Landor;<sup>1</sup> not caring much for either party. Forster seems to me a genuine Cockney: be-heroing Goldsmith, Landor, etc., à *outrance*. I remember so well his being red-hot in admiration of Coventry Patmore's first Poems: "By God, they came up to Tennyson's," etc. Talking of Tennyson, by the way, I had the curiosity to ask Carlyle (in my yearly Letter) what he thought of Browning's

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Book. I dare say you have heard him talk on the subject; he writes to me—"I have read—insisted on reading—Browning's Book. It is full of talent, energy, and effort: but actually without Backbone or basis of Common Sense. I think it among the absurdest books ever written by a gifted Man."<sup>2</sup>

Such is the opinion of all the men I know, whose opinion is certainly worth as much as the Newspaper Critics. Then why don't some of you step out into the Newspapers and Magazines, and tell the Truth of the Case? Why does not Venables? Stephen?<sup>3</sup> Pollock? I am sure I would if I could: but I have not the faculty. I can only say, "I do not like you, Doctor Fell," but there I stop—*knowing* I'm right. If Browning were half as great as they say, he would himself write to disclaim any approximation to Tennyson.

I really did not want my Lugger to *pay*, Pollock: only for fun's sake to have one £10 from her. The anxiety about the People's Lives (in the last gales, for instance) has been so much more than the Amusement, that (as I believe I said before) if I can see my Captain able to pay his own way, I think I shall back out at Christmas. Excuse bad writing (a bad Eye) ever yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> John Forster, *Life of Walter Savage Landor*, 1869.

<sup>2</sup> Browning asked Carlyle's opinion of *The Ring and the Book* soon after the poem was published. Carlyle, who had known the poet for some thirty-five years, replied that he "thought it a book of prodigious talent and unparalleled ingenuity; but . . . that of all the strange books produced on this distracted airth, by any of the sons of Adam, this one was altogether the strangest and most preposterous in its construction" (*Letters of Charles Eliot Norton*, Sara Norton and M. A. deWolfe Howe, eds., 2 vols., Boston and New York, 1913, I, 325).

<sup>3</sup> Leslie Stephen.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 24, [1869]

Dear Wright,

I bother you: but send me back your Scraps of letters, telling me if I may use them or not, for I want to make up what Tymms is to have by the end of this month. Don't let me use your Scraps if you don't like; but, if you do like, they will assuredly do to print as they are. I need not point to *you* in any introductory sentence, if you don't

like: but simply say they have been given me by one of good Authority. Anyhow, take no trouble about the matter, busy as you are. If your notes do not satisfy you as they are do not trouble yourself to shape them anew, for such a little purpose as mine.

I am adding a few hints of Derivation from the only Book I have—Haldorsen's Icelandic Dictionary<sup>1</sup>—to illustrate Forby. One note I have come across reminds me of a Question of yours about the *Horky*, or *Hawkey*. There is Icelandic: *hauga, coacervare*, for the last load of Harvest: and Icelandic: *horgar, arae idolorum*, if one wishes (as many do) to connect the Festivity with some ancient Pagan Prototype: the "Lord and Lady" on the waggon, or the dressed *Master-sheaf*—possibly standing for some mythical Personages—out of Lemprière!

Airy has a cold, and won't venture into Suffolk. I keep intending to run to Lowestoft, but am not quite well myself. They had another Gale at Lowestoft last Sunday night: my Ship hanging to her Nets till yesterday: and one poor Lugger, the "*Tyro*," losing seven men.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Björn Halldórssen, *Lexicon Icelandico-Latino-Danicum*, Hanau, 1814.

To W. B. Donne  
(Fragment)

Woodbridge  
Dec. 1, [1869]<sup>1</sup>

*My dear Donne,*

. . . I heard from Mrs. Kemble today: a very kind letter; but she only gives "Rome" for address, which leaves me as wide a mark to direct at as before. I shall ask Coutts to tell me. Don't you trouble yourself to write it. She says that her Daughters are coming to England in the Spring, which will save her going to America: a double gratification, she says. I think she wants a little Company in Rome: but she seems to rejoice in the Place nevertheless.

I am sure I wish—almost wish, that is, that I were there this Winter, which promises to be a cheerless one I think, and I don't manage these long nights so well as formerly.

A Boy comes to read to me for some two hours: stumbling at every other word: and I am off my Grog and Pipe—and positively imbibing

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homeopathic doses of *Nux Vomica*, and feeling (I scarce dare say it) somewhat better, whatever be the cause. "Absit Invidia!" . . .

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Misdated "1872" in *Donne and Friends*, p. 283.

## To the Editor of the *East Anglian*

[December, 1869]

Dear Sir,

Last Christmas I sent you a lot of sea-phrases, all the while conscious of others which I could not quite recover from memory, or noted down somewhere where I could not lay hands on them. Several of these have turned up since; several new to me, and several so familiar that I forgot they might be new to others, added; here is Christmas come again; and, if you again care to betray your grave readers into a little seasonable fooling as at this time last year, here is a little at your service,<sup>1</sup> from yours truly,

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Published January, 1870 (*East Anglian*, Vol. IV, 109-20). The final segment of the glossary, "A Capful of Sea Slang for Christmas," published January, 1871, (Vol. IV, 261-64) concludes: "And with this your motley Correspondent makes his third, and probably last, bow to the grave audience of the *East Anglian*. E.F.G."

## To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Dec. 7/69

My dear Pollock,

It is very good of you to write to me. You have plenty to do, and I have nothing to do, or to tell in return. So it is, however, that only last night, or this morning, as I was lying awake in bed, I thought to myself that I would write to you. Yes, and have a letter from you—once before Christmas—before New Year 1870, at any rate. And, when I came down this morning with the pleasing prospect of half an hour's walk in the East wind before breakfast, here was your letter anticipating mine.



It is capital, your going to see old Alfred in his lordly Pleasure-house looking over the Weald: I think one misses water in those otherwise fine sweeps of Down and Weald.<sup>1</sup> But then Water is the only thing we East Anglians have to show: and dismal-cold it shows now. I don't know if the woodland look better. This time of Year is certainly next door to Death. I half long to be at Rome, which Mrs. Kemble, who winters there, tells me about. But then the packing, unpacking, rushing to packets, railways, hotels, etc., with the probable chance of wishing oneself back in one's own dull Woodbridge after all!

Leave well—even “pretty well”—alone—that is what I learn as I get old. I have only been pretty well myself lately: diminished of Grog and Pipe, which made the happiest hour of the twenty-four, and actually trying some Homeopathic Nux Vomica instead. Whether for better or worse I won't say: for, directly one has said it, you know—

Then, my dear Eyes not having quite recovered the paraffin, a lad comes to read at half past seven till nine—stumbling at every other word, unless it be some Story that carries him along. So now we are upon the *Woman in White*: third time of reading, in my case: and I can't help getting frightened now. I see a new Story advertised from Dickens.<sup>2</sup>

Did I tell you that when I ran to London some weeks ago to consult Bowman, I saw at a framer's in Leicester Square, a Sir Joshua Portrait, and bought it? The face faded, but the Expression and air all delightful—and the Dress and “entourage” of Venetian Colour. It is of a young and pretty Woman—pensive not sentimental—holding a Dove in her lap while its mate is coming down (very heavily) through a Window, I suppose. I wonder how it was that such lots of Virtuosos, Artists, Academicians, etc., should be passing, as they must, that way, and not have troubled themselves to offer, or get some one to offer, £20 for it. Well, if they saw it with me, they would say it was no Sir Joshua at all; I am very glad they never thought it was so. I should tell Tom Taylor of it, as I see he advertises a list of Sir Joshua's as forthcoming from Murray: but he would take for granted it was a pleasant delusion.

Mrs. AT is all you say, indeed: a Lady of a Shakespearian type, as I think AT once said of her: that is, of the Imogen sort, far more agreeable to me than the sharp-witted Beatrices, Rosalinds, etc. I do not think she has been (on this very account perhaps) so good a helpmate to AT's Poetry as to himself. But the time is come (if it

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never were before) that makes the latter [former] a very secondary consideration.

This is very dull, all this, my dear Pollock: and now growing too much of it: in bad MS too. Besides, I begin to think I told you all about my Picture before. And, after all, I haven't looked at it half a dozen times since it has been down: but then it is at my *Château*—where I don't live.

Now, in ten minutes the Mate of a Three-masted Schooner is coming to say Goodbye before he starts to Genōa (they call it) with a cargo of—Red Herring. And then my reader! He is the son of a Cabinet-maker: and last night read “her future husband” as “her *furniture* husband.” This is true.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson had taken possession of Aldworth, his new summer residence near Haslemere, Surrey, in July.

<sup>2</sup> *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Dickens' unfinished novel which was being published in monthly numbers when he died June 9, 1870.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Dec. 28/69

*My dear Pollock,*

I really do think it is very good of you to write to me: I am sure it is very pleasant to me. This I suppose I have said to you before, and perhaps over and over again. It is all very true.

I went to my old Lowestoft a fortnight ago, and became (whether by Sea Air, Sea Society, or a Doctor) well enough to—smoke a pipe, and drink a Glass of Grog again; both which I had resigned for some while, with no good grace. For I consider these to give me the pleasantest hour of all the twenty-four. I dare not count on this continuing: always afraid of the Cherub who sits up aloft, etc.

The Lugger has managed to pay off all her Debt, and to put £35 in the pocket of her two Owners. This is the first money we have touched on all our Outlay, after three years loss. More than one ought to expect, you say, on your principle of “Noblesse oblige,” so far as *I* am concerned. And very true. And, as I did not embark in the business for Profit, I did not expect more. But, as I did not know all the anxiety it would cause me about all these people's lives, I

believe I shall now try to back out of it, the more so as my Captain certainly wishes (with all due regard to me) to be sole Master; mainly, I think, for the proper hold it gives him over his Crew, who do not pay the same regard to a fellow-worker as to an Owner. And now that he has got a clear start he may, if he chooses, be sole Owner: though, as I tell him, I will hold on if he still feel he may want some one at the back of the Throne. But to that he answers not.

It has been a season of considerable gain to all concerned in the Voyage, not because of the Quantity, and still less of the Quality caught: I suppose the high price of Meat, and much other Provision, has raised the price of Herring. But, as a set-off against present gain, there never has been known such damage of Ship and Gear; so, if we have paid for what we had, we shall have to pay for what is to be got.

Here is a fine letter of Business for me to write and for you to read!

Well, I returned here on Xmas Eve, to meet a poor fellow who was to spend his Xmas week with me. Instead of which, I find a Letter from him to say he is too ill to come. Then my Landlord and Landlady were both indisposed; so that, with all this, and even the little life of Woodbridge extinct under closed Shops and falling Snow, I made a very cheerful time of it.

I found the new Idylls<sup>1</sup> on the Lowestoft Bookstall: but I can get no more interested in them than in any of their Predecessors: except the old Morte D'Arthur. That *that* was the finest subject in the whole Legend is implied, I think, by the Poet himself attacking it from the first. The Story—the Motive—of the others does not interest me in itself; nor do I think that AT has touched the right Key in treating of it. The whole Legend, and its parts, appear to me scarce fitted to interest any but the childlike readers of old knightly days whom they were intended to amuse, I suppose: not, in the main, very much beyond Jack the Giant-killer, etc., and I think such Stories are best told in the old simple English of the Romance itself. When elaborated into refined modern verse, the “opus” and the “materia” seem to me disproportioned. Something in the same way as Cowper’s Miltonic rhythm was quite out of tune with Homer. I may be quite wrong in all these reasons for my indifference to these Poems; I only *know* I do not like Dr. Fell; and have some considerable—perhaps more considerable—reliance on my *unreasoning* than on my reasoning affections in such matters.

And while Guinevere, Pelleas, and Co. leave me quite unconcerned about them, the Lincolnshire Farmer positively brought tears to my

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Eyes. There were Humanity, Truth, and Nature come back again; the old Brute becoming quite *tragic* in comparison, just as Justice Shallow does, seen through Shakespeare's Humour.

All this *aesthetic* is as bad as the Herring business. So I will shut up Shop at once: wish you and yours a Happy 1870, and hope to remain through it

Yours sincerely  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *The Holy Grail and Other Poems*, 1869, postdated 1870. "Northern Farmer, New Style," was included in the volume.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
Jan. 2, [1870]

*My dear Donne,*

I sent off three Volumes of "Edinburgh" by Rice three days ago: and ought to have written to you before to say so. But there is no occasion for you to write if they have reached you: only let me know directly if they have not. I wrote to Mowbray to tell him I had spent but a dreary Christmas here, and am very glad it is gone.

I hear you have reviewed the Westminster Play;<sup>1</sup> Mowbray says it went off capitally.

... I really think Cowell has dropt me. Why I cannot tell. In a few days, I daresay, I shall send you one of my valuable Philological Papers in the Tymm's Repository;<sup>2</sup> but remember I don't want an acknowledgment of it. It is only a little mild provincial fun for Christmas. I want to see Miss Mitford's Memoirs,<sup>3</sup> which I hope will one day be advertised cheap in Mudie's surplus list. I thought what I saw of the book in the "Athenaeum" very good.

Did you ever see Kean in Brutus?<sup>4</sup> I bought an old copy of the Play—poor enough, and yet with half-a-dozen good lines. What an opportunity for a writer of Genius is that last situation when Brutus pauses before giving the sign—made nothing of by Payne. I see David Fisher<sup>5</sup> was the Titus in 1818.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The annual Terence comedy produced at Westminster School.

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<sup>2</sup> The 1870 *Sea Words and Phrases*.

<sup>3</sup> *The Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, A. G. L'Estrange, ed., 3 vols., 1869.

<sup>4</sup> *Brutus* or *The Fall of Tarquin*, by J. H. Payne, first performed Dec. 3, 1818.

<sup>5</sup> See letter to Donne, Nov. 19, 1862, n.3.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge

Jan. 9/70

Dear Wright,

I ought to have written to you about the "Bealings Bells"<sup>1</sup> which I sent. However, you understood from whom they came, and why they came. I don't think people ever troubled themselves to find out the mystery, looking upon it as one of "the Major's Crotchets." These he had: but in general was much wiser with them than the Country Squires who smiled at them. I remember his persisting in it to the last that "his Bells were rung by no human hand;" but he did not repudiate electrical or atmospheric Agency.

I did not desire Tymms to send you a Revise of your Corrections,<sup>2</sup> for I think he is intelligent and careful enough to be trusted in that way. Why his Number isn't out I don't know. I will send a Copy to the Master and to Cowell, just for the fun: do tell them I don't want an acknowledgment of such an important work. I shall however soon write to the Mistress, about whom and her Master I want to hear. Cowell has at last written to me, which I am really glad of: for I had begun to believe he had dropt me.

One Suffolk word has always been an odd mystery to me: "Dutffin," a cart Bridle—with Blinkers, I think.<sup>3</sup> Can you make anything of it?

My Landlady seems to me to get weaker, and to shut in gradually. She is now in bed, feeling herself better there. But, when one feels oneself better in Bed?

My Captain has been over with me, and I believe I shall resign the Luggie to him; he is too honest to say that he does not wish to be whole, sole, and independent Master of her and himself, little as my interference has ever been. The Man is born to be Master, not Man, in any relation of Life, and I have felt I was in my wrong place finding even the little I ever thought I found to blame.

Yours sincerely  
E.FG.

January 1870

<sup>1</sup> Major Moor's book. See letter to Barton, Aug. 8, 1841.

<sup>2</sup> Proof for Wright's notes included in the 1870 *Sea Words*.

<sup>3</sup> EFG had inquired about the derivation of dutfin in a letter to *Notes and Queries*, Jan. 26, 1861.

To Mrs. Cowell

[Woodbridge]

[c. January 12, 1870]

*My dear Lady,*

I send you a Photo of the Ape-like Captain<sup>1</sup> whose paw you took at Lowestoft—last year! It was done at Ipswich last week when the Ape was with me: and is fairly done. I believe he will now have his Lugger to himself; which, with some Regard to me too, is the Desire of his heart: to rule alone, as he is born to do, over himself and others. When I have found fault, I have done so with misgiving, and generally found myself wrong at last.

I don't know why my East Anglian Nonsense (to which the enclosed may serve as Frontispiece<sup>2</sup>) is not forthcoming. I think poor Mr. Tymms, who has been ailing, must be ill. I shall send it to you, but you know that it needs no acknowledgment in return. I will also send Cowell the Plays when I have got them out of their hiding place.

Oh—and you must tell him that I have cut out a sheet and more from Euphranor, and replaced it in the most ingenious way possible by new stuff, some of which he—and even you, will like. It was Mr. S. Cowell's people<sup>3</sup> did it for me—so carefully and cleverly. But they have not stitched it up yet.

Cowell's not taking much to Crabbe "in toto" while he liked well what I quoted to him (a thing I have heard from others) is not this a proof that some selected Readings from the Poet are wanted? Here am I ready and able for the work: and no one will employ me. Donne spoke to Murray who only deferred.

Now my Eyes have had Enough for Today and Tonight.

Ever yours and Cowell's

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> A head-and-shoulders photograph of Posh Fletcher, the second taken for EFG. The first, 1867, reproduced on a postcard by a Woodbridge stationer, was widely distributed and is identified invariably as that of 1870. (See letter to Posh, [May 25, 1867], n.4. The only copy of the 1870 picture known to the editors appears on the facsimile of Posh's 1909 application for a pension in Ganz's

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*FitzGerald Medley*, opposite p. 56. The copy is too small for satisfactory reproduction.

<sup>2</sup> Posh was the source of many terms and definitions in *Sea Words and Phrases*.

<sup>3</sup> The commercial printing house of Samuel Cowell, one of E. B. Cowell's uncles.

## To Alfred Tennyson

Woodbridge  
Jan. 12/70

*My dear old Alfred,*

I bought your new Volume at Lowestoft; and, when I returned home here for Xmas, found a Copy from your new Publisher. As he sent it, I suppose, at your orders, I write about it what I might say to you were we together—over a Pipe—instead of so far asunder.

The whole Myth of Arthur's Round-Table Dynasty in Britain presents itself before me with a sort of cloudy, Stonehenge grandeur. But (always excepting the "Morte"—which I suppose most interested yourself near forty years ago) I have never made much of its several Parts; and am not sure if the old Knights' Adventures do not tell upon me better, touched in some lyrical way (like your own *Lady of Shalott*) than when elaborated into Epic Form. I never could care for Spenser or Tasso, or even Ariosto, whose Epic has a Ballad ring about it. But then I never could care much for the old Prose Romances neither—except *Don Quixote*. So, as this was always the case with me, I suppose my Brain is wanting in this bit of its dissected Map.

Anyhow, Alfred, while I feel how pure, noble, and holy your work is; and while phrases, Lines, and sentences of it will abide with me, and, I am sure, with Men after me, I read on till the Lincolnshire Farmer drew tears to my Eyes! I was got back to the substantial rough-spun Nature I knew; and the old Brute, invested by you with the solemn humour of Humanity—like Shakespeare's *Shallow*—became a more pathetic Phenomenon than the Knights who revisit the World in your other Verse. There! I can't help it; and have made a clean breast; and you need only laugh at one more of "Old Fitz's Crotchets," which I daresay you anticipated.

I have made another *honest* attempt on Browning—his own Selection from his own Works, and so, I suppose, containing what he considered most likely to be intelligible and agreeable to general Readers. It has left me just where I was; all seemed to me forced,

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affected, distorted, and disagreeable: to compare which with my own paltry Poet is, I say, to compare an old Jew's Curiosity Shop with the Phidian Marbles. They talk of Browning's metaphysical Depth and Subtlety: pray is there none in *The Palace of Art*, *The Vision of Sin* (which last touches on the limits of Disgust without ever falling in) *Locksley Hall* also, with some little Passion, I think—only that all these being clear to the bottom, as well as beautiful, do not seem to Cockney eyes so deep as Browning's muddy Waters.

I suppose you are at Farringford with your Boys for the Holidays. Let me wish you all a Happy New Year; and believe me your faithful old crotchety Retainer,

E.FG.

P.S. Oh, I am going to send you one of *my* immortal Works, Alfred: only another Paper of Sea-faring Gossip, in which *you* are mentioned, though not named.<sup>1</sup> You will have long ago forgotten the circumstance; but I remember it well—at Brighton—in 1853—when you and Mrs. Tennyson were there, and I with my Mother.

I also think I shall one day send you *my* little piece of Knightlihood—of which Cowell told me you liked parts,<sup>2</sup> and from which (in consequence) I have cut out what seems to me the most disagreeable part, leaving much behind, together with what still seems to me pretty. I had not looked at it for fifteen years till Cowell told me what you said; and that made me cut out, and insert, some pages.

<sup>1</sup> EFG had alluded to "the Great Poet of our day" and "the Great Novelist" in his 1870 *Sea Words*, which conclude with the Magnus Harper letter he had sent to the Tennysons in 1862. See letter to Mrs. Tennyson, [Feb., 1862] and text immediately following it.

<sup>2</sup> *Euphranor*.

To Samuel Laurence

Markethill: Woodbridge  
Jan. 13/70

*My dear Laurence,*

Can you tell me (in a line) how I should treat some old Pictures of mine which have somehow got rusty with the mixt damp and then fires (I suppose) of my new house, which, after being built at near double its proper cost, is just what I do not want, according to the



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usage of the Ballyblunder Family, of which I am a very legitimate offshoot?

If you were down here, I think I should make you take a life-size Oil Sketch of the Head and Shoulders of my Captain of the Lugger. You see by the enclosed that these are neither of them of a bad sort: and the Man's Soul is every way as well proportioned, missing in nothing that may become A Man, as I believe. He and I will, I doubt, part Company; well as he likes me, which is perhaps as well as a sailor cares for any one but Wife and Children: he likes to be, what he is born to be, his own sole Master, of himself, and of other men. So now I have got him a fair start, I think he will carry on the Lugger alone: I shall miss my Hobby, which is no doubt the last I shall ride in this world: but I shall also get eased of some Anxiety about the lives of a Crew for which I now feel responsible. And this last has been a Year of great Anxiety in this respect.

I had to run to London for one day about my Eyes (which, you see by my MS, are not in prime order at all) and saw a Sir Joshua at a Framer's window, and brought it down. The face faded, but elegant and lady-like always; the dress in colour quite Venetian. It was in Leicester Square; I can't think how all the world of Virtuosos kept passing and would not give twenty pounds for it. But you don't rate Sir Joshua in comparison with Gainsboro!

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[January, 1870]

*My dear Pollock,*

I send you a second (and I suppose, last) Number of my Sea-faring Nonsense: which, you know, needs no acknowledgement from you. I write to say so, however. And also to learn if you can tell me where in London is best for a large Crayon Photograph: for a Head the size of Life. I have heard that these Crayon Photographs do very well.

I suppose you are busy with your Theatricals.<sup>1</sup> Send me a Playbill. I was reading the Tragedy of "Brutus" by H. Payne the other day, in which E. Kean was so great, as I am told: as I can imagine also. The Play is but a poor concern, with some half dozen good lines; but the "Business" is everything.

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I have had my Captain over with me to square up Accounts. He brought me £35 after clearing all our Debts. And now that he is, I hope, pretty safe on his own legs, I believe I am to do what is most at his heart—leave the whole Business to him. Very, very, little as I have ever interfered, the Man is born to be utterly independent, and is too honest to conceal his wish when the Question is put to him. So I shall have to renounce my very last Hobby—with a great pang—and yet in some measure relieved of the Anxiety which the Eleven Lives I was responsible for caused me. “Sic transit.”

I shall send you a slight Sketch made by a Damsel here from my Sir Joshua: which you can show Taylor, or any Virtuoso you come across. Any one will know—or ought to know—that the thing is *from* Sir Joshua: though they may doubt if it be from him direct. I should like to know if there be any intimation of such a Lady with Doves, etc., in any record of his Works. “The young Lady looks very modest,” said my Captain: who himself looks very much modester than modern young Ladies: and *is* so.

Where tarries Lord Bacon?<sup>2</sup> Have you seen Trinity’s Master?

And, lastly, believe me ever yours sincerely

E.FG.

Would you direct the enclosed?

<sup>1</sup> The annual family play.

<sup>2</sup> Spedding.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge

Jan. 16, [1870]

*My dear Pollock,*

Pray keep the Sketch. I now enclose you a Photo done the other day at Ipswich of my Captain, who you may see is not of the Ape Type at all. If you should show it to Woolner he might find some nearer resemblance in the old Marbles. And the Man’s outer Body is justified by the inward Soul, in all due proportions, whether of Heart or Head—though he is blackguard enough to think he would do better without me, and would not understand Browning better than his discarded Partner does. I want a good big head of the Fellow—to hang up by old Thackeray and Tennyson, all three having a stamp of Grandeur

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about them in their several ways, and occupying great places in my Soul. This is why I asked you about Life-size Photos—Crayon-coloured: but you forgot to tell me. Do so when you are at leisure; not forcing yourself now. Never mind the Sea-words: they have just amused you a little, which is all they were meant to do. This Photo will serve as a Frontispiece—being that of the chief Authority quoted. I should not make free of such confidence if I did not know the simple indifference of the Man even if he ever should come to know of my treason. Of this I was assured by last year's paper: of which I happened to have an old Proof in my pocket one night when we [were] together. His Pipe wanted a Light; and I (not knowing what it was) gave him a torn leaf for the purpose. Before folding it up, he took a fancy to read a bit—his own words—and I said (in some alarm)—“Well, is that wrong?” “I don't see but it's all right enough, Sir,” with perfect unconsciousness. In this he differs from the Laureate.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

D——n my Eyes!

I hear that Photos enlarged from small size don't answer; are coarse, etc. How big then can one get them done at first hand? How crayoned? And where?

To W. J. Burgess<sup>1</sup>

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*Jan. 16, 1870*

*Dear Sir,*

I meant to have written you a line—to say, at least, that the Nonsense I sent you needed no Acknowledgement. However, I am glad to hear of you, and hope I may see you again by and on the Sea, when Summer comes again. Had I more energy about me, I should have been looking out for another Ship—a little drier and perhaps a little larger—and one only needs to write to some Yacht-Agent to hear. But I have let this much of Winter go by, and suppose I shall do as I have done. The Lugger, like all the rest this Year, did well, if not *so* well as some—something over £1000 from August to December. So, for the first time these three years, we have paid all our Debts (very much to the surprise and even disappointment, of the Merchants

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who don't know what to make of getting out of their Books) and have actually brought home £40 each in our pockets. And now that the Stage is clear, I think I shall retire from a Business which, while it has amused me, has also caused me great Anxiety about all the People's Lives, for which I felt partly responsible. Especially in this last year of perpetual Wind. It gives me a pang to leave off this my last Hobby: but the Captain does not pretend that he wishes me to continue on it. He is a Man born to rule himself and others: and, little as I have ever interfered, he would rather have no interference—especially as, after a time, I generally found that he was right, and I wrong. I enclose a Photo of him: not at all of the *Ape* Species, you see: but the figure is spoilt by the Artist. The Attitude wrong—sheepish.

Believe me, yours truly,  
Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> A manufacturer of Shenfield, near Brentwood, Essex; probably an "anchorage acquaintance."

To Mrs. Tennyson

[Woodbridge]  
[January, 1870]

Dear Mrs. Tennyson,

As I have sent Alfred my two Sea-faring Works, I take a fancy to send you a Photo taken of the principal Authority quoted in them. Not much of the *Ape*, is it? Nor is the Soul inside, I assure you, but in all ways corresponding to the outside here represented.

Remember, however, that I do not want you at all to acknowledge either Book, Print, or Letter. You wrote me all I wanted to hear: I take for granted you are now at Farringford with your Boys, and I hope all well and happy—as the World goes.

I dare say you thought my Letter to Alfred about his new Book all wrong and absurd—however honest. I should not have written (though I might have *spoken* had we been together) only that I concluded Alfred desired the Book to be sent me—the only one of his he ever did. So I wished to acknowledge it: and so thought best to say something of what I thought about it—in which all the rest of the World is against me, and more likely to be right than I.

Old Alfred—I used to tell him he had something of the Sailor build about him; and, except a little more forehead, I don't know if this

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Captain of mine might not do as a Frontispiece to some of AT's Poems. Better, I think, than the thing they prefixed to the Concordance,<sup>1</sup> where the Knees of the shaky order somewhere hinted by AT as unpromising of Character. This Man too has the Germ of Poetry in him—more the new *Affections* of it—but the Life in a Herring-lugger is not that of Parnassus.

My writing follows my Eyes—and wearisome to you as well as to me. But I am yours ever

EFG

The place where I have referred to AT is at the end of the Paper: no harm done, I hope.

I have just got old Spedding's last Volume.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> D. B. Brightwell, *A Concordance to the Entire Works of Alfred Tennyson*, 1869.

<sup>2</sup> Volume V of *The Life and Letters of Bacon*.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge

Tuesday [January 18, 1870]

My dear Cowell,

Your Letter today was a real pleasure—nay, a comfort—to me. For I had begun to think that, for whatever reason, you had dropt me; and I know not one of all my friends whom I could less afford to lose.

You anticipate rightly all I think of the new Idylls. I had bought the Book at Lowestoft: and when I returned here for Christmas found that A.T.'s Publisher had sent me a Copy. As I suppose this was done by A.T.'s order, I have written to acknowledge the Gift, and to tell him something, if not all, of what I think of them.<sup>1</sup> I do not tell him that I think his hand weakened; but I tell him (what is very true) that, though the main Myth of King Arthur's Dynasty in Britain has a certain Grandeur in my Eyes, the several legendary fragments of it never did much interest me; excepting the *Morte*, which I suppose most interested him also, as he took it up first of all. I am not sure also if such a Romance as Arthur's is not best told in the artless old English in which it was told to Arthur's artless successors four hundred years ago; or dished up anew in something of a Ballad Style like his own Lady of Shalott, rather than elaborated into a modern Epic form.

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I never cared, however, for *any* chivalric Epic; neither Tasso, nor Spenser, nor even Ariosto, whose Epic has a sort of Ballad-humour in it; Don Quixote is the only one of all this sort I have ever cared for.

I certainly wish that Alfred had devoted his diminished powers to translating Sophocles, or Aeschylus, as I fancy a Poet should do—one work, at any rate—of his great Predecessors. But Pegasus won't be harnessed.

From which I descend to my own humble feet. I will send you some copies of Calderon when I have uncloseted and corrected them. As to Agamemnon, I bound up a Copy of him in the other Translations I sent to Trinity Library—not very wisely, I doubt; but I thought the Book would just be put up on its shelf, and I had given all I was asked for, or ever could be asked for. The Master, however, wrote me that it came to his Eye, and I dare say he thought I had best have let Aeschylus alone. My Version was not intended for those who know the Original; but, by hook or by crook, to interest some who do not. The *Shape* I have wrought the Play into is good, I think: the Dialogue good also: but the Choruses (though well contrived for the progress of the Story) are very false to Aeschylus; and anyhow want the hand of a Poet. Mine, as I said, are only a sort of "Entr'acte" Music, which would be better supplied by Music itself.

I will send you in a day or two my Christmas Gossip for the East Anglian, where I am more at home. But you have heard me tell it all before.

It is too late to wish you a good Christmas—(I wonder how you passed it, mine was solitary and dull enough) but you know I wish you all the Good the New Year can bring. Love to Elizabeth; do not be so long without writing again, if only half a dozen lines, to yours and hers sincerely,

E.FG.

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge

Tuesday [January 18, 1870]

Dear Posh,

I have your note telling me of your Wife's safe Delivery. This morning at 5, Mrs. Berry was delivered herself—from this troublesome world, where she would probably never have been well or easy again. And that is perhaps the best Deliverance after all.

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I shall therefore move away from this house for a while; either to my own, or to Lowestoft: which of these two, I shall decide tomorrow. I think most probably to Lowestoft.

Newson came up today, well and merry. I dined with him at Mr. Southgate's, and he is now putting up at the Boat<sup>1</sup> till tomorrow. He asked after you, and I told him.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Boat Inn.

To S. Laurence  
(Fragment)

Woodbridge  
Jan. 20/70

*My dear Laurence,*

. . . My Captain lives at Lowestoft, and is there at present: he also in anxiety about his Wife who was brought to bed the very same day my Landlady died, and (as a letter from him this morning tells me) has a hard time of it. I should certainly like a large Oil-sketch, like Thackeray's, done in your most hasty, and worst, style, to hang up with Thackeray and Tennyson, with whom he shares a certain Grandeur of Soul and Body. As you guess, the colouring is (when the Man is all well) as fine as his form: the finest Saxon type: with that complexion which Montaigne calls "vif, mâle, et flamboyant"; blue eyes; and strictly auburn hair, that any woman might sigh to possess. He says it is coming off, as it sometimes does from those who are constantly wearing the close hot Sou'westers. We must see what can be done about a Sketch.

To W. F. Pollock

Lowestoft  
Jan. 30/70

*My dear Pollock,*

Did I tell you that I must run away from Woodbridge for awhile, on account of my Landlady's Death? I tried my own house—for one

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night! The rooms were so large, cold, and solitary, that I was obliged to run away to the Bull Inn, get to the Kitchen fire, and there at last thaw, the Landlord assisting with hot Punch. So next day I came to my old Quarters here: have absolutely bought another little Lugger—which led to a quarrel with my Captain—for whose use it is—and had to give him two great Pills last night to clear his head which really was made “duddy,” the poor fellow said, by my jaw. I believe I was right—but [what] business has one to be right in picking at one hole in an otherwise whole Garment? Oh Dem! I feel ashamed of being right—and a Snob.<sup>1</sup>

You are really very good in interesting yourself so far as to make any comments on my Words. You may be right about “Doubletides.”<sup>2</sup> You must be right about “Stief” and, after my Copy was in the Printer’s hands, I heard the verb “Steeve down” from my Captain.

As to *Gastcope*—the same packet which brought your letter also brought one from Aldis Wright. He is studying Icelandic with a native Icelander: and he suggests *Gest-Kaup*, the *Guest’s Bargain*: sc: what he pays for himself: sc: *nought*. (Perhaps, the Bargain for a Guest by which he is paid nought?) Anyhow, I think you will agree that my word is to be traced somewhere here.

Yes, I meant old Thackeray by the Novelist—and might as well have said so. But, I did not dare name *the other*. As that other sent me his last Idylls by his Publisher. I thought right to acknowledge them, and confess that they did not interest me more than the former ones. I do not think the old gigantic, indistinct Figures of Chivalry bear defining more closely than in the Old Legend: I never could read Spenser, Tasso, nor Ariosto—nor even any Romance of the Kind, Prose or Verse, except Don Quixote. But when AT himself identifies King Arthur and Prince Albert—actum est. He also seems to me to fail totally in his Landscape as well as his Figures. I always except the Morte, and Lady of Shalott of forty years ago—Consule Planco,<sup>3</sup> etc.

I go home tomorrow, and will send you the Photo when I lay hand on a Copy.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See text immediately following.

<sup>2</sup> For “overtime.” In *Sea Words and Phrases* EFG conjectures that the term “must belong to such estuary rivers as ours.”

<sup>3</sup> “When Plancus was consul,” written by Horace to mean, “When I was young and foolish.”



*The £70 realized by the Meum and Tuum in 1869 may have erased Posh's memory of previous deficits and substituted visions of greater profits waiting to be plucked from the sea. Whatever the reason, without consulting his partner he bought a second lugger, the Henrietta, for £100 at a Southwold auction. Although FitzGerald furnished the money for the vessel and assumed ownership, the incident increased latent tensions and sealed his half-formed resolution to dissolve the partnership.*

*FitzGerald had provided the £350 required to build the Meum and Tuum in 1867; and Posh had contributed "nets and gear" from the William Tell, the lugger he had bought the previous year. The first registration papers, dated August 3, 1867, named Joseph Fletcher as owner of the vessel, on which FitzGerald proposed to hold a mortgage. However, this arrangement was abandoned, for a second registration issued two weeks later assigned a three-quarter share to FitzGerald, one quarter to Posh. Before long, George Moor, FitzGerald's Woodbridge lawyer, advised him to protect his investment by a more formal agreement. In April, 1868, papers were signed that named Posh as half-owner of the lugger, subject to a mortgage held by his partner. Moor thereby became the first of "interfarin parties" whose intervention Posh resented.*

*Fletcher's casual business methods, his resentment of what he construed as interference in his portion of the enterprise, and his drinking, about which FitzGerald had been apprehensive from the outset, had repeatedly strained the ties binding the two men. In April, following the purchase of the Henrietta, he had the Meum and Tuum appraised at Lowestoft. He then reduced the evaluation in Posh's favor and had a new mortgage drawn.<sup>1</sup> The partnership was cancelled in June, and Posh emerged from the transaction as lessee of the two luggers.*

*Although FitzGerald had terminated his career as "a Fishmonger," as he phrased it, his concern for Posh's welfare endured undiminished. But the same was true also of friction caused by Posh's random-entry bookkeeping and his fondness for small beer.<sup>2</sup> In January, 1874, discord produced an open break; and the following month FitzGerald sold the two luggers at auction. Even thereafter he retained his esteem for Posh, the man; but took pains to admire from prudent distance. Fletcher's fortunes declined after he lost FitzGerald's support; and he ended his active years as he had begun, picking up a precarious livelihood as a beachman.<sup>3</sup>*

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*William A. Dutt, author of Some Literary Associations of East Anglia, occasionally met Posh at Lowestoft in the early years of the present century. Fletcher seemed to be "hale and hearty," Dutt reported to Aldis Wright in April, 1906, "but I don't like the man because, notwithstanding all FitzGerald's kindness to him . . . he is ungrateful and blames FitzGerald for 'spoiling' him."*<sup>4</sup> *Dutt repeated his statement in a letter to Charles Ganz, December 7, 1932.*<sup>5</sup> *Posh died at Mutford Union Workhouse, near Lowestoft, September 7, 1915, at the age of seventy-six.*

<sup>1</sup> In this mortgage and that drawn in 1868, interest was set at five percent. FitzGerald reduced the rate to three percent in a new mortgage dated July 21, 1871. When the two luggers were sold at auction in February, 1874, the purchaser negotiated a mortgage at ten percent.

For documentary data bearing on the FitzGerald-Posh partnership, extracted from the files of the Port of Lowestoft Research Society, the editors are deeply indebted to F. V. Hussey.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Spalding, Sept. 7, 1870, and that to Posh, Dec. 31, 1873.

<sup>3</sup> For EFG's account of the break, see letter to Fanny Kemble, [c. April 20, 1876].

<sup>4</sup> MS letter, Trinity College Library.

<sup>5</sup> C. Ganz, *FitzGerald Medley*, p. 298.

To W. A. Wright

Lowestoft  
Jan. 30/70

*My dear Wright,*

Had you known I was here all the while you were at Beccles, you might have run over—more conveniently than to Woodbridge. I left that a week ago in consequence of my Landlady's Death. She had been declining for a year: was a little better in the Summer: then when Autumn shut her in she fell back: and gradually declined till Death came rather suddenly at the time I mention. Airy will now perhaps understand my reason in preferring one only Visitor at the time he proposed coming with you. This poor Lady was of a naturally fidgetty temper which of course was not improved by long sickness: I don't mean bad temper, but of the old housewifely sort: and she fidgetted about me and any Guest of mine more than about herself. Her very last fidget was about a Beefsteak for my Captain here when he last visited me.

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Well: your kind Letter reached me from my Landlord's widowed hands (he was as good a husband as could be, and will, I doubt not, be married again in due time)—reached me yesterday. I am very glad you take to Iceland, which (as a fountain of our Northern lore) I have, right or wrong, an indistinct reverence for: something as others have felt for Ireland: which I, Paddy as I am, do not so much believe in. Perhaps a little *Island*, from its isolation in the Sea, may naturally become invested with some sort of legendary Sanctity: but also it may deserve some such reverence as being a less accessible and corruptible, stronghold of Antiquity. "Steor" I had marked in my old Haldorsen. You have surely unraveled "Gast-cope." Pollock thought it might be from Dutch or German "Gast-topf"—the "Guest-cut," a gratuitous draught from the Landlord to the departing Guest, what we called "Stirrup-cup?" "Stove down"—which I could not find a present tense for, he refers to German "stiep," a step. I have (since Tymms had the Copy) heard the word I wanted—"They would *steeve* down,"<sup>1</sup> etc., from my dear Captain—with whom I had a quarrel yesterday that made the great-hearted fellow ill. I was right, *I believe*, so far as I went: but, when *All* is so good, should one peck at a fault—if fault there was? I never feel more ashamed than when taking to play the Superior over this very Superior Gentleman—I gave him two great Pills to clear his head of my Cant.

I declare I never feel my own little knowledge more contemptible than when opposed to his Ignorance—which, however, knows itself. I was asking Mr. Spalding at my room the old Riddle—"What is *Majesty* deprived of its externals?" And then turned to the Captain who sat with us, and bid him spell "Majesty"—the simple, lofty, way of the great Fellow, still putting all his honest heart to the work, without any sort of Shame (I should not have asked if I had not known the Man) "M-S-T-No," etc.

What's Hecuba to him—or He to you!—though something to yours very truly

E.FG.

I post you two numbers.

P.S. I must add a line about *Sammodithee*. Your explanation is very tempting,<sup>2</sup> with Chaucer for Authority. I only hesitate because of a Captain Doughty (who married a Miss Arnold of Ellough) asking me if I knew that the Bargemen on the Waveney would answer "Sammodithee" when you gave them the "Seel<sup>3</sup> of the Day." I did not however ask him if he had himself heard it; I should rather doubt

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if he knew the word from Forby or Nall; but he may have heard his Father in law or someone else talk of it. We must try and learn if the word ever be said now; and whether said *in answer*.

Tomorrow I return to Woodbridge.

<sup>1</sup> Swoop down.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Wright, March 7, [1869], n.5. Wright surmised that, when said in response to a greeting, it must have been thought to mean, "Same to thee" (*Sea Words*, 1870).

<sup>3</sup> Derived from A.S. *sæl*, "time"; but *time*, taken literally, could not have elicited, "Same to you."

To Thomas Woolner

*Lowestoft*  
*Jan. 30/70*

*Dear Sir,*

Thank you for your letter and for the Photos. Elaine<sup>1</sup> is beautiful. The other does not please me so well as to Composition (if that be the word): the figures too much on the slope, as I think, to my taste; but I only say this because this it is which strikes me; and, as you are good enough to send them, I think it is best to say so. I have no respect at all for my judgment in statuary, which I could always test by not understanding the Elgin Marbles, which I feel sure must be the finest of all.

I don't know which of my Persian things you mean. There are two, one of which (to my surprise) Tennyson liked. So I suppose it must be that. But I will send you both; and you really need not bind yourself to acknowledge them in any way. They have their merits, and do very well to give to Friends, and to please a few Readers for the time, and then to subside—things of Taste, not of Genius at all—which, you know, is the one thing needful.

I now post you my *Sea Words*—a work more fitted to my hands; though I also have my fears for this Immortality also. But these words also just amuse People—for the time—and that is all they were meant for.

The Chief Authority quoted is the Man whose Photo I sent you. I should not make free with his words if I thought he would ever know, or ever care if he did know. But last year, when he and I were smoking together, his Pipe wanting a light, I pulled out (not knowing)

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a long Printer's Proof of the Words from my Pocket. Before he put it to the candle, to my consternation he began spelling the text, got a little interested, but totally unconscious how much was his own words, or by any possibility reported by me; so that when I said, "There—there—light your Pipe," I saw all was safe as the Mail. Last night he was rejoicing in his little Boy's getting into Trowsers; today I am to see them; and then we shall walk and see a new little lugger we have bought—like a couple of Fools.

Yours sincerely  
E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> *Elaine*, a statuette in marble suggested by Tennyson's *Lancelot and Elaine*, executed in 1868.

### To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
February 1, [1870]

*My dear Posh,*

Mr. Spalding was with me last night; and I asked him if I was justified in the scolding I gave you about buying the Lugger and Nets too; telling him the particulars. He would not go so far as to say I was wrong; but he thought that you were not to blame either. Therefore I consider that I *was* wrong; and, as I told you, I am very glad to find myself wrong, though very sorry to have been so; and I cannot let a day pass without writing to say so. You may think that I had better have said nothing to anybody about it: but I always do ask of another if I am right. If Mr. Spalding had been at Lowestoft at the time all this would not have happened: as it *has* happened, I wish to take all the blame on myself.

All this will make you wish the more to be quit of such a Partner. I am sure, however, that I thought myself right: and am glad to recant. Perhaps another Partner would not do so much: but you say you will not have another.

Mr. Spalding thinks you would have done better to stick to one Lugger, considering the double trouble of two. But he says he is not a proper judge. I think the chief evil is that this new Boat will keep you ashore in the Net-room, which I am persuaded hurts you. I told you I was sure the Dust of the nets hurts you: and (oddly enough) the first thing I saw, on opening a Paper here on my return, was a Report

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on the influence of Dust in causing Disease. I hope you have seen the Doctor and told him all—about last Summer's Illness. Let me hear what he says. I should have advised Worthington,<sup>1</sup> but he is very expensive. One thing I am sure of: the more you eat, and the less you drink, the better.

[No signature]

<sup>1</sup> William C. Worthington, EFG's Lowestoft physician.

To Bernard Quaritch

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*[Early February, 1870]*

*Dear Sir,*

An Invoice of "Burnet's Geographie" comes to me here; I suppose it must be for one of my Nephews; of whose abode I know nothing. So I enclose it to their Father—"John FG. Boulge Hall, Woodbridge," where all such Letters and Catalogues had better be directed, in default of nearer knowledge of the two young Gentlemen's *habitat*.

As a general rule no one of my Family is ever to be heard about from a Kinsman: I only know of my Brother being close by from accidentally meeting him in the road two days ago.

I sent you a piece of seafaring gossip from Lowestoft, which was for fun, as Boys say, and needed, as you guessed, no sort of answer. The Paper shows you in what studies I pass my time; being owner of a Fishing Lugger there, which does all but pay: except in the good Company of Sailors.

Yours  
E.FG.

To Thomas Woolner

*Markethill: Woodbridge*  
*Feb. 9, [1870]*

*Dear Sir,*

I post you the two Persian Poems,<sup>1</sup> not knowing which it was that Trinity's Master told you of. I think it must be the second. But here they both are. Pray don't trouble yourself to write about them: you

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are a busy Man: and I an idle—a very idle one—or I should not have meddled with such things. But, at any rate, I don't wish to take up other People's time in writing any acknowledgment of having received them.

Yours very truly,  
Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> *Salámán and Absál* and the *Rubáiyát*.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
Feb. 10/70

Dear Wright,

I enclose you some very good remarks (*I think*) on the last Sea-words by a Mr. Melhuish, a friend of George Crabbe's to whom (G.C.) I sent the Paper. I don't know Mr. M. He is a Clergyman, forced by delicate health to Mentone in the Winter, as is also GC, who I have always heard speak highly of his Friend. And surely these remarks show the Scholar. I shall send him your Icelandic explanation of "Gastcope" which comes more direct from the Fountain-head, I think.

I had always thought that "leet" (In Fouryleet, etc.) was from some AS verb *leitan*, to enquire, as I remember. Pollock thinks it = *meet*: as Court-leet, etc.

You need not, busy Man as you are, write: but be sure to re-enclose me the Letter; and believe me yours

E.FG.

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
February 11, [1870]

My good Poshy,

You just send all that I knew before of Mr. Barnard's<sup>1</sup> Address: and you don't send me what I wanted: namely, his Christian name: without which I can scarce write to him, if need be.

I wish you would send me a rough Estimate of the different ex-

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penses which made up the *Whole Cost* of last Fishing: which amounted, I think, to £300 of the £400 you raised altogether. How much for Shares and Wages? How much for *Grub*? How much for Salt, and other expenses? The two first things (Shares and *Grub*) you know positively, I suppose; and you can give a rough Guess at the other things. I am sometimes asked a question of this sort: and it seems very silly not to know the least about [it].

Now, as to Plymouth.<sup>2</sup> If you have got to think that *I* want you to go because I threw out a word about it one Day, you are quite wrong, old Fellow; I neither want, nor wish, you to go; on the contrary, would rather leave all that long Voyage to another Year when I may be dead, disabled or what not. But if *you* are uneasy to be off, not waiting till the Mackerel come to this Coast, why you must go, I suppose. Wouldn't it be rather a hurry now? But you have now as much right to decide as I; for are you not become Half owner of the *Meum* and *Tuum*?<sup>3</sup> Only remember, I don't want you to go.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> William Barnard, Lowestoft conveyancer, who drew up the legal papers annulling the partnership.

<sup>2</sup> From which port the *Meum and Tuum* would engage in West Coast mackerel fishing. Posh did not fish in the west in 1870.

<sup>3</sup> From the outset, virtually, Posh had been considered half owner of the lugger. EFG here alludes to the new terms of the agreement by which he resigned all elements of partnership beyond his half-share of the vessel. He held a mortgage on Posh's share.

To Posh Fletcher

[Woodbridge]  
[Mid-February, 1870]

Dear Posh,

I never wanted you to puzzle yourself about the Accounts any more, but only to tell me at a rough estimate what the chief expenses were—as, for instance, Shares, etc. I beg to say that I never had asked you—nor had you told me this at Lowestoft: if you had I should not have wanted to ask again. And my reason for asking, was simply that, on Monday Mr. Moor here was asking me about what a Lugger's expenses were, and I felt it silly not to be able to tell him the least about it: and I have felt so when some one asked me before: and



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that is why I asked you. I neither have, nor ever had, any doubt of your doing your best: and you ought not to think so.

You must please yourself entirely about Plymouth: I only wrote to say that I had not spoken as if I wanted you to go. Go by all means if you like.

When I paid the Landlady of the Boat Inn for Newson and Jack she asked me if you had explained to me about the Grog business. I said that you could not understand it at first, but afterwards supposed that others might have been treated at night. She said—Yes; drinking rum-flip till two in the morning. She says it was Newson's doing, but I think *you* should have told me at once, particularly as your not doing so left me with some suspicion of the Landlady's fair dealing. You did not choose to leave the blame to Newson, I suppose, but I think I deserve the truth at your hands as much as he does the concealment of it.

Yours  
E.FG.

To Posh Fletcher  
(Fragment)

[Woodbridge]  
[February, 1870]

. . . a very simple question, indeed—I mean, about the Lugger's expenses; if you had known that Mr. Moor happened to enquire about such a thing, in consequence of my going to speak to him about that addition to my Will which I told you of.<sup>1</sup> He did not ask as wanting to know about *this* Lugger but about the average.

<sup>1</sup> EFG's instructions to heirs and executors, Jan. 20, 1870.

To Herman Biddell

Woodbridge  
Feb: 15, [1870]

*Dear Biddell,*

Mr. Spalding tells me that your Sister asked if there were any more of my Nonsense about Sea words this year. Yes, there is, and I send two copies of that precious Document. You and your Sisters will believe it is only fun—partly for the fun of making the respectable

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Publisher insert a very little wickedness, so innocently on his part. And here is a pretty occupation and devise for one (myself) to engage in and palm off on another (Tymms, to wit) both of us over sixty years old!

You know *why* I reclaimed that Drawing of Thackeray's,<sup>1</sup> which I sent long ago to London for Tennyson, when he should go there. But I want you to have another in its stead, if you care for it; and you have only to take which you please from the Book. I will send it over to you on the first opportunity, if you don't call here some day for it.

Mr. Berry gradually recovers from his Sorrow, which was sincere. No one could have done his Duty better by an ailing Wife, several years older than himself; and I doubt not that he will console himself with another (younger) in due time. As why should he not? if he likes.

Do you know anything of Airy? His last Note told me he had not been very well since October.

Remember me, if you please, very sincerely to your Sisters, and believe me yours very sincerely also

Edward FitzGerald

Mr. Spalding has consulted a Doctor (Moore) who assures him his Injury is a strain of no serious consequence; already the better for *Arnica*.

<sup>1</sup> The illustration of Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh."

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge

Saturday [February 19, 1870]

Dear Captain,

Whatever is to be done about the money,<sup>1</sup> do not you go over to Southwold while this weather lasts. I think it is colder than I ever knew. Don't go, I say—there can be no hurry for the Boat (even if you can get it) for a week or so. Perhaps it may be as well at Southwold as at Lowestoft.

I wish you were here to play Allfours with me Tonight.

Yours,  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> To pay for the second lugger, the *Henrietta*.

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To Posh Fletcher

[Woodbridge]  
[February, 1870]

Dear Posh,

I don't understand your letters. That which I had on Friday, enclosing Mr. Craigie's, said that you had *not* then drawn the money. Your letter of Today tells me that you *had* drawn the money, *before the Letter from Southwold* came. Was not that letter Mr. Craigie's Letter?

Anyhow, I think you ought not (after all I have said) to have drawn the money (to keep in your house) till you wanted it. And you could have got it at the Bank *any* morning on which you got another Letter from Southwold, telling you the Business was to be settled.

Moreover, I think you should have written me on Saturday, in answer to my letter. You are very good in attending to any letters of mine about shoes, or fish; which I don't care about. But you somehow do not attend so regularly to things which I *do* care about; such as gales of wind in which you are out, and such directions as I have given over and over again about money matters.

However, I don't mean to kick up another row; provided you *now* do, and at once, what I positively desire.

Which is: to take the money directly to Mr. Barnard, and ask him, as from *me*, to pay it to my account at Messrs. Bacon and Cobbold's Bank at Woodbridge. Then if you tell me the address of the Auctioneer, or Agent, at Southwold who manages the Business, Bacon and Cobbold will write to them *at once* that the money is ready for them directly the Luggie is ready for you. And, write me a line tomorrow to say that this is done.

This makes a trouble to you, and to me, and to Bankers, but I think you must blame yourself for not attending to my directions. But I am yours not the less

E.FG.

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To Samuel Laurence  
(Fragment)

*Lowestoft*  
*February 27, [1870]*

. . . I came here a few days ago, for the benefit of my old Doctor, The Sea, and my Captain's Company, which is as good. He has not yet got his new Lugger home; but will do so this week, I hope; and then the way for us will be somewhat clearer.

If you sketch in a head, you might send it down to me to look at, so as I might be able to guess if there were any likelihood in that way of proceeding. Merely the Lines of Feature indicated, even by Chalk, might do. As I told you, the Head is of the large type, or size, the proper Capital of a six foot Body, of the broad dimensions you see in the Photograph. The fine shape of the Nose, less than Roman, and more than Greek, scarce appears in the Photograph; the Eye, and its delicate Eyelash, of course will remain to be made out; and I think you excel in the Eye.

When I get home (which I shall do this week) I will send you two little papers about the Sea words and Phrases used hereabout, for which this Man (quite unconsciously) is my main Authority. You will see in them a little of his simplicity of Soul; but not the Justice of Thought, Tenderness of Nature, and all the other good Gifts which make him a Gentleman of Nature's grandest Type.

To Frederick Spalding

*Lowestoft*  
*March 2/70*

*Dear Sir,*

Depend upon it I shall altogether acquiesce in any order you may have given about the House; and am, as always, very much obliged to you for doing that which I am totally incompetent to do for myself. So pray give orders as you see good. Has anything been done about the troughs under the Eaves at the Back of the House?

But do not be at the trouble of answering this by letter, for I shall be home before the end of the week, if alive and well; and then all can be asked and answered.

Posh has, I believe, gone off today to Southwold in hope to bring

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his Lugger home. I advised him last night to ascertain first by Letter whether she *were* ready for his hands; but you know he will go his own way; and that generally is as good as Anybody's. He now works all day in his Netloft; and I wonder how he keeps as well as he is, shut up there from fresh Air, and among frowzy Nets. But he is in good Spirits: and that goes some way to keep the Body well, you know. I think he has mistaken in not sending the Meum and Tuum to the West this Spring; not because the Weather seems to promise in all ways so much better than last Year (for *that* no one could anticipate) but on account of the high Price of Fish of any sort; which has been an evident fact for the last six months. But I have not meddled: nor indeed is it my Business to meddle now.

I have a Letter from H. Biddell who tells me his Sisters are about to live in Woodbridge for awhile. I am halfminded to offer them the use of my House if they are not provided with one; they would not interfere with my out of door occupation. What do you think?

Yours truly  
E.FG.

To Herman Biddell

*Lowestoft*  
*March 2, [1870]*

*Dear Biddell,*

You write me that your Sisters are going to reside in Woodbridge for awhile. Have they found a House to reside in? If not, why won't they go to mine till they find one, at any rate. They may have it "all for love;" nay, I should be glad if some one *would* make use of it. I shall not be there, except in the field above the Garden where I pace a Quarter-deck walk<sup>1</sup> daily; nor will any one be in the House unless two Nieces come about July—which is not certain. Anyhow, if your Sisters are thinking of moving Woodbridge-ward *now*, why won't they try? There is an elderly couple,<sup>2</sup> very honest, civil, clean, people now there, who will do (as they now do) all the main business; and they could, I am sure, accommodate with any such servant as your Sisters chose to bring with them. Then, Mr. Spalding is close by, you know, who you may be sure will be glad to do any Service for them. There is not much Bed room; but my Nieces find enough for their use; and, at any rate, the thing might do for a time, and at this

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time of Year when the World we hope is growing a little pleasanter. Your Sisters could go and judge for themselves; Mr. Spalding will do the honours.

Really I should be very glad if this could be; I shall be a gainer myself by a chance interview with two Ladies of their sort, if they don't mind being crossed by my amiable Apparition in the Garden while they shall have all the House as a Castle to themselves.

Your Letter only reached me here today or I should have written at once before. Believe me yours and your Sisters

Very sincerely  
Edward FitzGerald

I shall be home by the end of this week.

<sup>1</sup> A path beside a hedge bordering Pytches Road, on which Little Grange is situated. EFG often paced the "quarter deck," which ran the length of his property.

<sup>2</sup> John and Mary Howe, former proprietors of the Boat Inn, Woodbridge. Howe, man-of-all-work, had been a master mariner. EFG dubbed him "The King of Clubs" and sometimes, "my old Hermes" because he carried letters to the post. Mrs. Howe, a cheerful woman, was "the Fairy Godmother." At EFG's request she wore cloak and skirt of bright red.

To W. B. Donne

[Woodbridge]  
[March, 1870]

*My dear Donne,*

You know I am always glad to hear from you: and why it is I tell you not to acknowledge such trifles as I last sent—because you are so busy, with everybody's interest but your own.

I am not sure but Laurence will be coming down here before long. I had to write to him about some of my poor pictures which have got damaged by the damp of my d——d House; and I enclosed him a Photo, just done, of my Captain. With this he was so well pleased, that I thought it would be good to have him do an Oil sketch—like that of Thackeray—as I have not put a penny in his pocket these five or six years, and he has, poor fellow, but one sitter, he tells me. He is busy with his one Sitter now; and the Captain is busy with a second Lugger he has bought; but what is to be done had better be done before the London Season begins—if that signifies to poor Laurence!

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I have positively been striking in an Oar with the Dean of Ely in behalf of a Curate of a neighbouring Parish,<sup>1</sup> whom all the Parish wish to be Rector in place of him whose hearse I saw travelling along in the Sun Today. The Appointment, we are told, lies with Professor Selwyn,<sup>1</sup> subject to the approval of Dean and Chapter—and I have written to Mrs. Thompson too. Wish we may get it, say I! I know no more of this Curate as a personal Acquaintance than to shake hands as we meet, and exchange “How d ye do?” but I see he is a wholesome, active, unpretending, useful fellow.

Since I began this letter (three days ago—mislaying it meanwhile) I have one from Mrs. Kemble, which I make bold to enclose to you, though I doubt that her Nostril would inflate at such a Breach of Confidence. It is better than anything I can write, however, and has no dangerous secrets in it—unless *icicles* at Venice be one.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Melton, adjoining Woodbridge. The living was in the gift of the Chapter and the Dean of Ely, EFG's friend, Charles Merivale. William Selwyn, Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was Canon Residentiary, at the time.

To Posh Fletcher

*Lowestoft*  
*March 6/70*

*Dear Posh,*

I did not call you away from your Friends (and I dare not go up to them) because I thought you would [not] want to go with me to the Rail, and so lose your dinner. This is all the reason, I assure you. I had said Good Bye with all my heart, and thought that was enough now; but I will write soon, for I want to arrange about your going over to me; and will only hope you will keep yourself well, and not forget.

E.FG.

I am sorry however not to have shaken hands at parting.

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To Posh Fletcher

[Woodbridge]  
[March 7, 1870]

*My dear old Swiper,*

Can you remember if I had my big Great Coat with me when I went with you from Miss Green's to The Suffolk: and whether I took it with me *from* the Suffolk. Somehow or other, I found I had not got it with me when I was half way home.

So now here is a Letter to meet your Eyes when you return from Swiping<sup>1</sup> this Day. But do not mess yourself to answer it tonight: I have written to Miss Green about the matter: she will enquire at the Suffolk for me: but you can tell *her* if you remember my taking the Coat there, and my taking it away from there. Or, you can tell me, as soon as convenient. But don't go swiping after the Coat yourself as yet.

If I had waited till Evening at Lowestoft I should have had the Deed for you to sign, making the Lugger<sup>2</sup> over to me. Miss Green forwarded it back here this morning. There is not the least hurry about it: and if you come over here, it may be done then. If I knew when you thought of coming, Newson might perhaps come over to see you.

Yours  
"Meum and Tuum"

<sup>1</sup> Grappling for anchors lost off-shore.

<sup>2</sup> The *Henrietta*.

To W. A. Wright

*Markethill: Woodbridge*  
*March 7 [1870]*

*Dear Wright,*

Mind you don't forget to return me the Letter I enclosed you; return it without troubling yourself to write, if you are busy. I should like to hear from some one, nevertheless, how your Master and Mistress are: I really don't like troubling them; *he* perhaps not well, nor *she* neither.

I am just returned from Lowestoft. Unless they take some speedy and vigorous steps, the Entrance to the Harbour will block up with



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the Sands that accumulate there: especially with these last N.E. winds. Half a dozen small Vessels stuck between the Piers when I was there. Then what will become of Lowestoft Trade, Luggers, etc.? But the Rail Company is all but Bankrupt, isn't it?

I see that Tymms stuck in some Haldorsen words which I sent him in case he had not enough for a Seaward Paper; stuck it in without sending me a Proof; and he knows less of Latin even than I do.<sup>1</sup> By the by, I shall send you Mr. Raven's book about Cambridge Bells;<sup>2</sup> if you care no more for it than I do, send it to Airy. But, if you care at all for it, keep it, pray.

They send me a Paper of Subscription to Little Woodward's Wife and Family. But I don't know that I shall subscribe. I always told Mr. Childs (who heads the List with £100!) that W. should leave the "Fine Arts" alone;<sup>3</sup> and I see that his stupid Quarterly Magazine was one main cause of his being out of Pocket. He should have stuck to his Bungay Archaeology.

"Eyes, look your last!"<sup>4</sup> They will do so if I hold on much longer. So Adieu for the present:

Yours sincerely  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG alludes to "Additions to Forby's Vocabulary," *East Anglian*, March, 1870, pp. 128-29. Tymms' editing required four corrections, published in the April number, p. 156.

<sup>2</sup> John James Raven, *The Church Bells of Cambridgeshire*, 1869.

<sup>3</sup> Bernard Woodward had died October 12, 1869. He edited the *Fine Arts Quarterly* which he had founded in 1863.

<sup>4</sup> *Romeo and Juliet*, V.3.112.

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
March 15 (*I think*), [1870]

Dear Posh,

No news here but what is a fortnight old—when Newson got married, and (as Jack told Mr. Berry) was as frisky as a Lad.

The Waterwitch<sup>1</sup> goes home this week, and Ablett Pasifull brings up his yacht to be doctored in her place. But Ablett's Wife is with the Doctor too; very ill, I believe.

I suppose you are taking advantage of these two dry Days for your Nets. What about the Valuation?

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You will think it very unreasonable that I cannot quite get over that last Saturday night with you: when your one extra Pint, even if it had not muddled you, showed some forgetfulness of the general Promise you made me, even when I was there to keep you in mind of it; and I cannot be sure how often this happens, without you yourself knowing it; for I quite believe that you try to keep your promise when you do think of it. Nor do I wish to "tie you up too tight," though I cannot doubt that the very least you can take is best for you, Body and Mind too. But in this case there was no occasion at all, I say, even for an extra pint; with a man you live next door to—after dining with me, and just before grogging with me. This, I say, would be a little thing indeed, if it did not leave the door to *any* occasion for the one more half-pint which mounts up to so much in the end.

I had thought to have done with this subject last Autumn. But, as you made me a fresh Promise this Winter, and as I have acted toward you in reliance upon it, I think you are bound to keep it fast before your Eyes. You know that my object is for your Good (one pint a day, and one glass of gin); and I am persuaded that, bad as Drink is for any one, it is worse for you: not only as regards Gravel and Stone; but also that Drowsiness and Dizziness which I have quite lately seen in you, and which might lead to a *Fit*, which would shut you up for ever. I shall have this, and before very long, I believe, drink or not; but I am past sixty, useless, and alone; you only thirty, with wife and children to work for. I am quite sure that the half-pint is at the bottom of all this in you; what you have formerly taken, if not now. It is true, you have taken many a Pint with me, and I have never seen any such symptoms; but if one single Pint, or Half-pint, with Dux or any one else did muddle you—why, I would become a Teetotaller at once.

I have written all this with very bad Eyes, and with no pleasure to myself; nor to you neither.

But I am yours sincerely

E.FG.

Pray keep in good trim for the Painter; for, as what I proposed to him in jest he took in earnest, and wants a Job, poor fellow, I shall do this. And therefore I want you to keep clear and well, so as not to sit to him with any Saturday night trace on your mug. I think he will soon be calling for you: here, or in London.

<sup>1</sup> Hynman Allenby's yacht.

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To Posh Fletcher  
(Fragment)

[Woodbridge]  
[March 19, 1870]

. . . Newson knows nothing of any iron cable Ballast, and has no great opinion of it. He thinks the rough bar iron much better, and worth the more money it costs. I suppose this is the iron Mr. Cooper proposed to you.

Newson thinks our Yarmouth boat<sup>1</sup> very dear. But you must have that out with him when we meet.

You may consider if it is not better for you to keep the account of mending *your* old nets separate from those we last bought: so that we may accurately estimate their value, when we come to estimate the value of the whole property. I do not know whether this should be or not: but throw it out for you to consider.

Here is a very long letter: but tomorrow is Sunday.

I send you the Invoice of the Lint.

<sup>1</sup> A tender for the *Henrietta*.

To W. A. Wright

[Woodbridge]  
[March 30, 1870]

*My dear Wright,*

I am sorry you felt bound to write, busy as you were, though I am always glad to hear from you. I only asked, however, to have the Paper returned me; which you have punctually sent, thank you.

I don't mean to accept all the suggestions contained in the paper; "Gast-cope" remains intact with you and your Icelander, I think.<sup>1</sup> As to the French "gaster," you are a better Judge than I, as in all such matters. Do you know that "Gast-bird" is the Norfolk term for a solitary Partridge: one not in a Covey, nor flying with a Mate. I have heard it at Kerrich's fifty times.

I send you Raven's Book about Cambridge Bells; which won't hurt, if it does not much profit, you.

I have bought Sala's Lamb, at your Suggestion. As you say, what a Preface! And what an Arrangement of Letters!<sup>2</sup>—one of the few things I remember in Crabbe Robinson's Book was what Lamb said

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about the arrangement of Wordsworth's Poems—the order of Time in which they were written. How much better than Wordsworth's own pedantic "Poems of Fancy," "Imagination," etc. And, if true of Poems, how much more so of Letters!

Cowell, with the loyal Regard of twenty-five years, likes my very small works in consequence, and persuades others to like them a little out of Regard to him. I never thought of them but as trifles; which might have done for a Magazine, but had scarce business to be separately printed. They were published by Pickering just before he broke; then by Parker<sup>3</sup> not long before he disappeared into Longmans (I believe) and, as the unprepossessed Public did not want the surviving Copies, I had them here; and I will one day unpack the Box and send you a Copy, as you *are*, I believe, prepossessed by a Regard—of a Suffolk Fellow-feeling at any rate.

My Eyes have been bad the last fortnight; and, as I am sixty-two<sup>4</sup> tomorrow, are not like to grow very bright again. Drink me, if you will, over that Bank and Shoal of Time, the Grand Climacteric. Posh (who was here yesterday) promises to come to the rescue when I hoist a Signal of Distress.

Yours sincerely  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG appears to have sent Wright a copy of his recent *Sea Words* with a request for comments. He had defined "gast-cope" as "going without pay or hire," and stated that he could not "account for it." Wright had sent a derivation.

<sup>2</sup> In 1868 Moxon published the first volume of a proposed *Complete Correspondence and Works of Charles Lamb*, edited by George A. Sala. Letters to individual correspondents are grouped together. The volume was subsequently withdrawn, and in 1870 an edition of four volumes, the work of other editors, was substituted.

<sup>3</sup> Published by Pickering: *Euphranor*, *Polonius*, and *Six Dramas of Calderon*; by Parker: *Euphranor*, edition two, and *Salámán* and *Absál*.

<sup>4</sup> Several clues definitely fix the date of this letter as 1870, when EFG was sixty-one, entering his sixty-second year. When EFG refers to his age, readers must be prepared to adjust to a peculiarity of his chronology. As in this letter, he usually—but not always—counts the date of his birth as his first birthday, a computation that could be defended as reasonable. Here, he manages to compound confusion. The sixty-third year, not the sixty-second, is called the Grand Climacteric.

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To Herman Biddell

Woodbridge  
[Spring, 1870]

Dear Biddell,

My Eyes have turned so rusty of late that I know it will be long before they can tackle Kinglake's four Volumes.<sup>1</sup> And the Lad who reads to me could make but havock of it. So I will leave the Book at your Sisters' for the Present. I looked into the Character of Napoleon III, which seemed to me very good indeed; and the whole Tone of the Book arguing a sincere, courageous, and sagacious, Writer.

Alfred Smith told me that you made a good Fight against Tomline, the Scoundrel at Ipswich. Fight on against him, and all his Tribe; don't let them cajole or flatter you into acquiescence or excuse; and then one day we will send you to Parliament. Alfred Smith says there will be an Exodus of the Sudbourne Tenantry. N. Garrett has had to break down a Barrier that Sir R.W. or his Agent had put up on a Public Footway. The Fools—and Scoundrels!

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Alexander Kinglake, *Invasion of the Crimea*, 8 vols., vols. I, II, 1863; III, IV, 1868.

To Frederick Spalding

Lowestoft  
Friday, [April 8, 1870]

Dear Sir,

Posh is, I think, better: and I have Today written to Laurence to ask him if next week will do for him to come down to Woodbridge.

Please to tell Howe and Mrs. H. to see about getting the rooms all ready for us; the two Bedrooms will be enough; as I can sleep at Mr. Berry's.

I told them to engage John Howe's Wife to come and cook for us; if she can't, they must get Mrs. Goodwyn or someone else to help them. I am sure I don't know what I shall get her to cook beside Butcher's Meat and Fish.

I have asked Laurence to tell me what he may want of preparation

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to make the rooms proper to paint in. Mr. Hayward would, I doubt not, be able to knock up what wanted.

Now, if you really have a wish to come here on Saturday till Monday, pray do so, and I will stop over Sunday night certainly. This I very likely shall do whether you come or not; but I shall be glad to settle so to do if you like to come. If you send me a telegram tomorrow I can prepare a little better; but, if you don't, we can easily get something when you do arrive; and there is always the Suffolk to fall back upon.

But if you come bring with you a Bottle (decanted) of my best Port from Mr. Berry's; and also if you see any nicety at Smith's or Southgate's (in the way of Fowl, etc.) bring that also.

I have written to Newson—*Valuation*<sup>1</sup> is fixed for Tuesday; I do not know if you could help by your Presence; after all, all must depend on Posh's Honour, which I do not doubt.

Once again—come if you really like—but not else—and believe me always yours

E.FG.

I see you write of coming "by Noon" tomorrow; if you do so, no need of Telegram at all.

<sup>1</sup> Appraisal of the *Meum and Tuum*, preparatory to dissolution of the partnership.

To Posh Fletcher

[Lowestoft]

[April 12, 1870]

Dear Posh,

The Painter comes to Woodbridge on Thursday: when I shall expect you also: in good trim. For which purpose, I rely on your doing, and taking, what the Doctor tells you; and *not* taking what Billy Harris<sup>1</sup> recommends. Oblige me by attending to this.

You had better bring some change of Clothes: a *Macklantan*<sup>2</sup> Bundle with a white-collared Shirt or two: your best Guernsey, Trowsers, and Over-coat (such as you last wore). Also, a Cap such as you *now* wear; better with a Peak—but *not* a Cheese-cutter—d——n them!

I *write* this, because I feel a little melancholy at all this business,

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and do not care to be made spoony by leave-taking. Besides, you will be glad, I dare say, to have the morning clear, before Mr. Balls comes.<sup>3</sup> And we shall meet again in two days—but we will not talk of Business then, I think, for fear of any bother.

In the meantime, you see that I leave it all in your hands; confident that you will do me Justice, down to the last Stitch and Chip that is to be valued; and now I remain

Your Old Partner—  
(That was—)  
E.FG.

Let me go off alone—for the reason I have said.

<sup>1</sup> Proprietor of a Lowestoft pub.

<sup>2</sup> A small bundle of clothes.

<sup>3</sup> Having completed arrangements with William Balls, Lowestoft auctioneer, to appraise the luggers later in the day, EFG was returning to Woodbridge.

## To Posh Fletcher

*Woodbridge*  
*April 22, [1870]*

*Dear Posh,*

I have received Mr. Balls' Valuation, which I will forward to Mr. Barnard.

By this Valuation one sees (as I reckon) that a Lugger, with all her Nets and other Gear, becomes in three years worth little more than half what she was when new. As the Vessel herself has had no damage beyond the average wear and tear of Wind and weather, I suppose it is in her Nets, Warps, Sails, etc., that she becomes so depreciated. And yet all that you have earned so hardly in these three years has gone in renewing and supplying these Nets, Warps, Sails, etc., with the Exception of the ninety odd Pounds you had over last Christmas.<sup>1</sup> So that I almost wonder that you, or any one, crave to take all such a concern on your Shoulders. But you expect to have your turn of Luck like a few others, I suppose: and I hope you may get it.

Laurence left me on Tuesday afternoon, just when the weather became finer. And now the Sun shines, and the shrubs in my Grounds are spating out a reef of Green, and a Nightingale is singing among them; and I have been twice out in my little Boat with old West; and

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I am going down to the Ferry tomorrow perhaps; and I am also yours truly

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The 1869 profits, £70, had been shared equally by the partners. The balance of the £90 was due Posh as skipper.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
April 22, [1870]

*My dear Donne,*

I have not written to you a long while, quite dry of anything worth writing, and my eyes in indifferent trim. And now I can't tell you anything worth drawing a Reply from you, busy as you are in many ways. If you and yours are well, however, I want but little information except Mrs. Kemble's Address. Laurence, who has been down with me here, said that he saw her in London, where she was making a flying visit, on her way, I understand him, to Ireland. Perhaps you know as little of her present Address as I do who ask it.

You will very likely see Laurence, and he will tell you all about our doings together. I found him much as I left him some fifteen years ago: a little gray-haired; as pleasant Company; and just as far from making his Fortune by Painting. The weather was stingy and disagreeable all the time he was here, and turned warm and pleasant the Day after he left. So much so that I have got out every Day since in my *little* Boat on the River, and purpose going down tomorrow to the River's mouth, where my great Ship lies.

When May comes she also will be dressing herself for the Summer; which I suppose will pass over much in the same way as the last two Summers have passed. And then—another dull Winter—if one lives it through.

Have you read Morton's Letters? Yes: and admired them—I think. They ought to be printed in some Magazine, for others to read also. But the best part of them was lost upon Blackwood—for whom I copied them, and who only mislaid the MS.

... Mind you take care of the Book, perhaps Spedding would like to see it. But who can calculate on him?

Love to all your Folks, and believe me

Yours and theirs always  
E.FG.



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To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
April 26, [1870]

*My dear Donne,*

. . . I have written to Mrs. Kemble knowing that she would never write to me unless I wrote to her first.

As to "Agamemnon"—I did it twelve years (or more) ago, after a conversation with her at her London Lodgings about the Greek Drama<sup>1</sup>—laid it by—took it up once or twice; and last year put it into Type for the purpose of finishing it—so altered as scarce to be recognizable by any one who knows the Original, and I should suppose scarcely endurable to him. I sent it to none such, except to Cowell, who thought the last part too big and bloody for the beginning. I might have sent it to you, but for my knowing that you estimate any friend's work too partially.

The Dialogue is, I think, good—and some of it very good; but the Choruses are doubly false to Aeschylus as being utterly without his dark Innuendo style, and poor in any style. Their only merit is, that they carry on the story intelligibly to one who does not know the Original. Anyhow, it is the very last of all my great Works, good or bad; I now could not finish any other if I had one to finish; much less *begin* one.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> During the early months of 1856. Fanny returned to America in the summer and did not visit England again until 1859. In the meantime, EFG had begun his translation of *Agamemnon*.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
April 29, [1870]

*My dear Pollock,*

Though you are now, I suppose, getting into the thick of the London Season, yet (as we used to sing in Bunn's Days<sup>1</sup>) "You will remember me!" Which reminds me that I have bought and have been looking over the first twelve Volumes of *Punch*: only for the sake of recovering some of Thackeray's first Papers there: which I remember his doing

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when I was staying with him in what he used to call *Joram* Street. There is not much that one would wish others to recognise for his so far as 1847, when my Set ends; and when Thackeray had launched *Vanity Fair*. It is curious to me how slowly—and then how suddenly—he got to that. Some People say that *Barry Lyndon*<sup>2</sup> and others were as good as his best: I never could read them, only his “Irish” and part of his “Paris” Sketch-books. There is a good Ballad about King Canute<sup>3</sup> in some Papers called “Miss Tickletoby on English History” in one of the early *Punches*. I remembered the side of the Page, etc., as it lay on the *Joram* Breakfast Table. By the bye of that again, you may (if you like) borrow of Donne some MS Extracts of Letters from Morton, who used to be with us then. The best part of the Letters I cut out and sent under Thackeray’s Auspices to Blackwood, hoping to get £10 for Morton, who was always wanting it, you know. Blackwood only lost the Papers, as Thackeray was not then Great Man enough to command Obedience. But even the remainder was too good to be lost; so I copied out Scraps, and you can read them if you will—taking all care of them! They will repay you the trouble of decyphering, I am sure. It is a pity they cannot go into some Magazine that others may read; but I have no interest in Magazine Quarters.

By the bye again, I read a very nice Paper on the French and English Stage, by Mrs. Pollock,<sup>4</sup> I am told. Please to make her proud and happy by such a Royal Approval.

Laurence has been down with me; he wishing, and I wishing him, to paint a sketch of my grand Lugger man from a Photograph which he admired. So Captain and Painter met at my Château in Easter Week. But all ended in nothing. First day nothing done; second day all that was done effaced; third day much the same; the light all amiss; previous measurements incorrect; and after four days the Captain was obliged to return to his Business, and the Painter also to his, carrying with him what he himself pronounced a failure. I had told him to come and do his hastiest and *worst* (which I think best), but he will prepare Grounds, paint by stages, etc., and so he seems to me to muddle all. I fancy he should stick to Crayons; he can draw, but he never could, never can, and never will, colour. He was very pleasant (sometimes a little prosy) and sat wondering at and studying the Captain, who for stately Simplicity of Soul and Body is fit Company for Phidias himself. But the weather was cross; so it is now—“beastly,” as old Alfred used to say. I read in the *Athenaeum* how a Mr. Austin calls him “School Miss Alfred,” as Lord Lytton (who

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may share the fate of *Ditton* in Swift's Verses) did twenty years ago.<sup>5</sup> All this comes of People only remembering AT's later works; forgetting Locksley Hall, Vision of Sin, Sleeping Palace, Oak, Waterproof, and all the English Pastorals in the two volumes of 1842. Do they smack of the School Miss? But when King Arthur was identified with Prince Albert, and all so moral and artistic, and Ballads about "my little one, my pretty one sleeps," and then it was all over with him.

Do you—can you—read Morris, who (Cowell tells me) almost shares the Throne with Browning? *Ter conatus eram* with Jason—as with Book and Ring. No Go. Will Waterproof shall survive them all.

Yours ever

E. Browning-proof

The Weather is still desperate: cold N.E. Winds: Clouds as if charged with Snow and Thunder at once; trees scarcely venturing into Leaf: flowers nipped in the Bud: forlorn Nightingales, etc. I am just going off to Lowestoft, where my Business is to be settled—that is, of parting Company with the Fishing Trade—the last Hobby I was ever to have in this World, and now I am to be dismounted.

I scarce know what has made me write such a lot: a little better written would have been better for you if not for me.

<sup>1</sup> Alfred Bunn (1796 -1860), who managed Drury Lane and Covent Garden during the 30's and 40's.

<sup>2</sup> A novel of sustained irony published in 1844 as *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*, though neglected by readers of the period, was Thackeray's best work previous to *Vanity Fair*.

<sup>3</sup> A satire on courtiers; recommended reading. Thackeray Biographical Edition, VI, 20 and XIII, 156.

<sup>4</sup> "The French Stage," (signed J.P.), *Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1870, pp. 400-04.

<sup>5</sup> The epithet, which first appeared in Bulwer Lytton's "The New Timon" in 1846, had not been recalled by Alfred Austin, but by a reviewer of his book, *The Poetry of the Period* (*Athenaeum*, March 19, 1870, p. 386). Nevertheless, Austin, eclectic in his choice of targets, had challenged the poetic merits not only of Tennyson but also of Browning, Arnold, and Swinburne.

Humphrey Ditton (1675-1715) and William Whiston (1667-1752), mathematicians, in 1714 published *A New Method of Discovering the Longitude*. The theory and its two advocates were ridiculed in "Ode for Musick on the Longitude," a grossly scatological rhyme originally attributed to Swift but now credited to John Gay. The lines were first published in the "Last Volume" of the *Swift-Pope Miscellanies*, 1728.

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To Alfred Tennyson

Woodbridge  
May 10/70

My dear Alfred,

I send you my "petit Dialogue"<sup>1</sup> as I believe I told you I would: but with misgiving lest it be not at all worthwhile. However, you can but let it go—to the Bourn from which, etc., and you know I don't want you to write in acknowledgment of such things. This is only a trifle, as all I do, and yet the best I can do: or *could* do—for I would leave out now if it were to be done again. I have indeed cut out and replaced the most disagreeable parts, I think. And there's an end of it.

Now I see in the Athenaeum they have got up a new Poet—with a great name ready made—Dante Gabriel Rossetti<sup>2</sup>—and they give quotations to prove their laudations—which all go the wrong way with me. Am I got too old then—to take in a new idea—almost from 1842! And what signifies if it be so? All will come right in time.

I suppose you will soon be flying from "the Wight"—when Summer (if Summer means to come) will bring its Visitors about you. I forget if you have Nightingales: I have two in my Garden, but I scarce think they have got into full song as yet. My Captain came over to me for a Day's Bird-nesting before going to Sea after Mackerel. Not that he takes the Eggs now; but was as happy as a Boy finding them. And now by this time, is a big man, and every inch a King, among his Crew on board.

And, by the way, I am no longer a Fishmonger, having devolved the whole Concern on him—as he wished rather than I. But this will spare me much anxiety, if it clip me of some amusement; I shall still be on the look out for his safety and welfare; but I don't feel that I have the rest of the Crew under my Charge.

I heard from the Mistress of Trinity that Aldis Wright had been Easter-Holyday making with you. Spedding sent me a beautiful little Paper of his own in the last Fraser.<sup>3</sup> This is all I know of "Ours."

Now Good Bye. Do not trouble the Mistress to write in reply; but always believe me hers and yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Euphranor*.

<sup>2</sup> Driven by remorse and sorrow, Rossetti had placed a packet of manuscript poems in his wife's coffin when she was buried in 1862. After seven years the pages had been retrieved and Rossetti's volume, *Poems*, had recently been published. The review in the *Athenaeum*, April 30, pp. 573-74.

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<sup>3</sup> A review of S. R. Gardner's *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, 1617-1623*, 2 vols., 1869, *Frasers*, May, 1870, pp. 677-94.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
May 12/70

*My dear Cowell,*

I hope I do no wrong by enclosing you a letter of Spedding's—which I don't want returned, nor to call for any answer from you. You will see that I had taxed him with perverseness about Browning: and had asked him if he went on to Morris's and Gabriel Dante Rossetti, whom the *Athenaeum* is now crying up; as also does the *Pall Mall Budget*. I dare say Morris is the best of all three: but how can a Man, especially when not of the very first Genius, undertake Jason and Medea slipshod through a long Poem? Keats has failed in *Endymion*, I think. I really do believe that Spedding would not have tolerated—or, rather, would not have noticed, these things twenty years ago. Then if you and I are right about Tennyson's later Poems, where is Spedding? I had told him in my letter that he and others had brought a temporary Judgment of Eclipse on Tennyson by preferring<sup>1</sup> those later works before the earlier. I am sure we are right.

Here is Spring come at last—on the very verge of what should be Summer. My Captain came over for one Day's Birds-nesting before he went to Sea; not that he *takes* either Nest, or Egg, now, but is as eager to find them as a Boy, and thinks much of my Estate which harbours half a dozen Nests. He was to go to Sea yesterday: as his Luck seems to go, beginning with a Gale of Wind. "Well," I thought to myself at Night, "I want to know that *you* are safe,"—but I do not feel the same Anxiety about all the rest of the Crew, who are now not at work for me any more.

Pray don't think of answering this Letter, nor sending back Spedding's; you have lately written to me, and your time and brains are doubtless fully engaged. Only, before you leave Cambridge let me hear where you are going to for the Summer holiday; and contrive to let me see you somewhere.

My little Ship is rigging out, and will be ready by June: but I fancy I shall not use her much for some weeks, considering how late the verdure is on shore, and that one does not wish to forego it when it

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does come. I dare say my Voyages will scarce reach beyond Lowestoft, where I shall however miss some of my old interest. I think I shall have eyes enough for my little Tauchnitz *Sophocles*: and I feel a wish to dip once more in that pure Fountain.

Ever yours and Elizabeth's,  
E.FG.

There is a beautiful paper by Spedding in the last *Fraser*. But the man that he properly takes to account is probably righter than he is in the main—as in Macaulay's case.

<sup>1</sup> The Cowell biography reads "pretending," obviously an error.

### From James Spedding

80 Westbourne Terrace  
11 May 1870

My dear Fitz,

Your box for AT arrived<sup>1</sup> in its due time, and remained here until I sent it off by his desire to Farringdon.<sup>2</sup> Since, I have not heard of it: but I have no reason to doubt that it was delivered according to the direction. Though you told me I was not to answer your letter unless the box did *not* arrive, I was on the point of writing, to convict you of being wrong in your speculation as to my motive for saying what I did about Browning. For indeed I said no more than I had been saying to everybody else, whenever Browning was talked of, ever since I knew him—and I have known him now for several years. To say that it was true, would only have been one instance more of perversity, but to say that I had been saying it so long to so many other people must have been either a lie or a proof that the thought was not extemporized for your particular benefit. But then again, I said to myself—"Why should I trouble him *to be convinced* that he was wrong? He likes well enough that one should *try* to prove such a thing: because that leaves him in full possession of his opinion. But to take away the opinion itself out of his own head where it has grown and made itself comfortable—he may not like this so well." So I spared you for that time.

I am much obliged to you for the slice of Lamb. I suppose that was the bud of the essay. There is another version, rather more full,

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in one of his letters, which I suppose was the second stage in its development.

I *do* admire Morris very much—though I have not found time to read any part of his last volume: and I do not find any difficulty in understanding him: nor can I well see where the difficulty should be; for his fault if any is being too full and explicit about everything. He affects a mode of expression, and perhaps of thought, which belongs to a past time; just as C. Lamb did in his *Adventures of Ulysses* and *Tales from Shakespeare*: and I am not sure that it is not a defect in both. But then the stories are old, and the setting is old, and altogether it has not to me the disagreeable effect of affectation: and they are beautifully told. Rossetti's last volume I have not seen, and I have only read a few extracts from it and I think I once read some translation from Dante by him, and thought it sounded good. But I cannot say whether I understand him or not. I do not know what you mean to imply by asking whether the chair is empty. I know of no chair in poetry in which only one man can sit; nor do I find any difficulty, more than is due to the increasing dullness and ineptitude of my own faculties, in admiring as many new poets as the land can produce. Jealousy of competition is a poor and unworthy feeling even in a man who suffers by it; but jealousy in another man's behalf is absurd. I have seen such a thing. I have seen dislike expressed for a new man, not because he was overpraised by others or because he was himself unworthy, but because he seemed likely to *excel* an old favourite. It seems to me that the new thing ought to be the more welcome the better it is; and I am glad to hear of a fresh poet, even when I have not eyes to see him or spirits to make his acquaintance. At the same time Alfred still lives, and is (as far as I can see) as well and as young—in his genius I mean—as ever. I hear some of his old admirers accuse him of senescence—and it may be my own senescence that prevents me from perceiving it: or it may be *their* senescence that enables them; but I see nothing in his last book that would suggest to me any decay of power or delicacy or freedom or activity. And if he would take up a greater subject I think he has it in him to make a greater poem than those he has made yet.

Yours ever  
J. Spedding

<sup>1</sup> Containing Thackeray's illustration of "The Lord of Burleigh."

<sup>2</sup> In error for Farringford.

May 1870

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
May 16/70

*Dear Wright,*

On turning up an old Common-place Book, I find two memoranda which I transcribe on another sheet for you, as a Shakespeare man. Even if my suggestion be right, the matter is of very little importance indeed: not worth your writing an Answer about.

The Tusser Sonnet is in the same measure as Shakespeare's;<sup>1</sup> and bears a rude likeness to one of Shakespeare's, of which I forget the Beginning (and am too lazy to look for it), about the Progress of the Years in which he has known his lover; the second Quatrain running (I think)—

Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
In process of the Seasons have I seen, etc.<sup>2</sup>

Old Tusser (a Suffolk man, you know) died, I believe, in 1580; and his Sonneteering Days were probably before Shikspur's. Did Shikspur then filch a straw or two from old Tusser's nest? Or took *that* form of the Sonnet from him? And if he did, I am the last man to call out "Plagiarism!" etc. Plagiarism! Nonsense! I never speak of "Plagiarism" unless the Coincidence, or Adoption, be something quite superior to the general Material of him in whom the "parallel Passage" is found. And Shikspur = Tusser any day. He (W.S.) may have read the other Old Boy, and remembered unconsciously—or never have read—and never remembered. Q.E.D.

So of the other Quotation, from Plautus,\* which recalls

Seeming to devour the way,

in some Play (Henry IV, 2<sup>d</sup>),<sup>3</sup> which I can't remember. This is more likely to be a remembrance of W.S., I think, if a Translation of Plautus was abroad in those days; as I believe there was.<sup>4</sup> But I forgot all about these things; and you will probably not think them worth enquiry any more than I now do.

My Ship is fitting out; the Lugger has sent me a dozen Mackerel: and I am yours always,

E.FG.

P.S. The Plautus line I remember reading myself—some forty years ago. Where the Tusser came from I can't remember: nor can I vouch



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for its being exactly transcribed. The rude Likeness is really curious.  
Old Tusser to Mistress Moon, who became his Wife.<sup>5</sup>

Sev'n times hath Janus tane New Year by hand;  
Sev'n times hath blust'ring March blown forth his power  
To drive out April Buds by Sea and Land,  
For minion May to deck most trim with flower.  
Sev'n times hath temperate Ver like pageant played,  
And pleasant Aestas eke his flowers told; (Q<sup>y</sup> "ytold?")  
Sev'n times Autumnus heat hath been delay'd  
With Hyems' boisterous blasts and bitter cold.  
Sev'n times the thirteen Moons have changéd hue;  
Sev'n times the Sun his course hath gone about;  
Sev'n times each Bird his Nest hath built anew;  
Since first time you to serve I chooséd out.  
Still yours I am though thus the time have past,  
And trust to be as long as time shall last.

\* From the End of the *Aulularia*, added by Urceus:

I pegaseo gradu, et vorans viam redi.

<sup>1</sup> Actually, the rhyme pattern. Tusser's use of the sonnet form, commonly known as the Shakespearean, has not been generally noted. Thomas Tusser (1524?-80), author of poems on rural subjects, farmed in both Suffolk and Essex.

<sup>2</sup> EFG reverses lines six and seven in Sonnet 104.

<sup>3</sup> *Henry IV, Part 2*, 1.1.47 reads:

He seem'd in running to devour the way.

<sup>4</sup> M. A. Plauti *Aulularia a Codra Urceo*, translation by Antonio Urceo (1446-1500), also called Urceus, scholar of Bologna, who added conjectured dialogue for the final act of the play which is missing in the MS.

<sup>5</sup> "A sonet upon the Author's first seven yeeres service" in *Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie* (English Dialect Society edition, 1878, p. 151). Amy Moon, to whom the poem is addressed, became Tusser's second wife.

To Posh Fletcher  
(Fragment)

[Woodbridge]  
June 19, 1870

. . . I have been about in my ship, dodging about the Ferry and Harwich; just a little airing, like an old lady in her carriage. But I have not been very well. I believe I always tell you the same thing, and, when

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you see me, you do not see there is anything amiss with me, but I do think I feel a change this year. However, there is no use talking so about oneself. . . .

I suppose the Suffolk Hero's Boat and boathouse<sup>1</sup> could not have cost more than £100. How then comes the Hero to be £150 in debt? I suppose, on account of his expenses in saving life. I thought from the first there was well meaning humbug at the bottom of all this testimonial; and at first I refused to contribute to it; but that good fellow at the Bull<sup>2</sup> asked me. I have since heard that it was all got up by a woman (as I suspected), a Mrs. Ogleby, a great friend of the Ransome who signs this paper: who is a great friend of my friend at the Bull. And so it has come about.

I had a mind to bid Jemmy<sup>3</sup> come here yesterday to stay till Monday with Newson in the Yacht. For I thought this might be a good opportunity for him to do so; while his foot is not well enough to work with, and as he has told me that he wished to see our place. But on Friday the weather promised wet and storm; (which it has not performed hereabout where it was most wanted) and so I did not write to Jemmy to come, but sent Newson to his home for Sunday. Tell Jemmy this and state I shall hope to find another opportunity.

As for yourself, you know you can come when you please. I was half in a mind to sail to the Thames last week, so as I might run up by train to see poor Mr. Rowe,<sup>4</sup> who is too ill to come down here. But the wind was not favorable for going southward. We could have gone any day, as you know, to Lowestoft, but really I have had no heart to go and see you all doing so little for yourselves with fishing. You will be as well off as the farmers, however, with all this drought.

<sup>1</sup> The *Suffolk Hero*, the name of the boat maintained by a company of beachmen for salvage and rescue work. See letter to Posh, Saturday, [Nov., 1867].

<sup>2</sup> John Grout, proprietor of the inn.

<sup>3</sup> Posh's brother.

<sup>4</sup> G. J. Rowe, artist, formerly of Ipswich.

To W. F. Pollock

*Harwich*

*June 22, [1870]*

*My dear Pollock,*

Your last Letter was rather a bore to you—to write, I think—no wonder, in the thick of the London Season—and written to a Gent

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who has nothing to tell in return. Nevertheless you must write to me once again before the London Season closes, and you start for some distant Place. The Mistress of Trinity told me that she and the Master were off for Germany: where are you going? Where will you find a green place all over the Continent after all this Drought, which has scorched up all our Grass here? I think Ireland would be a good resort: the green there will bear a good deal of scorching, and I am told they had rain there. It (the Rain) has behaved in a shameful way with us; adding Insult to Injury: coming up, and making a show, and sprinkling a few Drops, and then off again. I was here (in my Ship, as I now am) a week ago, and we made sure of a Storm coming up from Inland: but it held away. Now I am lying here again—simply on the principle of leaving Well—a Pretty Well—alone—coming yesterday with the intention of returning to my own River at Evening; but there was a German Band playing Rossini's overture to *Gazza Ladra* so pleasantly that I stopped to hear them again in the Evening—the Evening of the Longest Day of 1870! Here we lie, abreast of the Town, and almost under shadow of a huge, hideous, Iron-clad called the *Penelope*—who, I hope, won't begin thundering her ninety-eight Pounders over our heads. Shall we stop here this day also? Let us get our Dinners first, and then see. I suppose you never were here, were you? Did you ever read a capital set of extempore Verses on the place by Theodore Hook, beginning

Old Harwich stands  
Upon two Strands, etc.<sup>1</sup>

If you have not, I will send you a Copy one day when I get home. They were sung by Hook while he was staying at Mistley Hall, about ten miles off, I think. *Whose* was Mistley Hall then? Once, the famous Rigby's, I think.<sup>2</sup>

*Dinner*

	Bread	Sherry	Cheese	
--	-------	--------	--------	--

No. "We'll stop here today, Newson; and hear the Band; and also the Cheap-Jack on the Battery Green; and then see about Tomorrow." "Very good, Sir."

What a Letter to send, and even demand a reply to! But I am yours still

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> The first and last two of nine stanzas read:

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Old Harwich stands  
Between two strands  
    Along the sea and the Stour;  
With a round redoubt  
To keep foes out  
    If it had but a better door.

. . . .

From fitting slips  
You may see the ships,  
    We counted just thirteen;  
Two in the flood,  
Five in the mud,  
    And six in quarantine.

From Mistley Hall  
'Tis what they call  
    About ten miles in a carriage,  
But as long as I may  
At Mistley stay  
    Be hang'd if I go to Harwich.

Theodore Hook (1788-1841), founder of *John Bull*, wit, man about town endowed with a gift for improvising in verse and music. (The editors are indebted to Mrs. Winifred Cooper of Harwich, who provided transcripts of Hook's rhyme from *Notes and Queries*, Nov. 24, 1928, p. 367.

<sup>2</sup> The Hall, demolished in 1844, had been the seat of the Rigby family since 1703. The "famous" Richard, was Paymaster-General of the Forces, 1768-84. His chief claims to fame are his success as an "unblushing placeman" and the belief that he bequeathed "near half a million of public money."

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
June 25, [1870]

*My dear Cowell,*

Pray let me know when you leave Cambridge, and whither you go; and do manage to come to these Eastern Parts before long. I really wish to see you this Summer; yes, and before this Summer is much farther gone.

It is now some while since I heard from you: nor did I wish you to write during Term time. Nor do I wish you to write much now, for I know you are busy enough always: but I want you just to tell me where you are and where going.

I have been dodging about in my Ship: but it has not quite given

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my Head the good airing which it usually has done. And next year is that "Bank and Shoal" of Life—my grand Climacteric.

I have had my little Tauchnitz Sophocles once more on board; and have read the two Oedipuses; though I find some passages which I must once more resort to Wunder to clear up—if he can. I have again looked over the Antigone too; which is, as it always was, the very least interesting to me of all the Plays—except perhaps the Electra. I may be wrong in differing so from common Opinion: but I am sure I am not willingly perverse. There is rather more *jaw* (of Euripides sort) in this play, I think. There seems also a little Humour in the φύλαξ<sup>1</sup> resolving to return no more to Creon if once he gets safe away. The Speech of Antigone about the Divine unwritten Law is very fine however.

But oh! the Coloneus! I find that I still look on the Choruses as tissues of Words for Sound and Music rather than for any Poetic value in themselves. I cannot care for them apart from their Opera Value. Yet I remember People talking of them as very fine. Aeschylus indeed uses the Chorus to insinuate his dark hints about Fate, etc., and so interests one rather more. But all that about εὐππος, εὐ<sup>2</sup> everything, Athens, where the nightingale, etc., did not want Sophocles to write, though I dare say it answered all the purposes he wrote it for—an Entracte of Choral Music.

Can I be right?

But I am yours and Elizabeth's,

Right or wrong,  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "Guard."

<sup>2</sup> "Famed for horses."

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
June 28, [1870]

*My dear Wright (a non writendo),*

But you are a busy Bursar, and I an Idle-man.

I think you told me that you had failed in getting a copy of E. Clarke's profound Library of Useless Knowledge.<sup>1</sup> Now, I have a Copy: with, I see, his famous *Prologue* written out at the End. What will my Heirs, Executors, and Assigns make out of this, when they

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come to rummage my Shelves? You are much the younger Man, and I think won't come to be the Prey of Heirs, Executors, etc., these many, many Years. Will you like to have this Pamphlet, if you are still in want of it?

Do you think also that your Trinity College would care to possess Laurence's Oil Sketch of the Portrait of Thackeray which he (Laurence) did for Chief Baron Pollock? If you think so, I will take care to bequeathe it to the College.<sup>2</sup> Thackeray was a Trinity Man, you may know, though only for a short time, far short of taking his Degree there. But Trinity may wait some while, I do believe, for a more notable Scholar. Tell me about this. I might have asked the Master; but he is gone off to Germany; and somehow I find myself disposing of several worldly Goods on the Eve of my Grand Climacteric.

I have been a little abroad in my Ship, not very much, and do not think I am quite so alert as last Year. I suppose I shall find myself anchored at Lowestoft before very long; I suppose also that you will be calling there before very long also, in the course of your visit to Beccles. Or are you taking wing abroad also?

Airy talked of coming here a fortnight or three weeks ago to fetch one of his Daughters away. But she found another Escort: and so he did not come. He had previously been into Wales, which he says refreshed him much.

You were in the Isle of Wight, were you not? at Easter. How did you find the Laureate? I almost think I was wrong in telling him I could take no interest in his Holy Grail, which I should not have done had he not—sent it to me! A parlous reason.

I am advertised in the *Gazette*<sup>3</sup> as being no longer a Fishmonger; and my last Hand is played.

Yours sincerely  
E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Thackeray, Nov. 29, [1838].

<sup>2</sup> The portrait was sold for six guineas at Christie's after EFG's death. The original, a crayon commissioned by Pollock's father, was drawn in 1862; the copy was painted in 1864, immediately after Thackeray's death. See letter to Laurence, April 23, 1864.

<sup>3</sup> The statement of the dissolution of his partnership with Posh required by law, published in the *London Gazette* and the *Norfolk News and Eastern Times*, June 13 and 20.

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To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
July 8, [1870]

My dear Cowell,

Your letter was forwarded to me at Lowestoft: from which place I sailed here yesterday, in order that my man may attend what they call a Shipwreckt Seamen's Dinner. I am very glad indeed that you think of coming to Lowestoft, though I cannot but say that I think you would get more benefit in some stranger and pleasanter place. Be sure to let me know when you think of coming; and also whether I can be of any use about lodgings. Miss Green is just now at Liberty.

In consequence of your letter I got Fraser from the Railway Stall, and was well pleased to be so belauded.<sup>1</sup> I suppose the Article is by some friend, though I cannot guess who—not you certainly—nor Donne, I think. I cannot say there is much in it: the piece from Rabelais<sup>2</sup> was interesting, and to the point. Quaritch perhaps will hope that he may sell a few of his Eighteen-penny copies<sup>3</sup> in consequence; having wondered from the first that I did not stir up someone to do that friendly office. By the bye, he sent me, of his own accord, a funny account of what he calls the "Disappearance" of the first Edition—which was bought up he says by the Editor of the *Saturday Review* (Wilks?),<sup>4</sup> who (at a penny a piece) gave them to friends. Why he did not say so much in his Paper I don't know.

We shall read, I think, a little Sophocles together. What an audible *Cry* is this! *ἔτικτε γάρ, μ' ἔτικτεν, ὥμοιμοι κακῶν, οὐκ εἰδότες οὐκ εἰδυῖα.*<sup>5</sup>

Ever yours,  
E.F.G.

I was amused at Fraser's Man gravely talking of my "endorsing" the *Calcutta Review*!<sup>6</sup> I knows about it all—I knows—I knows.

<sup>1</sup> The 1868 version of the *Rubáiyát* had been praised in an eight-page review in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1870, pp. 777-84. "The translator," the critic states, "can hardly be too much congratulated on the excellence . . . of his performance. . . . He has certainly achieved a remarkable success, and it would be difficult to find a more complete example of terse and vigorous English. . . . The rhythm of his stanzas is admirable." Thomas W. Hinchliff identified himself as the reviewer (*Letters to Quaritch*, p. 43).

The critique in *Fraser's* was thought to be the first recognition of EFG's poem in an English periodical until, in 1959, Michael Wolff of Indiana University discovered a review of the original version in the *Literary Gazette* of October

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1, 1859. See Professor Wolff, "The *Rubáiyát's* Neglected Reviewer," *Victorian Newsletter*, Spring, 1960, pp. 4-6.

<sup>2</sup> A passage in which the reviewer drew parallels between the *Rubáiyát* and *Pantagruel*.

<sup>3</sup> The original price for the 1868 version; but Hinchliff, the reviewer for *Fraser's*, paid 2s 6d for copies he bought (*Letters to Quaritch*, p. 43). Perhaps Quaritch raised the price as his stock dwindled.

<sup>4</sup> For the "Disappearance," see letter to Cowell, Dec. 7, 1861. Professor Carl Weber submits an ingenious explanation of EFG's substitution of "Wilks" for the name of Stokes, a contributor to the *Saturday Review*. FitzGerald, writes Professor Weber, "telescoped" the name, "transforming it into a monosyllable, so that WhItLey stoKeS became 'Wilks'" (*FitzGerald's Rubáiyát*, Waterville, Maine, 1959, p. 20). Quaritch may have said that "Whitley Stokes" had bought copies of the poem; EFG may have retained a confused image of the spelling in memory.

<sup>5</sup> "She bore me, woe is me, she bore me, I did not know it, nor did she" (*Oedipus at Colonus*, 982).

<sup>6</sup> In his introduction to the *Rubáiyát* EFG quotes from Cowell's essay on Omar Khayyám in the *Review* for March, 1858.

To Bernard Quaritch

Markethill, Woodbridge  
July 8, [1870]

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your note about poor old Omar's first *fiasco*. I suppose he does not fare much better now, in spite of all those Gentlemen's good opinions; which might not have been the case had one of them given him a good word years ago. But I never ask anyone to do such a Job for me, as someone I hear has now done in Fraser's Magazine.<sup>1</sup>

However, Omar does not take up much room on your shelves, and will go off one day—when probably I shall be out of reach of a third Edition of 150 copies.<sup>2</sup>

Meanwhile I console myself with my little ship, and am

Yours truly,  
Edward FitzOmar

<sup>1</sup> See preceding letter, to Cowell.

<sup>2</sup> First edition, 250 copies; second edition, 200.



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To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
July 13, [1870]

*My dear Pollock,*

Well then—you *shall* write to me once again before you leave Town: as I am writing once more before I leave Woodbridge. This is returning your Shot with a vengeance: but you needn't be in the more hurry for all that. The Devil has inspired me to write again so fast, just because my Boat is on the Shore, etc., and my gallant Crew awaits me. We came home here for what they call a "Shipwreckt Seamen's Dinner," where most of them get fuddled: and so the Day after: then Sunday comes to sleep it off: then a Sister of mine from Florence came to see me here; and Today at last we are "foot-loose" and for Lowestoft ho!

I think it is your Enquiry about "Otello" that has inspired me—not the Devil after all. Why, I remember Pasta and Rubini in it—over and over again. I dare say Nilsson is a good Desdemona, where Grace and Tenderness are wanted: and Mongini<sup>1</sup> (I have never heard either of them) good in the vociferous parts of Otello. Rubini had (latterly) scarce voice enough for the grand military "Entrata"; but there was one bit—with Iago, I think, in a Garden—"Non piu spème"—that is never to be forgotten, nor, I believe, to be equalled. I always thought that Rossini's vein was Comic—and the Barber his Masterpiece: but he is always melodious and beautiful, and that will make him live when Meyerbeer, Gounod, Mendelssohn, Wagner and Co. lie howling—by the side of Browning and Co.—in some limbo of Dante's first Act of the Comedy. I say the Arts are nothing if not beautiful. I have seen no more of Rossetti than the Athenaeum quoted with a flourish of Trumpets: and they seemed undigested, and (to me) undigestible things. I have got my little Sophocles on board with me once more: and the two Oedipuses seem to me of quite another sort; and as fresh as when they were first spoken. Laurence has sent me down the Life-size Sketch of my Captain: better than I expected: a fair general Likeness, seen at a proper distance, and with not too much light. But the finer lines are not there: and the fine ruddy-brown complexion (which one might think was easily attained) ill exchanged for a rather inky paleness, which will duly grow black in time, as Laurence's pictures do. The Dress and Background are, however, very well painted; one of the best bits of colour I have seen of his. Dickens,

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I think, almost deserves all they say about him, though they might have waited a hundred years before laying him in Westminster Abbey—as I thought of Thackeray too, who I believe *can* afford to wait that time. But, after all, Westminster has been desecrated by worse Interments and Panegyrics. When you do write, do tell me about old Spedding, who wouldn't tell me himself if I wrote to him. And yet, what is there to tell? I know that he goes on as equably as one of the Stars. The Athenaeum says that Carlyle is gone to Dumfries, not in good health. But I must not suggest too many Questions this hot weather. The Mistress of Trinity wrote me that she and he were at Karlsbad in Bohemia—he not very well—not equal to the Ammergau Mystery, which I wonder that he can care to see. Go and see dear old Undine<sup>2</sup>—ever young—at some Theatre: and yet the Novel is enough. But, anyhow, believe me yours ever

E.FG.

We have no Mudie—and no Lothair.

<sup>1</sup> Christine Nilsson, Swedish singer; Mongini, Italian tenor.

<sup>2</sup> A dramatization of de la Motte Fouqué's *Undine*, one of EFG's favorite stories, was being produced at the Olympic Theater.

## To Heirs and Executors

*Lowestoft*  
July 20, 1870<sup>1</sup>

I hereby desire my Heirs, Executors, and Assigns not to call in the Principal of any Mortgage by which Joseph Fletcher the younger of Lowestoft stands indebted to me; provided he duly pays the Interest thereon; does his best to pay off the Principal; and does his best also to keep up the value of the Property so mortgaged until he pays it off.

This I hereby desire and enjoin on my Heirs, Executors, or Assigns solemnly as any provision made by Word or Deed while [executing] any other legal Document.

Edward FitzGerald

This Paper I now endorse again on a Legal Stamp, so as to give it [all] the authority I can.

Edward FitzGerald  
July 31, 1870

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<sup>1</sup> Dated in error by Blyth, January 20, 1870, p. 169; transcribed by Ganz, p. 41. This document was in a packet of letters to Posh Fletcher as late as 1947 but disappeared before the MSS were acquired by the University of Texas. The text published here is reconstructed from a transcript of the original sent to the editors in 1947 and from Blyth's *FitzGerald and "Posh,"* pp. 169-70. Mildew had blurred some of the handwriting, and fraying had worn away one margin of the script. Each transcript corrects errors or omissions in the other.

To Bernard Quaritch

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*July 21, [1870]*

*Dear Sir,*

Here is a very very small commission for you. Can you find and send me a tolerable French Dictionary: neither large nor learned but just sufficient to set me up in French Letter-writing on common subjects. I know that such Dictionaries are easily found: but I want one of good large type, not like the present School Dictionaries: and I should like rather an old one, as I hate the quite modern French type and paper.

<sup>2<sup>dly</sup></sup> I want a Book about the Quakers by a Mrs. Green. She wrote two: the second a dull Novel, or story, about Quakers, which I do not want: but her *first* related her own experiences among the Quakers: and that is the Book I do want, and cannot remember the exact name of it. I am convinced the Quakers have bought up this book as it tells droll stories of their little crafty ways.

I want it much: will you make out something about it?

This is giving you trouble about a trifle indeed: and—I shan't die if nothing is done, but remain

Yours  
E. FitzGerald

To Samuel Laurence  
(Fragment)

*Suffolk Hotel, Lowestoft*  
*August 2/70*

. . . The Lugger is now preparing in the Harbour beside me; the Captain here, there, and everywhere; with a word for no one but on

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business; the other side of the Man you saw looking for Birds' Nests; all things in their season. I am sure the Man is fit to be King of a Kingdom as well as of a Luggie. Today he gives the customary Dinner to his Crew before starting, and my own two men go to it; and I am asked too: but will not spoil the Fun.

I declare, you and I have seen A Man! Have we not? Made in the mold of what Humanity should be, Body and Soul, a poor Fisherman. The proud Fellow had better have kept me for a Partner in some of his responsibilities. But no; he must rule alone, as is right he should too.

I date from the Inn where my Letters are addressed; but I write in the little Ship which I live in. My Nieces are now here; in the town, I mean; and my friend Cowell and his Wife; so I have more company than all the rest of the year. I try to shut my Eyes and Ears against all tidings of this damnable War,<sup>1</sup> seeing that I can do no good to others by distressing myself.

<sup>1</sup> The Franco-Prussian War had begun July 19.

### To Bernard Quaritch

*Suffolk Hotel, Lowestoft*  
*Saturday, [August 6, 1870]*

*Dear Sir,*

Will you send me here Véron's Bourgeois, and La Marck's Mirabeau,<sup>1</sup> which I see advertised among the cheap Books in the Catalogue you have been so good as to send me. Such are the only books I now buy.

Cowell is here and sails out with me when weather permits.

Though I date from the Inn where I go to smoke a pipe and drink a Glass (or two) of Grog at night, I now write on board my Ship, as perhaps my writing testifies (not the Grog).

and remains yours truly  
Edward FitzGerald

P.S. The Books I mention were marked as *Sewed*, I think—which I prefer.

<sup>1</sup> Louis Désire Véron, *Mémoires d'un bourgeois de Paris*, 1853-55; *Correspondance entre Mirabeau et le comte de la Marck*, 2 vols., 1851.

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To Frederick Spalding

*Lowestoft*

*Wednesday, [September 7, 1870]*

*Dear Sir,*

Will you find in my Chateau Drawing-room shelves two thick red Octavos—*Lord Hervey's Memoirs of George II*<sup>1</sup>—and hand them over to Mr. Berry, for transmission hither? I dare say he won't be sending till Friday—so do not trouble yourself on Market day. Indeed, I only write now because I am shut up in my Ship by rain, and so write letters.

I had a letter from Posh yesterday, telling me he was sorry we had not “parted Friends.” That he had been indeed “*a little the worse for Drink*”—which means being at a Public house half the Day, and having to sleep it off the remainder: having been duly warned by his Father at Noon that all had been ready for sailing two hours before, and all the other Luggers gone. As Posh could *walk*, I suppose he only acknowledges a *little Drink*: but, judging by what followed on that little Drink, I wish he had simply acknowledged his Fault. He begs me to write: if I do so, I must speak very plainly to him: that, with all his noble Qualities, I doubt that I can never again have Confidence in his Promise to break this one bad Habit, seeing that he has broken it so soon, when there was no occasion or excuse: unless it were the thought of leaving his Wife so ill at home. The Man is so beyond others, as I think, that I have come to feel that I must not condemn him by general rule: nevertheless, if he ask me, I can refer him to no other. I must send him back his own written Promise of Sobriety, signed only a month before he broke it so needlessly: and I must even tell him that I know not yet if he can be left with the Mortgage as we settled it in May.

I had a Paper sent over about a Woodbridge Regatta; but I have not subscribed because of your telling me that Dallenger was to be Secretary. It is scarcely credible—even of Woodbridge.

I wrote to you on Saturday, in reply to your Letter, and telling all this of Posh: but I am not at all sure that I ever posted the Letter—which I have looked for in vain in my pockets. When you write do tell me what you think.

*Thursday.* I had your Letter last night; so I see that my last duly reached you. Thank you for yours. I want you to take some more trouble for me.

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*More Books*, viz: four small Volumes of Montaigne in the top shelf between the Windows of my room at Mr. Berry's.

And a Volume (bound or not, I forget) of miscellaneous *Essays*, somewhere in one of the Shelves by the Window in the adjoining room. The Volume contains some Papers by Spedding and some on *English Hexameter Translations of Homer*.

P.S. I enclose Posh's Letter, and the answer I propose to join to it. The Cowells think that I should not write sternly, but kindly; considering that, in spite of this outbreak (which Elizabeth Cowell was much shocked at, considering the sick Wife) I ought to believe in Posh's general Amendment, of which others have told me, and that I ought to encourage, not to daunt him. I am sure it makes me sad and ashamed to be setting up for Judge on a much nobler Creature than myself. But I must consider this a case in which the outbreak was worse than needless, and such as must almost destroy any Confidence I can feel for the future. I can only excuse it as a sort of Desperation at his Wife's Illness—strange way as he took of improving the occasion. You see it was *not* old Friends not seen for some time whom he drank with: but one or two of the Crew he is always with.

I had thought of returning him *his* written Promise as worthless: desiring back *my* direction to my Heirs<sup>2</sup> that he should keep on the Luggage in case of my Death. But I will wait for what you say about all this. You know the whole thing better than the Cowells. I am really sorry to trouble you over and over again with the matter. But I am so fearful of blundering, where a Blunder might do so much harm. I think that Posh ought to be made to feel this severely: and, as his Wife is better, I do not mind making him feel it, if I can. On the other hand, I do not wish to drive him, by Despair, into the very fault which I have so tried to cure him of. Pray do consider and write to me of this, returning me the two Papers.

His Mother did not try to excuse him at all: his Father would not even see him go off. She merely told me parenthetically, "I tell him he seem to do it when the Governor is here."

<sup>1</sup> Edited by J. W. Croker; published in 1848.

<sup>2</sup> See instructions to heirs and executors, July 20, 1870.

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To Bernard Quaritch

TELEGRAM

*Lowestoft Sept<sup>r</sup> 20/70. 10 A.M.*

From on board Ship where Professor Cowell is just going for a sail with yours truly EF.G.

*10½ A.M.*

A Melton Mowbray Pork Pie and a Bottle of Sherry just hoisted on board for the Professor's Luncheon.

*11 A.M.*

Professor himself just hoisted on board. He begs his Compliments.

*11¼ A.M.*

Topsail just hoisting in order to get the Professor and the Pork Pie out of Harbour. Wind very light. S.E.

Please to tell Count Bismarck that, if he could batter down Paris, without killing the Parisians, it would do more to keep France quiet for the next twenty years than the cession of Alsace and Lorraine.

To E. B. Cowell

*Woodbridge*

*Michaelmas Day, [1870]*

*My dear Cowell,*

I came here by Rail on Sunday, to provide for Newson's Girl going off to the School<sup>1</sup> on the Day after. Perhaps you have seen Aldis Wright before this: and he may have told you how he and M. Donne met at Lowestoft Fishmarket, and how we spent the Day together—very agreeable to me. Mowbray went off on the next Day: and the Day after that Poor Posh came in with his Ship, and I had a wrangle with him, poor fellow, though in a friendly way. But he revolts at Tea-totalism: he will give up Spirits and Beer, he says: but a Glass of wine and Water now and then—at the Suffolk—as when I am there. I don't see how he can afford it at other times, and his own Mates would only make Game of his being so exclusive. Just before I came, I had a long talk with a great friend of his—Dickymilk—a very good fellow, to whom I told the Story. He says that Posh has made great Efforts to abstain—has constantly refused drinking when called on; that while he has many friends who want him to drink in good fellow-

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ship, there are others "who lay pitfalls for him"—jealous of his having a rich Friend, as they think, and wishing to blow a Coal between us. This Dicky *knows*, he says, and that Posh has often hard work to withstand their taunts. This Posh said was so indeed, when I asked him; and yet he says (as indeed he has shown) that he will often leave these good and bad Friends to come over to me. Here it all rests. I don't know if you care to be told so much about it: but anyhow you have no call to answer it.

When I got here I found some Papers of which I enclose cuttings for you. I have seen no Newspaper since. Here also I found Spedding's new Bacon Pamphlet:<sup>2</sup> of which Spedding's own Account is delightful. I have not yet cared to read anything else.

I suppose that I shall cruise about a little before my Ship lies up. But Morning and Evening are now cold. You are, I suppose, getting into the thick of your Lecture work.

So with love to the Lady (who was so kind too to the Poshes) I am yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The Servants' School at Ipswich.

<sup>2</sup> *A Conference of Pleasure* (c. 1592), edited by Spedding from a slightly burned MS belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

To E. B. Cowell

*Suffolk Hotel, Lowestoft*  
*Oct<sup>r</sup> 2, [1870]*

*My dear Cowell,*

I enclose you two scraps from two Papers—which, as the Papers say, you may take for what they are worth—if you know what that is.

I suppose I need not to tell you that I missed you much when you were gone. Maurice, I think, might have let Arthur stay here till tomorrow. I suppose that this week will see me out of this Harbour, as the Luggers will probably be thronging in: I may then be a little while cruising about Felixstow and Harwich—and then—

I have had another repentant Letter from Posh: but I have not yet written to him—not from any resolution not to do so, but from irresolution in doing. I believe I shall have to stipulate that he shall be able to tell me that he has not touched liquor from the time of my writing till the time of my next seeing him. I spoke on the subject to Mr.



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Worthington who tells me that Posh's wife has been in a condition that was sufficient to drive him for consolation elsewhere, though he did not seek it in the right place. This I had suspected; and I only presumed to question Mr. Worthington on the subject in order to make sure that I might not blame Posh too much. Nevertheless, I think that the condition I propose will be best for him in all respects. He was so ill lately at Grimsby that he had to be taken in a Cart to the Doctor's there, and then would go again to Sea more dead than alive; as he wrote to his wife—not to me. He also tells her—not me—that he has taken no Spirits nor Strong Beer for three weeks. It is a part of his grand nature to be inarticulate of Excuses, and improvident of putting his best Foot foremost.

Elizabeth sets off for Cambridge tomorrow, as she doubtless lets you know. Do not trouble yourself to write to me: there is no sort of call for it: but, if you do write before you leave Ipswich, direct to the Address I begin my Letter with.

By the way, I shall post you an Athenaeum, which contains something about your Arabic Friend Palmer:<sup>1</sup> all which you can keep. The rest of the Paper you may re-direct to me at Woodbridge: as Annie Kerrich is not now at home, I believe, and I want another scrap out of the Paper.

Please to remember me very kindly to your Mother, Sisters, and Brother, and you know that I am yours always

E.FG.

Levi has had another Sturgeon, and last night begged me to buy a bit for my own good. "Fish, Flesh, and Fowl, all in one Bouquet," he said—and I smelt.

<sup>1</sup> E. H. Palmer (1840-82), Orientalist, Fellow of St. John's College. In 1871 he was elected Professor of Arabic at Cambridge. He is mentioned in "Eothen," by Arminius Vámbéry, *Athenaeum*, Sept. 24, 1870, p. 398.

To Mrs. E. B. Cowell

*Suffolk Hotel, Lowestoft*  
*Oct<sup>r</sup> 3, [1870]*

*My dear Lady,*

I must confess that I let nine o'clock slip away this morning, making sure from what you had said yesterday that you would not go till past

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Noon. I went up to Victoria Terrace at half past ten carrying the two Photographs of my Ship: and then your little maid told me you were gone indeed, and gave me the Book you had left for me.

So now I am left all alone: save that Mowbray Donne proposes coming on Thursday—for a Day. But I have written to him that I do not know if he will find my Ship: for I doubt she will have to retreat homeward out of the way of so many Luggers as now crowd in to this Harbour. Besides, I shall wish Newson to see his Daughter before she goes to the School, as I hope she will do the End of this week, or Monday next.

Adieu!

E.FG.

4 p.m.

I have just met your Sister-in-law as I was coming to the Post, and she tells me that her little girl is still ill.

To Alfred Tennyson

*Markethill: Woodbridge*

*Oct<sup>r</sup> 12, [1870]*

*My dear Alfred,*

The time of Year is come round when I knock at your Door for an Answer, you know: and you, or Mrs. Alfred, must let me know how you both are, and something of what you have been about all this Summer.

I have been afloat, as usual, and scarcely more than afloat; lying for near three months in Lowestoft Harbour, now and then taking out Edward Cowell and others for a Sail. *He* was lodging there for two good months: so we had plenty of one another: and you were very often in our mouths. Cowell is now gone back to his Sanscrit at Cambridge, and I am come back here with my Ship, for winter quarters, both of us, I suppose. I have indeed meditated going to Florence this Winter: but I suppose it will all end in meditation, as it has done heretofore.

I was very sorry to miss Frederick, who wrote to me from Grimsby proposing to look for me on his way home. I did not get his Note till a week after he wrote it—and he was got back to Jersey by the time I could answer. This comes of waiting to have one's letters sent one

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with other things from home once a week; as was the case with me at Lowestoft.

Spedding has sent me his newly discovered Bacon Tract; his Introduction and Explanation quite delightful, as usual; but I have as yet omitted the part of Hamlet.

Is Mr. Rossetti a Great Poet, like Browning and Morris? So the Athenaeum tells me. Dear me, how thick Great Poets do grow nowadays.

I am wicked enough to believe that if all the new ornamental part of Paris (not Notre Dame and the Tuileries) could be bombarded down without much loss of Life, it would be the best thing to keep France quiet for the next twenty years.

And I remain as heretofore yours and Mrs. Alfred's loyal and affectionate old Retainer

E.FG.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
October 17, [1870]

*My dear Donne,*

I think you know why I don't write to you—I don't want to give you the trouble of answering the very little I ever have to tell. Mowbray writes to me now and then, and never fails to write how you are; and he has probably told you of his seeing me before this. It was very kind of him to come so far out of his way to see me; it really gave me great pleasure to see him.

When I got home here I found old Spedding's newly found Bacon Pamphlet—with his own delightful Introduction. If Kitty Clive<sup>1</sup> said of Garrick, "Damn him, he could act a Gridiron" (or, "*on* a Gridiron" do you think?) so old Spedding can act upon the mechanical process of cobbling a half-burnt MS. Damn him.

Do you know about Mrs. Kemble? You will answer my letter, I know, and here is a Question to answer: which is what old Spedding insists on before he cares to answer one (Damn him again). I should most likely have written to Mrs. K. had I known her Address—I suppose somewhere in Switzerland—but I did not like troubling Coutts with a Letter for her.

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I came back here a week ago, and shall soon consign my little Ship to her winter Berth. Cowell was at Lowestoft for two months, and sailed with me every practicable Day: very well and very merry. What with his interest in this d——d War and the perplexing bits of jargon about it that I heard in the streets and on the Pier, I got drawn in to look at Newspapers and their Bulletins once more: but now care to hear and see nothing of the sort.

You have been at Cromer, Mowbray tells me: I scarce dare repeat that he said you were very well indeed: but you know that I hope so; and that I am yours always and ever

E.FG.

And Sir F. Pollock<sup>2</sup>—is he to be written to?

<sup>1</sup> Comedienne; played with Garrick at Drury Lane, 1746-69.

<sup>2</sup> Pollock had succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, August 23. Strangely, in his *Remembrances*, Pollock remarks on his father's death and funeral in an entry dated "22<sup>d</sup> July" (II, 224).

To Thomas Carlyle

Markethill, Woodbridge  
October 23, [1870]

*My dear Carlyle,*

It seems an impertinence to stir up your recollection of me once a year. Still, that may be enough for you, if not too much: and I don't like wholly to lose an intercourse that has lasted, more or less, these eighteen years—yes, since I was staying with Thackeray at his house in what he called *Jorum* Street, and he took me to Chelsea one night,<sup>1</sup> and Naseby came into question: and, for once in your lives, I had to prove you and Dr. Arnold wrong about the Battlefield, my poor Father's Obelisk having pointed you all wrong from the beginning. Many pleasant evenings do I remember—cups of Tea made by her that is gone: and many a Pipe smoked with you—in your little garden, when weather was fair—and all kind and pleasant at all times.

Though I do not write—for the reason that I have nothing worth telling you—you are often in my thoughts, and often on my Tongue when I happen to visit any of the few friends I now see. Then I am often recurring to your Books: it was taking up the Heroes yesterday that made me resolve on writing my yearly letter. I seemed to hear

you talking to me—as when you did talk the Book to me and others in that Lecture Room, in *George Street*, was it?<sup>2</sup> Sterling's Life talks to me also: and so does Cromwell, and the Old Monk of St. Edmund's,<sup>3</sup> they all do; but these perhaps most agreeably to me.

I have nothing whatever to tell of myself, but that I have not been so well all the year, not even sea-faring: I think I feel the Shadow of the Great Climacteric next year coming. You have got over that Bank and Shoal of Time gallantly.

I say nothing of Public matters, and accursed Wars. And I think this is nearly all I have to say that you would care to read—and to answer briefly—as you will?

<sup>1</sup> EFG miscalculated by ten years. September 15, 1842, was the date of the meeting; and Samuel Laurence, not Thackeray, took FitzGerald to Cheyne Row that evening.

<sup>2</sup> Not *George*, but Edward Street, Portman Square.

<sup>3</sup> Abbott Samson in *Past and Present*.

## To Thomas Woolner

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*Tuesday, October [25, 1870]*

*Dear Sir,*

Today we send you off the little Churchyard,<sup>1</sup> which won't take up much room if it does not give you much pleasure. It is not very *luminous*, as you will see, but, I think, touched with grace, one of many such little bits as he used to do, on the back of a cigar box, which I think made rather a good ground for his colour. Now, this is such a little thing that I don't wish you to spend your time writing thanks for it, only let me know if it doesn't reach you. I wish I had a little Nursey to send you; I have two or three rather larger ones (for which reason you might not care to have one of them) and they are not his best.

These amateurs—and I think all Painters except the best, are best in their slight sketches, done at a heat. They nearly always *muddle* when they get to working up in cold blood.

The trees are in fine colour now. And last night we had an Aurora well worth being out of London, or even Paris, to behold. "First came a white Beam, and then came a Rose" shelving the white one away Eastward, and then the rose followed catching up the Pleiads and

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Jupiter below them, and there was a grand Sword-dance half over the sky, more like Beams of Goliath than Swords, however.

Yours truly,  
E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> A picture by Thomas Churchyard.

To Thomas Carlyle

[Woodbridge]  
[Late October, 1870]

*Dear Carlyle,*

Your "Heroes" put me up to sending you one of mine—neither Priest, Poet, or Man of Letters—but Captain of a Lowestoft Lugger, and endowed with all the Qualities of Soul and Body to make him Leader of many more men than he has under him. Being unused to sitting for his Portrait, he looks a little—sheepish almost—and the Man is a Lamb with Wife, Children, and dumber Animals. But when the proper time comes—abroad—at Sea or on shore—then it is quite another Matter. And I know no one of sounder sense, and grander Manners, in whatever Company. But I shall not say any more; for I should only set you against him: and you will see all without my telling you, and not be bored. So least said soonest mended, and I make my bow once more and remain your

Humble Reader  
E.FG.

To William Crowfoot  
(Fragment)

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*Oct. 31, 1870*

. . . I don't think I have been so well all this year and think I feel the Shadow of the Grand Climacteric coming on. But on this point I will say no more. Had I not such a dislike to Travel, I might run to Italy for once this Winter: but besides that disinclination to the road, I am more than doubtful whether I should like the new World I got to after all the trouble—"leave well alone" is a good rule: and perhaps

"Leave *pretty* well alone" is not to be discommended—at one's Grand Climacteric.

By the way, you told me you had provided that your Body should be opened after Death; I have asked Edmund Kerrich to see the like done by me:<sup>1</sup> and he is willing provided the Law allows. I conclude the Law does not object in as much as *you* see no such impediment in the way: but *how* should one ensure the thing being done? by what written that shall anticipate other directions in one's *Will* which only comes to be opened when too late?

<sup>1</sup> EFG's suggestion was not adopted.

To W. F. Pollock

*Bridgewood*  
Nov. 1, [1870]

*My dear Pollock,*

I must say that my savageness against France goes no further than wishing that the new and gay part of Paris were battered down—not the poor working part—no, nor any of the People destroyed. But I wish ornamental Paris down, because then I think the French would be kept quiet till they had rebuilt it. For what would France be without a splendid Palace? I should not wish any such Catastrophe, however, if Paris were now as I remember it: with a lot of old historic houses in it—old Gardens, etc., which I am told are now made away with. Only Notre Dame, the Tuileries, and perhaps the beautiful gilt Dome of the Invalides do I care for. They are historical and beautiful too.

But I believe it would be a good thing if the rest of Europe would take possession of France itself, and rule it for better or worse, leaving the French themselves to amuse and enlighten the world by their Books, Plays, Songs, Bon Mots, and all the Arts and Sciences which they are so ingenious in. They can do all things but manage themselves and live at peace with others: and they should themselves be glad to have their volatile Spirits kept in order by the Good Sense and Honesty which other Nations certainly abound in more than themselves.

I see what I think very good remarks about them in old Palmerston's Papers<sup>1</sup> quoted in my Athenaeum. He was just the Man they wanted, I think.

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Do you know Edward Cowell the Professor? He was for two months at Lowestoft with me and went sailing when he could—leaving all his Philology at Cambridge. He told me that your eldest Son<sup>2</sup> was one of his most hopeful Scholars in Sanscrit.

Though I have here asked a question, I don't want an Answer. If you do know Cowell, good: if you don't, *do* when you next can.

And so once more

Explicit E.FG.

I am just going to write to Annie Thackeray.

Tennyson should hang his Harp up, I think.

<sup>1</sup> A review of *The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston*, by Henry Lytton Bulwer, *Athenaeum*, Oct. 22, pp. 521-22, and Oct. 29, pp. 556-57.

<sup>2</sup> Frederick (1845-1937), third Baron, called to the bar in 1871, became a distinguished writer on jurisprudence. *The Holmes-Pollock Letters*, published in 1941 by M. A. de Wolfe Howe, is a correspondence between Sir Frederick and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge

*Gunpowder night*, [1870]

*My dear Lady,*

Your letter was written on Gunpowder Eve,<sup>1</sup> and you see above when I am answering it. I was thinking of you and yours this very day. For I hired a Horse and Gig, and took myself over to Ipswich: chiefly for the dreary satisfaction of seeing the Kesgrave and Rushmere country before all the leaves had fallen: and as I went into Ipswich and again as I came out—I looked, and thought upon one of those white houses on the last Hill as you go down to Ipswich, where you and yours once resided. Then again there was the red house, with a railed-in space before it, as you go to Fore Street, St. Clements—there you all of you once were. I might have called at Charles Henry's<sup>2</sup> Office, but I thought he was always home to dinner about noon: so I did not. . . . I have written my annual Letters to Carlyle, Tennyson, and Spedding. The first answered very kindly by some hand not his; the second (as usual) by his Wife; and the third (as yet) not at all. Tennyson has been—and yet is—out of health, into some illness connected with Varicose Veins—which I remember his suffering with some twenty years ago. I have also had a very kind letter from Mrs.



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Trinity—which tells me her Master is better. Donne writes in good health and spirits too; his son Freddy is just home on sick leave from India, but hopes soon to recover and go out again. This is all I know of those whom you also know.

I will forward the letters to Maurice along with this to you. I must see the *Quarterly* with the Professor's Article;<sup>3</sup> which I doubt not I shall identify. Tell him I take the *Globe* Newspaper and sometimes read it: but I want him to tell me what to think of it.

Ever yours and his,  
E.FG.

What is the exact call of the Muezzin?

<sup>1</sup> Eve of Guy Fawkes' Day.

<sup>2</sup> E. B. Cowell's brother. He had succeeded to the family business.

<sup>3</sup> "The Rig-Veda-Sanhitā," *Quarterly Review*, July, 1870.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Nov. 15, [1870]

*My dear Pollock,*

You will think that I humbug in thanking you for your letters: but I do thank you sincerely, notwithstanding. You say that you have found something worth reading in some of mine; I really never did in any that have come to hand again. As to my last which you returned (as I wished) with short and quite sufficient answers, my Lawyer here was as great a fool as I; for he it was who told me that a Pleader might be found out of Town. However, it is now settled, I believe, that my Nephew<sup>1</sup> is to go to Town for the Pleader, as the Pleader won't come to Exeter for him.

Ah, I should like to hear Fidelio again, often as I have heard it. I do not find so much "Melody" in it as you do: understanding by Melody that which asserts itself independently of Harmony—as Mozart's *Airs* do. I miss it especially in Leonora's *Hope* song. But, what with the story itself, and the Passion and Power of the Music it is set to, the Opera is one of those that one can hear repeated as often as any.

If any one ever would take a good suggestion from me, you might suggest to Mr. Sullivan,<sup>2</sup> or some competent Musician, to adapt that Epilogue part of Tennyson's *King Arthur*, beginning—

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And so to bed—where yet in sleep I seem'd  
To sail with Arthur, etc.

down to

And War shall be no more—<sup>3</sup>

to adapt this, I say, to the Music of that grand last Scene in *Fidelio*: Sullivan and Co. supplying the introductory Recitative, beginning dreamily, and increasing, crescendo, up to where the Poet begins to “feel the truth and stir of Day”; till Beethoven’s pompous March should begin, and the Chorus, with “Arthur is come,” etc.; the chief Voices raising the words aloft (as they do in *Fidelio*) and the Chorus thundering in upon them. It is very grand in *Fidelio*: and I am persuaded might have a grand effect in this Poem. But no one will do it, of course—especially in these Days when War is so far from being no more!

I want to hear Cherubini’s *Medea*—which I dare say I should find masterly and dull. I quite agree with you about the Italians: Mozart the only exception—who is all in all.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Francis de Soyres.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur S. Sullivan (1842-1900), composer and teacher, had been acclaimed for his sacred music, cantatas, and oratorios as well as his music to Shakespeare’s *Tempest*, performed at the Crystal Palace in 1862, and his comic opera, *Cox and Box*. He had been organist at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. In 1871 he composed *Thespis, or the Gods Grown Old*, libretto by W. S. Gilbert, the first of the series that became known universally as the “Gilbert and Sullivan operas.”

<sup>3</sup> In all, 14 lines from the closing portion of Tennyson’s “Morte d’Arthur.”

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 5/70

My dear Pollock,

Your Letter gave me the first intimation of Tom Spedding’s death.<sup>1</sup> On looking to the weekly Obituary of the *Pall Mall Budget*, there I see it duly recorded. I suppose you knew him—did you know the Father also? No doubt this will touch our Jem nearly. You do not speak highly of those with whom his Lot is now cast:<sup>2</sup> I fancy Mow-

bray Donne hinted to me that he was rather bullied by them. But Mrs. John is a good Lady, isn't she? I scarce remember the Children, Men or Women.

Had not Sunday followed Saturday I was a little tempted to run up to hear Cherubini's *Medea*, which I saw advertised for the Night. But I believe I should feel strange at a Play now: and probably should not have sat the Opera half out. So you have a good Play, and that well acted, at last, on English Boards! At the old Haymarket, I think:<sup>3</sup> the pleasantest of all the Theatres (for size and Decoration) that I remember; yes, and for the Listons and Vestrises that I remember there in the days of their Glory. Vestris, in what was called a "Pamela Hat" with a red feather; and, again, singing "Cherry Ripe," one of the Dozen immortal English Tunes. That was in "Paul Pry."<sup>4</sup> Poor Plays they were, to be sure: but the Players were good and handsome, and—oneself was young—1822-3! There was Macready's *Virgilius*<sup>5</sup> at old Covent Garden—an event never to be forgotten.

One Date leads to another. In talking one day about different Quotations which get abroad without people always knowing whence they are derived, I could have sworn that I remember Spring Rice mentioning one that he himself had invented, and had been amused at seeing quoted here and there—

Coldly correct and critically dull.

Now only last night I happened to see the Line quoted in the Preface to Frederick Reynolds' (the Playwright's) stupid Memoirs,<sup>6</sup> published in 1827—some time before Spring Rice would have thought of such things, I suppose. And, as he was not given to brag, or lie (though a Paddy) I suppose my Memory was at fault. Where the Line does come from I do not know—nor care. Do you?

What Plays Reynolds' were, which made George III laugh so, and put £500 apiece into the writer's Pocket! But then there were Lewis, Quick, Kemble, Edwin, Parsons, Palmer, Mrs. Jordan, etc., to act them.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas, Spedding's oldest brother, who had inherited the family properties, had died November 22. He was one of Carlyle's most congenial friends. Once, when Carlyle was a guest at Mirehouse, the two men observed a gig into the seat of which three men had wedged themselves. "You have difficulty about the Trinity, Carlyle," said Tom, "there it is for you—three men on one seat." "No, not exactly," replied Carlyle. "But one man in three gigs, that would be the Trinity" (D. A. Wilson, *Carlyle in Old Age*, 1934, p. 17).

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<sup>2</sup> Spedding had made his home with a sister-in-law since leaving Lincoln's Inn.

<sup>3</sup> W. S. Gilbert's *Palace of Truth* (1870), a fairy comedy in blank verse.

<sup>4</sup> A farce (1825) by John Poole.

<sup>5</sup> A melodramatic tragedy by James S. Knowles, first produced in London by Macready in May, 1820.

<sup>6</sup> *The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds, an autobiography*, 2 vols., 2nd edn., 1827.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge

Thursday, [December 8, 1870]

*My dear Professor,*

As I think that you (who are at the bottom, you know, of the whole Business) may be interested in any good words which light on the head of your ancient Pupil, I enclose you a Note which Bernardus Quaritchius has sent me.

I dare say however that I should have enclosed it to Madame to be shown to you at some propitious season: but I think your Term work must be getting lighter by this time. Nevertheless you are not to answer this Letter till you are released from the yoke. Elizabeth must tell me if you still entertain a thought of going to Lowestoft at Christmas: if *you* do, I shall: but I do not expect you *will* go when the time comes. And I won't say a word to press you to go, knowing that you may be expected and hoped for at other Places. Anyhow, leave Cambridge and all its work behind you for a little, go where you will.

I was at Lowestoft for a week some little while ago, and found Posh pretty well, and doing pretty well; his Wife much better. They talk a great deal of Elizabeth's kindness to them: and Posh would have sent you some of his smoked herring had they been as good as he desired. But I told him those he sent me were nothing particular: and so he said himself.

Quaritch wrote that I need not return the Note to him; neither need you to me. It is odd that the Americans should, as a Nation, detest England so much, and yet over-value the Books, Actors, etc., which we supply them with.

Ever yours and Madamina's  
E.FG.

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From Horace Howard Furness<sup>1</sup>

*Philadelphia*

*Nov. 21/70*

*Mr. Bernard Quaritch*

*London*

*Dr. Sir,*

Many thanks for the promptitude with which I rec'd the two copies of Omar Khayyám's *Rubáiyát*.

Please send me (by Post) eight (8) more copies of it; Mr. A. R. Smith will pay you for them as before, on showing him this.

If you ever communicate with Mr. Edward FitzGerald,<sup>2</sup> I wish you would express to him, if he care to learn it, the keen delight with which his translation has been read by quite a circle of my friends here in this city; and I must confess so exquisite is the English and so rhythmical is the verse that we all, ignorant as we are of the original, mistrust that the beauties of Omar are largely due to the genius of the translator.

I remain

Y<sup>r</sup>ob<sup>t</sup>serv<sup>t</sup>

Horace Howard Furness

<sup>1</sup> Who was to publish the first volume of his *Variorum Edition of Shakespeare* within a year.

<sup>2</sup> Although the identity of the translator was known to readers in Philadelphia, in England the knowledge was shared by a mere half-dozen: the Cowells, Donne, W. H. Thompson, Borrow, and Quaritch.

To W. F. Pollock

*[Woodbridge]*

*[Mid-December, 1870]*<sup>1</sup>

*My dear Pollock,*

You are a good Baronet! I expect a letter from Carlyle once a year; from Spedding twice; and from you once a Quarter. And here you are writing more than Quadruple that. Now I will show my gratitude—not by the simple fact of answering, but positively by re-writing an Answer I had already written—with such bad MS that it would at any rate be *ungrateful* to trouble you with that. So here I begin anew; but

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with a steel pen: what one of my Nieces one day called "a spike with a Drop of Ink at the end of it."

A night or two ago I was reading old Thackeray's Roundabouts; and (sign of a good book) heard him talking to me. I wonder at his being so fretted by what was said of him as some of these Papers show that he was: very unlike his old self, surely. Perhaps Ill Health (which Johnson said made every one a Scoundrel) had something to do with this. I don't mean that W.M.T. went this length: but in this one respect he was not so good as he used to be.

Annie Thackeray in her yearly letter wrote that she had heard from Mrs. A.T. that the Laureate was still suffering. I judge from your Letter that he is better. I suppose that "Knowles"<sup>2</sup> is the Architect whom Spedding referred to as AT's "new Bozzy." I never heard any of his coadjutor Sullivan's<sup>3</sup> Music. Is there a Tune, or originally melodious phrase, in any of it? That is what I always missed in Mendelssohn, except in two or three of his youthful Pieces; Fingal and Midsummer Night's Dream overtures, and Meeresstille. Chorley mentions as a great instance of M.'s candour, that when some of his Worshippers were sneering at Donizetti's "Figlia," M. silenced them by saying "Do you [know] I should like to have written it myself."<sup>4</sup> If he meant that he ever *could* have written it if he had pleased, he ought to have had his nose tweaked.

I have been reading Sir Walter's Pirate again, and am very glad to find how much I like it—that is speaking far below the mark—I may say how I wonder and delight in it. I am rejoiced to find that this is so; and I am quite sure that it is not owing to my old prejudice, but to the intrinsic merit and beauty of the Book itself. With all its faults of detail, often mere carelessness, what a broad Shakespearian Daylight over it all, and all with no Effort, and—a lot else that one may be contented to feel without having to write an Essay about. They won't beat Sir Walter in a hurry (I mean of course his earlier, Northern, Novels), and he was such a fine Fellow that I really don't believe any one would wish to cast him in the Shade.

I don't see the Spectator where your Son's Verses<sup>5</sup> were. You good Fellow, now you are prouder of them than of your own Wit, of which you are *not* proud. Send me the Verses and believe me

Yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Dated 1871 by Wright, *Letters*, II, 325.

<sup>2</sup> James Knowles (1831-1908), architect for Aldworth; editor, *Contemporary Review*, 1870-77; founder, *Nineteenth Century*, 1877.

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<sup>3</sup> Tennyson's lyric-cycle, "The Window," with music by Arthur Sullivan, had just been published. The poem had been written at the composer's request.

<sup>4</sup> In *Thirty Year's Musical Recollections*, I, 162.

<sup>5</sup> "Might and Right: A Dialogue," *Spectator*, Nov. 19, 1870, p. 1384. Signed F.P.

## To Ablett Pasifull

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*Dec. 16, [1870]*

*Dear Ablett Pasifull,*

If your Crew for next year is not all complete, I wish you would offer any vacant Berth to Jack.<sup>1</sup> I am sure that you would be glad of him, for the same reason that I never wish him to leave me as long as [I] keep afloat. But, in the first place, I think it *possible* that I may not be sailing next year, and even if I should be, a Berth with you is better than a Berth with me, inasmuch as you begin earlier and finish later. For which reason, as I told you in the early part of this year, I was sorry not to know of your beginning in April, so as Jack might have had the offer of going with you, in case you had wanted him. For though no one ever will suit me so well, his interest is much more important to be considered than mine. As far as a man for a yacht goes, I do not know of a single fault in Jack.

And if it should happen that I should not go sailing at all next year, I shall be still more vexed if Jack should lose another and a better Berth, while expecting one from me.

Your Brother Robert, you may know, is engaged with a Mr. Eley (I believe his name is) who has a little yacht at the Ferry, and who took a fancy to mine, and if he will give £200 for her, I think I shall let her go.

I have said nothing of the chance of my not going sailing next year, either to Newson or Jack, except so far as they know I should sell the yacht for the sum I say.

As to Newson (who also does as well for me as anyone could do) I suppose he could not get another Berth whether I went or not; if you think he might, I should tell him at once. And as for Jack, I have asked you, you see, to propose to him if you have opportunity.

As I cannot yet be sure about my own movements, I have said nothing about the matter, except to yourself now. But I would not delay doing so *one moment* if by not doing so I should hinder the Interest of either Newson or Jack.

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I heard that you would possibly be at the Ferry this Christmas; and if you are I should be glad to see you and talk this matter over. I may be going to spend Christmas at Lowestoft if some friends of mine will meet me there.

I have not heard for some [time] of Posh, who had been doing about middling well up to that time. It has been a great year for Herring, I believe, almost a glut more than once. But there have been French, as well as a great number of Scotch, Boats this Year; and so prices have been low. There has also been great damage to nets; but many worse accidents, I think. I hope your Wife continues better. Newson flourishes well with his Twins. We have had a quarrel or two as usual this Summer but are quite good friends after all. I think he got rather tired of Lowestoft this summer having a new wife at home.

Please to keep all this to yourself till we see further, and believe me yours

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Jack Howe, second hand on the *Scandal*. Pasifull, of Felixstowe Ferry, sailed the schooner *Emily* out of Weymouth, Dorset, for T. German Reed, the London producer.

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 17 (?), [1870]

*My dear Lady,*

You will let me know beforehand if you *do* go to Lowestoft? Miss Green's own home is occupied (I am glad to say) all the Winter: but her Sister's (next door to her) is disengaged, and it is all as one concern.

I think I read somewhere that Mr. Palmer of St. John's had *not* been appointed Arabic Professor, or whatever it was that I remember Cowell hoped he would be called to.<sup>1</sup> But now that Cowell himself is got back for a time to Persian, tell him he must do what is to be done with *the Mesnavi*. I am sure by what experience I have of Omar, that this Mesnavi is the thing to be done—a much finer thing than Omar; probably *the* finest thing in Persian. And EBC, who could do it so easily, is the Man to do it. Surely the finest Persian Poem ought to be known in English? It needs not to be put into equal Verse, or Rhyme: but just into the most musical English one could hit on, line



by line. And I am sure I could help EBC in that, perhaps—but more sure in the selection, and putting together of, the matter: a thing for which I have a talent, and (not being Sanskrit Professor, etc.) have all leisure to ruminate. But I don't know how long this Talent is to last with me—nor the Time neither!

What has made me think of this is, partly what you write of Mr. Palmer drawing EBC into Arabic and Persian once again: and partly another letter I have received from an American Lady at Vienna expressing great interest about these Persians. I don't enclose it because it is a little too laudatory. However, this Lady is a daughter of my old friend Mrs. Kemble, and I think must be one of Mr. Furness' Coterie at Philadelphia. Whether this be so or not, tell Cowell what I say: which he will not do, any more than go to Lowestoft.

But I am his and yours always

E.FG.

I wrote to Charles Henry to ask if he and his were recovered: and had a very kind letter in reply to tell me that all was well again.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Cowell, Oct. 2, [1870]. Palmer was appointed to a second chair of Arabic at Cambridge, the Lord Almoner's, in 1871.

*Mrs. Sarah Wister, mother of the American novelist, Owen Wister, wrote to Aldis Wright, May 22, 1905:*

*I was astonished by E. FG's reference . . . to a letter I wrote him from Vienna about the authorship of his translation of Omar.*

*The incident is curious: in the autumn or winter of 1869 a number of young folk of whom I was one were intoxicated by the quatrains which appeared in an article by C. E. Norton in the N. A. Review. . . . On reaching London (May, 1870) I asked everybody who was likely to know, Mr. Donne among others, if they could tell me about it, that we were wild about it in America. Nobody could tell me, or had ever heard of it. . . .<sup>1</sup> I became convinced that the Laird of Little Grange was the author and wrote to him.<sup>2</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> EFG had given Donne a copy of the poem in 1861, very likely warning him not to divulge the identity of the translator. Hence Donne's professed ignorance when Mrs. Wister questioned him.

<sup>2</sup> Trinity College MS.

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To Thomas Carlyle

Woodbridge  
Dec. 19, [1870]

*My dear Carlyle,*

I have a mind to send you a Brace of Pheasants this Christmas: they will travel to you tomorrow. You know that we are famous here-about [for] this Article; and many a Shot have you shot in times gone by at the Preservers and Shooters thereof.<sup>1</sup> But they go on still. We have just lost Lord Hertford indeed who has a great Estate near that Orford I drove you to: he had not a penny to shew for his Rents there on a poor man's Cottage. But we have here even a greater Malefactor than him: George Tomline (worthy Inheritor of the Bishop's name, money, and Character) who has bought nearly all the Land between the Rivers Orwell and Deben; and pulls down, or purposely leaves to decay, the dwellings in his own Parish, lest they should harbor any poor Man with a Dog, or a Gun. Insomuch that the Labourers in that Parish of his have to dwell out of it—some as far off as Ipswich: having to walk four or five miles at morning and Evening, to and from their daily work. And this Wretch has been making a Fool of himself as well, I am told, by writing to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he can't pay his Labourers' wages unless his Silver Bullion be coined into Shillings. Some one was telling me of a Letter in the Times about it, talking of it as the mistake of *benevolent Ignorance*! The Times should send down one of its Reporters to learn the Truth, quite notorious here, and to show up this Scoundrel whom the Law cannot reach.

I may well send you a Pheasant at Christmas; for your Books have regaled me well for some while past. I have just packed up Abbot Samson<sup>2</sup> for a lofty Woman near here to read; Abbot Samson alone in a little thin Volume, cut out from a stray Copy of Past and Present. What do you think of that?

Don't be at the trouble of writing or dictating an acknowledgement of my Pheasants: but eat them: and believe me yours always and truly

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Game-preserving dilettantes and the idle aristocracy are frequent targets of Carlyle's satire.

<sup>2</sup> That is, Carlyle's *Past and Present*.

December 1870

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Dec. 24, [1870]

*My dear Pollock,*

I like the Verses<sup>1</sup> very much; and not the less for a natural rough edge about them—quite a different thing to Browning's affected ruggedness—which he, like a true Cockney, mistakes for Vigour.

The Athenaeum reports and quotes half a dozen new Books of Morris' *Earthly Paradise*,<sup>2</sup> which leave me quite as indifferent to it as they found me. I am sure insubstantial stuff won't last very long.

The *Pirate* is, I know, not one of Scott's best: the *Women*, *Minna*, *Brenda*, *Norna*, are poor theatrical figures. But *Magnus* and *Jack Bunce* and *Claud Halcro* (though the latter rather wearisome) are substantial enough—how wholesomely they swear; and no one ever thinks of blaming Scott for it. There is a passage where the Company at *Burgh Westra* are summoned by *Magnus* to go down to the *Shore* to see the *Boats* go off to the *Deep Sea* fishing—and "they followed his stately step to the *Shore* as the *Herd of Deer* follows the leading *Stag*, with all manner of respectful *Observance*." This, coming in at the close of the preceding unaffected *Narrative* is to me like *Homer*, whom Scott really resembles in the simplicity and ease of his *Story*. This is far more poetical in my *Eyes* than all the *Effort* of *Morris*, *Browning*, etc. And which of them has written such a *Lyric* as "*Farewell to Northmaven*?"<sup>3</sup> I finished the *Book* with *Sadness*; thinking I might never read it again.

Do you see that *Scoundrel Tomline's* *Letters to the Master of the Mint in the Papers*? People think he must be a Benevolent mistaken man, with all his *Talk* of "national and local advantage" in reclaiming *Land* from the *Sea*, employing *Labourers*, etc. Whereas we all know about here that he is a heartless *Brute* (worthy inheritor of the rascally old *Bishop's Name and Wealth*) who only wants to reclaim *Land* to get rent off it into his *Pockets*, and also to make a *Game Preserve* of it. He pulls down, and lets fall to decay, the houses of the *Labourers* in his own *Parish* for fear of any poor man keeping a *Dog* or a *Gun* there. All this is quite notorious hereabout: and the *Duke of Cambridge* and other illustrious *Personages* come to assist at his *Battues*. Tell [me]<sup>4</sup> how to find a *Verse* for *this*: and believe me ever yours  
E.FG.

P.S. Can't you send me your *Paper* about the *Novelists*? As to

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which is the best of all I can't say: that Richardson (with all his twaddle) is better than Fielding, I am quite certain. There is nothing at all comparable to Lovelace in all Fielding, whose Characters are common and vulgar types—of Squires, Ostlers, Ladies' maids, etc., very easily drawn. I am equally sure that Miss Austen cannot be third, any more than first or second: I think you were rather drawn away by a fashion when you put her there: and really old Spedding seems to me to have been the *Stag* whom so many followed in that fashion. She is capital as far as she goes: but she never goes out of the Parlour; if but Magnus Troil, or Jack Bunce, or even one of Fielding's Brutes, would but dash in upon the Gentility and swear a round Oath or two! I must think the "Woman in White," with her Count Fosco, far beyond all that. Cowell constantly reads Miss Austen at night after his Sanskrit Philology is done: it composes him—like Gruel: or like Paisiello's<sup>5</sup> Music, which Napoleon liked above all other, because he said it didn't interrupt his Thoughts.

<sup>1</sup> Frederick's verses in the *Spectator*.

<sup>2</sup> *Athenaeum*, Dec. 17, 1870, pp. 795-97.

<sup>3</sup> Set to music by EFG.

<sup>4</sup> EFG wrote "you."

<sup>5</sup> Giovanni Paisiello (1741-1815).

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge

Dec. 26, [1870]<sup>1</sup>

*My dear Donne,*

Can you in one line send me *Barry Cornwall's*<sup>2</sup> Address—somewhere in Wimpole Street, I think.

I have a mind to send the dear old Fellow a Brace of Pheasants this Christmas: but I don't know if I shall get the opportunity.

I was surprised by a letter from Mrs. Wister dated Vienna, and asking me to direct a few lines of Reply to her at Berne. I suppose she is on her way to join her Mother at Rome for the Winter. If you know Mrs. Kemble's address will you send me that too?

Mrs. Wister's letter was to ask if E.F.G.—her Mother's old Friend—was the Translator of an old Persian Atheist whom she made acquaintance with in America, etc.

I see a Notice of A.T.'s "Window" in the *Athenaeum*, as well been

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left unpublished: as also of Morris's "Earthly Paradise"—which *ditto*, so far as I am concerned. People, I believe, will soon weary of that unsubstantial stuff—though I don't mean "stuff" in a bad sense.

Edward Cowell *talked* of meeting me at Lowestoft this Christmas: but I don't think he will. Elizabeth wrote me the other day, that, five minutes after his last Sanscrit Lecture was over, he himself was off to Christ's for an Arabic MS which he was about to engage upon with Mr. Palmer of St. John's; and I do not think he will get away from man or MS till next Term recalls him to his Sanscrit.

I suppose you keep Xmas in London with all your Family—to whom all give my love. I would send you a Turkey, but I think I remember you have them to satiety from Norfolk. If not, let me do so.

Ever y<sup>rs</sup>  
E.FG.

I am sending Carlyle a Brace of Pheasants! Anything of Spedding since Tom's death?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Misdated 1877 in *Donne and Friends*.

<sup>2</sup> B. W. Procter was 87 years old.

<sup>3</sup> See letter to Pollock, Dec. 5.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 30, [1870]

*My dear Cowell,*

I did not, as you know, expect you would go to Lowestoft for Xmas: and, as the Weather has been, I did not wish you should do so. Better keep to your own Fireside, than travel through Snow to a less comfortable Lodging than your own.

But, as you have not met me at Lowestoft, write me a bit of a Letter, now that your Lectures are respited for a time. You may be as deep in Arabic as you were in Sanscrit; but you are not officially bound to it; so spare ten minutes in writing to me after three months' Silence. You are sure to have a little to tell that will interest me, though I am out of the pale of your abstruser studies, you know.

I see in the Athenaeum that some Lady has done (very well, they say) some of the Sanscrit Epic into English Narrative.<sup>1</sup> I could make no more of Morris' last Book than of his former. Surely all that Poetry

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is too unsubstantial to last—even with its present Admirers. There were some good Verses by your “undemonstrative” Pollock in a Spectator which his Father sent me—about King William and Freedom.

I wrote to Elizabeth, I think, that you should really do the Mesnavi: but I suppose you will not. It should be done by somebody. Twenty years ago I might have tried my hand under your guidance; but that is all over now. It would be nothing for you but Time and MS—and I suppose Time is just the thing you can't give to it.

I have made my Jack take a Mate's Berth in a bigger Yacht than mine: the good Dog would fain have stood by me, but I insisted, having myself found the place for him. I wished him to *rise* a little: and I was not at all sure that I should get afloat myself next year. So the Scene gradually closes in. Not with everybody, by the way; yesterday I accosted Captain Brooke, looking so young, upright, and alert,<sup>2</sup> that I was obliged to ask first if it *were* he. He asked about you and hoped one day to see you—as does yours ever

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *The Iliad of the East*, a selection of legends drawn from Valmiki's Sanskrit poem, the *Ramayana*, by Frederika Richardson, *Athenaeum*, Dec. 24, 1870, pp. 834-35.

<sup>2</sup> EFG often manifests envy when referring to his friend's relatively youthful appearance and vigor. Brooke was a mere 18 months FitzGerald's junior.

## To Ablett Pasifull

Woodbridge  
Jan. 3/71

Dear Ablett,

I consider Jack—as Jack considers himself—absolutely *your* Mate: whether I go sailing or not.<sup>1</sup> It is very much most likely that I shall *not* go; but, were there even more probability of my going than there is, yet I should be anxious that Jack should make sure of a Berth, and still more of such a Berth as yours, which is a lift in the world for him, which he well deserves. I really used to feel a little ashamed of Jack, who can do so much better work, puddling about my Breakfast and Dinner. He would, I am sure, have stuck to me if I had hinted the least wish that he should do so: but, on the contrary, I insisted on his closing with your offer: and there can be no doubt that he is

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glad to do so, inasmuch as he must see that it is so much for his Advantage. So pray reckon upon him as both he and I reckon upon you.

I write these few lines just to clinch this Business beyond a doubt, and that you may make quite certain that I should never repent, or wish it undone, even were I going to sail, and sure as I am that I should never like anyone so well as Jack. *That* is the very reason that I am most glad that he is sure of you, and you of him.

And now—think of this—I came in here this Evening; was just thinking that I would write to you; Mr. Berry comes up to tell me that Harry Newson was drowned out of his boat at Ramsholt yesterday, and Mr. Cooper Brooke (who had just told Mr. Berry) is going tomorrow morning to the Inquest.<sup>2</sup>

Thus, is it not doubly well that poor Jack is your Mate, and not my Man?

Yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> After signing Jack Howe on as one of the crew of the *Emily*, Pasifull was uncertain that EFG had actually given the sailor his release.

<sup>2</sup> Harry Newson, one of the licensed river pilots; Ramsholt, a village midway between Woodbridge and the sea. Cooper Brooke, Woodbridge solicitor and coroner for the area.

To E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]  
[January, 1871]

*My dear Cowell,*

I am always, as you know, sending my Friends what the Public would not buy if published.<sup>1</sup> In this case, however, you will acquit me of Vanity, if ever you judged me guilty of it—as I dare say you did not. You know this is only for fun's sake; and I send it to you simply because you are a little interested in my Sea-faring Life and Company. Of course you will not think necessary to acknowledge it, especially after writing to me so lately, and so welcome a Letter.

Posh was with me last week, bringing Gold, in a canvas bag, for the Luggers' Dues. Out it all came on the Table. He persists in retaining his two Luggers, which I think is a mistake: especially because the having to look after them will keep him ashore amid all the temp-

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tation to Drink from his own Messmates, and the Tradesmen he Employs. I hear from all quarters how he is *pressed*, poor fellow, into this danger; everyone loving the Royal Soul, and all showing their Regard in that way. I believe I told you how one of his best Friends told me that he had manfully resisted such importunities, however taunted. I am quite sure it is so; nor do I mean to hint that he is anything like a Drunkard. I hate to write the word in connection with him—people there in that way of life think nothing of it—think it all right, in fact. He won't give in to Total Abstinence, in which I think his Safety would lie, though I do not like the thing itself. "What will you do then?" "Sir, I will do what I can," and no one could doubt the Will and Intention who sat opposite the noble honest face.

I write this to you because I know you will take an interest in it. But do not answer this, neither.

I hear from Pollock that Spedding is returned to London—looking ill—after his elder Brother's Death.

Adieu, Yours and Wife's ever

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> "A Capfull of Sea-Slang for Christmas," his *Sea Words* in *The East Anglian* for January, IV, 261-64.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge

Jan. 11, [1871]<sup>1</sup>

*My dear Pollock,*

We were talking—on paper—a little while ago about Sir Walter Scott. There is, I think, a very good review of him in the last *Athenaeum*; pray give it a look at your Club.

Laurence had written to me about the old Masters<sup>2</sup>—he said they struck him with awe. I have a half-ruined head by Paul Veronese (so that blackguard Morris Moore said, though I did *not* buy it of him)—a head cut out of some larger picture, it seems. Under this I had happened to put a very fine Photograph head, almost life-size; and I was observing how true the Picture was—in its gradation of shadow—to the Photo. By the bye, do you know the best means of saving these Photos from fading? Keeping them from Light and Air would, I suppose, be one means; Laurence is told that submitting them to running water will clear them from the chemical ingredients, which are the most dangerous element of Decay.



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My beautiful Sir Joshua (of which I sent you the Sketch) is cracking to pieces with the Cold and Damp of my house last Winter, when I had no Stove in the house, and left Doors and Windows open long after they should have been shut. I did not mind so much for the *face*, from which the Colour had already flown a good deal, after Sir Joshua's custom; but I was vexed when the beautiful Colour of the Dress began to give way. The Letter which I sent you to direct to Boxall<sup>3</sup> was to ask him if he could recommend any remedy, or Dealer in Remedies, for this—as I knew—incurable complaint. But one still likes, you know, to talk of a cure, however hopeless. There were two fine Sir Joshuas at Helmingham Hall, near here, twenty to thirty years ago; and two very grand Wilsons; all which got cracked by damp in the old Hall there. When the old Lady Dysart died and the present Tollemache came into possession, these Pictures were sent to the—Restorer, and I saw them at the British Gallery afterwards—the cracks filled in and the Pictures spoilt. Twenty years ago I should have been very vexed at the misfortune that has befallen mine, especially as it arose from my own stupidity. But *now*! I should like, however, to see Sir Joshua's Brick Wall. As to Lady Sarah, I never much admired a famous Portrait of her (by Sir Joshua) at Sir H. Bunbury's, near Bury.<sup>4</sup>

In Lord Stanhope's capital Life of Pitt is a letter from George III, objecting to bestow some Prebendary on the Bishop of Lincoln—"But if Mr. Pitt wishes, the King," etc. You know the Bishop called Pitt the "Heav'n-born Minister," and Cobbett called the Bishop the "Heav'n-born Tutor," etc.

Yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Misdated by Wright, [1872].

<sup>2</sup> An exhibition of pictures by old masters and deceased British artists originated by the Royal Academy in 1870 and held annually from January to March.

<sup>3</sup> William Boxall, director of the National Gallery. He was knighted the following March.

<sup>4</sup> At Barton Hall, Great Barton, seat of Sir Henry Bunbury.

To Mrs. Cowell  
(Fragment)

[Woodbridge]  
[Mid-January, 1871]

. . . shall take the liberty of writing to Annie<sup>1</sup> to say all this to her; and to tell her that it would be a real annoyance to me if otherwise

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arranged. I think she will see this also: and though you may not be able to persuade her to stay the longer on account of it, she will, I hope, not hurry away only to make room for others, who, I am sure, are better postponed. Do, pray, smother your hospitable Enthusiasms, and view this as I view it, if not for your own sake (which I know is ever last in your thought) yet for mine—yes, and also for the two who are already engaged to you, and who I am sure will be all the better for going to you. I say, pray agree in this at once (make her do so, Cowell!). You see that, by myself suggesting it to the Kerriches, I relieve you of any responsibility but that of agreeing to them when they shall write (as I think they will do) to propose the first two as first proposed, and the others (if at all) at some future time.

I think I forgot to tell you that we did all as you suggested about the Servants' School at Ipswich for Newson's Daughter. I wrote Mrs. Cobbold all I know of the Girl and her Circumstances beforehand: the Girl much wished to go; and up to the time of my last hearing of her (a month ago) was doing very well. So you see I did not ask, or take, your advice in vain.

Now then, in return, take *my* Advice, and believe me yours and the Professor's always

E.FG.

Yesterday came from De Tassy [his] annual Paper—from Paris, I suppose! Think of his respectable old Toga amidst those terrible Arms! And the amiable little Vanity that *will* be heard through the roar of Bombardment.

Which reminds me of my own little Vanity—to enclose you my last little Sea Paper—which you may know that I only do because you and EBC know the Place and People now.

*P.P.S.* Give it to Cowell; you would not like [it] yourself, I see. It is a little coarse, I remember. I write this letter as blind as a Bat: but I *would* write it directly.

<sup>1</sup> Annie Kerrich.

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Jan. 17, [1871]

Dear Lady,

I find that I misunderstood Annie's Letter about her Sisters going to you: she is quite scandalized that I should have thought herself or

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her Sisters capable of such an onslaught upon you, however much you invited it. I was mislead, I suppose, by her saying that she and Lusía would shorten their Visit in consequence; which they would seriously think of and propose if there were a likelihood of any other Sisters following them ten years after. Thus it was that I was utterly surprised at such scrupulous people giving one to suppose that they had yielded to your too hospitable offers; and so I wrote slapdash to her and you.

I was mistaken utterly in the inference I drew from Annie's Letter; and, I fear, have given some pain to her, and (as she now writes) may have mystified you. Therefore it is that I write this scrawl as hastily as I wrote the other in order to undo my Blunder, and leave her and you to settle it—in a way that I am sure will not derogate from the Delicacy on her part (which has always been something *over-refined* in such cases); and also in order to un-mystify you.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

Annie tells me that you have still some of your Ipswich party with you: she would be very much distressed if you parted with them to accelerate her Visit to you, having (as she writes me) left it entirely to you to fix the time.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Jan. 22, [1871]

*My dear Pollock,*

My acquaintance with Spanish, as with other Literature, is almost confined to its Fiction; and of that I have read nothing to care about except Don Quixote and Calderon. The first is well worth learning Spanish for. When I began reading the Language more than twenty years ago, with Cowell who taught me nearly all I know, I tried some of the other Dramatists, Tirso de Molina, Lope de Vega, Moratin,<sup>1</sup> etc., but could take but little interest in them. All Calderon's, I think, have something beautiful in them: and about a score of them altogether bear reading again, and will be remembered if read but once. But Don Quixote is *the* Book, as you know; to be fully read, I believe, in no language but its own, though delightful in any. You know as well as I that Spanish History has a good name; Mariana's<sup>2</sup> for one:

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and one makes sure that the Language, at any rate, must be suitable to relate great Things with. But I do not meddle with History.

There are very good Selections from the Spanish Dramas published in good large-type Octavo by Don Ochoa,<sup>3</sup> printed (I think) by Baudry, in Paris. There is one volume of Calderon; one of Lope, I believe: and one or two made up of other Playwrights. These Books are very easily got at any foreign Bookseller's.

An Artist to whom I have lent my house for a while<sup>4</sup> has been teaching me "Spanish Dominoes," a very good Game. He, and I, and the Captain whose Photo I sent you (did I not?) had a grand bout with it the other day. If I went about in Company again I think I should do as old Rossini did, carry a Box of Dominoes, or pack of Cards, which I think would set Conversation at ease by giving people something easy to do beside conversing. I say Rossini did this; but I only know of his doing it once, at Trouville, where F. Hiller<sup>5</sup> met him, who has published the Conversations they had together.

Did you read the very curious Paper in the Cornhill, a year back, I think, concerning the vexed question of Mozart's Requiem?<sup>6</sup> It is curious as a piece of Evidence, irrespective of any musical Interest. *Evidence*, I believe, would compel a Law Court to decide that the Requiem was mainly, *not* Mozart's, but his pupil Süßmayer's. And perhaps the Law Court might justly so decide, if by "mainly" one understood the more technical business of filling up the ideas suggested by the Master. But then those ideas are just everything; and no Court of Musical Equity but would decide, against all other Evidence, that those ideas were Mozart's. It is known that he was instructing Süßmayer, almost with his last breath, about some drum accompaniments to the Requiem; and I have no doubt, hummed over the subjects, or melodies, of all.

Don't look for my former letter: if there were anything I wanted to know of you, I should now remember it. You told me of your having seen Spedding—looking ill. I had asked you about him, I know.

Ever yours,  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Tirso de Molina, the name assumed by Gabriel Téllez (1571-1648); Lope Felix de Vega Carpio (1562-1635); and Nicolás Fernández de Moratín (1737-80).

<sup>2</sup> Juan de Mariana (1537-1624), "the greatest of all Spanish historians." His *Historia de España* survives, states James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, "as a brilliant exercise in literature" (*A History of Spanish Literature*, 1898, p. 274).

<sup>3</sup> Eugenio de Ochoa, *Tesora del teatro español*, desde su origen (año de 1356) hasta nuestros días, 5 vols. Paris, Baudry, 1838-67.

<sup>4</sup> Edwin Edwards (1823-79), a native of Framlingham, Suffolk, who in 1860

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abandoned a lucrative practice in the Admiralty and Prerogative Courts for painting and etching. While visiting Woodbridge with his wife in November, 1870, he had become acquainted with EFG through Spalding and in December accepted an invitation to occupy Little Grange for the remainder of his stay in the town. They returned to Little Grange the following October, and again in the autumn of 1872. After EFG moved into Little Grange he spent a portion of each summer at Dunwich, while the Edwardses were there, until the artist's death in 1879. A portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards by their friend Henri Fantin-Latour hangs in the National Gallery.

<sup>5</sup> Ferdinand Hiller (1811-85), German composer.

<sup>6</sup> "A Clever Forgery" (*Cornhill Magazine*, June 1870, pp. 706-16), an exposé of the writing of the *Requiem*, originally undertaken by Mozart for Count Franz von Walsegg, who aspired to be known as a composer. The work, unfinished when Mozart died in 1791, was completed by Franz Süssmayer, one of his pupils, at the request of Mozart's widow, who feared the threat of forfeiting money already paid if the composition were not produced. Süssmayer succeeded in imitating closely both his master's handwriting and his style of music. The completed work was delivered to the Count, who represented it as his own. The score had been published as a Mozart composition in 1800, but its authenticity was long questioned and vehemently debated.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[January, 1871]

*My dear Pollock,*

I forgot to say—what you probably know as well as I do—that the old Spanish Ballads—those of the Cid, especially—are counted among the fine things in that Language. I remember liking many parts of the Cid, but somehow got weary of it, not having, I believe, much taste for that sort of Heroic. These Ballads are, I think, gathered into a Volume by that same Don Ochoa whom I spoke of in my last; I think I have them, and some of the Plays, somewhere among my Books; and will search for, and send you them, if you like. How little use they are to me you may judge by my uncertainty as to whether they are still in a closet of Books which I never now open. I have also Ochoa's Volume of Selections from Calderon, with notes on some of the hard words and idioms by Edward Cowell, who gave me the book twenty years ago that I might have the profit of what trouble he had taken. This Volume I can send you; as a Loan (for as long as you please) it being a Keepsake. But the others you are welcome to have and to hold, etc. Keil's large four-Volume octavo Edition of Calderon is to be got any-

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where for about £1—and is worth having. This also I can lend you; it was given by Donne, I don't know how long ago.

But Don Quixote—Don Quixote—Don Quixote—that is the only Spaniard that I have read through as many times as I have named him; and shall do so again if I live: beside looking into him from time to time meanwhile. I could send you my own four Volume pocket Edition of this, with my own penmarks of the harder words; but then I am not an accurate Scholar, as Cowell says; being content with a meaning that pleases myself. I really should like to send you another Copy I have of the darling Book—as a Gift—Spanish Edition, as it should be. The Plates in these Spanish Editions (such as I have seen) always represent the Don as a Gentleman—unlike such English and French Editions as I have seen.

Yours  
E.FG.

To W. A. Wright

*Lowestoft*  
*Wednesday [January 25, 1871]*

*My dear Wright,*

Thank you for your Letter, which reached me this morning. No doubt you have at last unravelled the vexed Question of Fouryleet. May the Eastern Difficulty be as satisfactorily settled!<sup>1</sup>

If I don't write, it is simply because I have nothing to say that is worth troubling your Conscience to answer—you having such a plenty to write about with your Books, Bursary, and no doubt a heap of Correspondence beside. For the same reason I scarce ever write to your Master—I believe for a whole year only a few lines I sent him the other day to accompany an enclosed Letter from old Spedding (to whom I write just twice a year only, for the very same reason). Were you married (which I don't think you ever will be) I should write to Mrs. A.W. as one does not feel the same scruples about Women, who have not Men's Business to transact, and who do not dislike more desultory Correspondence.

Talking of Marriage—who do you think is going—not only to be married—but *re-married*? Airy! So a Cousin of his at Woodbridge tells me—to a Woman who is at any rate younger than his elder Daughters. This is a great Grief to them, as well it may be. One might

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anticipate that it would be no less for him were it not that he generally takes good care what he is about. If his Caution should have failed him at his Grand Climacteric?

I shall be either at Woodbridge or here all next month: and *will* be at Woodbridge if you let me know when you go to Grundisburgh.

I suppose this last week has been *dreepin'* with you as it has been here. But Today comes a strong S.E. wind to disperse the Mists—the old Coasters are driving along—the Luggers rattling in—"with the Bone in their mouths" (the foam about their Bows) and the Wind whistles through the Windows an ancient tune indeed.

Farewell—you understand why I don't write? You acknowledge that you are the easier from not having to run in Debt if I did write? And believe me, besides, yours

Very sincerely  
E.FG.

Spedding's Introduction to his grilled Bacon<sup>2</sup>—I call it really a beautiful little *Idyll*—the mechanical Job done so perfectly and so elegantly. I see you help him greatly in the Notes.

<sup>1</sup> Russia had repudiated the clause in the treaty ending the Crimean War that had made the Black Sea a neutral zone. The major European nations consented to the altered status before the end of the year and Russia was permitted to maintain a naval fleet on the Black Sea.

<sup>2</sup> Bacon's *Conference of Pleasure*, edited from a charred manuscript.

## To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
Jan. 28, [1871]

Dear Posh,

Mr. Barnard's<sup>1</sup> Bill amounts to more than I should have expected: you can show it to me when next I see you, that I may see if there be any charge made on you which I should wish to be responsible for. I have not yet received Mr. Barnard's Account for myself; and I yesterday wrote to him to send it to me.

If this present Thaw continues, I may go to Lowestoft next week. If I do not, and should you wish to see Newson, you will find him here on February 1—Wednesday—if you choose to come here.

There is no occasion to trouble Mr. Johnson<sup>2</sup> for a Receipt, as you can vouch for his having the Money.

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I am sorry to hear of your Wife's Illness; I think I remember her having such a bad finger once before. We have more Small Pox in this Town I hear; and the muffled Bell of the Church is even now going for our late Rector who died suddenly yesterday.

Yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Lowestoft conveyancer.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Robert Johnson, Lowestoft commission merchant.

To W. H. Thompson  
*The Mistress must interpret for you.*

Woodbridge  
Feb. 1, [1871]

*My dear Master,*

The Gorgias<sup>1</sup> duly came last week, thank you: and I write rather earlier than I should otherwise have done to satisfy you on that point. Otherwise, I say, I should have waited awhile till I had gone over all the Notes more carefully—with some of the sweet-looking Text belonging to them; which would have taken some time, as my Eyes have not been in good trim of late, whether from the Snow on the Ground, and the murky Air all about one, or because of the Eyes themselves being two years older than when they got hurt by Paraffin.

The Introduction I have read twice, and find it quite excellently written. Surely I miss some—aye, more than some—of the Proof you sent me two years ago; some of the Argument to prove the relation between this Dialogue and the Republic, and consequently of the Date that must be assigned to it. All that interested me then as it does now, and I would rather have seen the Introduction all the longer by it. Perhaps, however, I am confounding my remembrances of the Date question (which of course follows from the matter) with the Phaedrus Introduction.

Then as to what I have seen of the Notes: they seem to me as good as can be. I do not read modern Scholars, and therefore do not know how generally the Style of English Note-writing may be [different] from that of the Latin one was used to. But your Notes, I know, seem excellent to me; I mean, in the Style of them (for of the Scholarship I am not a proper Judge), totally without pedantry of any sort, whether of solving unnecessary difficulties, carping at other Critics, etc., but plainly determined to explain what needs explanation in the



shortest, clearest, way, and in a Style which most of all [is] suited to the purpose, "familiar but by no means vulgar," such as we have known in such cases, whether in Latin or English. My Quotation reminds me of yours: how sparingly, and always just to the point, introduced; Polus "gambolling" from the Theme; old Wordsworth's Robin Hood, etc. And the paraphrases you give of the Greek are so just the thing. I have not read Vaughan's (?) Translation of the Republic;<sup>2</sup> which I am told is good. But this I know that I never met with any readable Translation of Plato. Whewell's<sup>3</sup> was intolerable. You should have translated (that is, paraphrased, for however far some People may err on this score, rushing in where Scholars fear to tread) a Translation *must* be Paraphrase to be readable; and especially in these Dialogues where the familiar Grace of the Narrative and Conversation is so charming a vehicle of the Philosophy. If people will conscientiously translate ὦ βέλτιστε "Oh most excellent Man," when perhaps "My good Fellow" was the thing meant, and "By the Dog!" and so on—why, it is not English talk, and probably not Greek either. I say you should have—or should translate one or two Dialogues to show how they should be done; if no longer than the Lysis, or one of those small and sweet ones which I believe the Germans disclaim for Plato's.

"The Dog" however does need a Note, as I suppose that, however far-fetched Olympiodorus' suggestion, this was an Oath familiar to Socrates alone, and which he took up for some, perhaps whimsical, reason. It is not to be found (is it?) in Aristophanes, where I suppose all the common Oaths come in; but then again I wonder that, if it were Socrates' Oath, it did not find its way into the Clouds<sup>4</sup>—or perhaps into the criminal Charge against Socrates, as being a sort of mystical or scoffing Blasphemy.

I am afraid I tire you more with my Letter than you tired me with your Introduction—a good deal. And you see, to your cost, that my MS does not argue much pleasure in the act of writing. But I would say my little say: which perhaps is all wrong.

I did not apprise the Mistress of my Nieces' going to Cambridge, because I did not wish to ask her and you for attentions which you have to spend upon so many. Had Annie been there only, I might have told you, just as I believe I told you of her at Lowestoft; being sure that she pays well for her Entertainment. Lusie is a fine Creature—a noble Creature, I may say, in all ways, Head and Heart: but I think she is less at home in such Society, though she sees and appreciates all.

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Garden!<sup>5</sup> He has been with the punching at St. Mary's, etc. It is very good of him to wish to be remembered to me; and if he be still with you, pray tell him so.

I wonder if you remember the late Rector of this Parish—one Meller<sup>6</sup>—at Cambridge forty years ago. He was then a noticeable Prig; and as such he remained for thirty years here—about the most disagreeable Man I ever saw—till he met with his third Paralysis about a Year ago. After partially recovering his Speech and other Faculties, he became, I am told, more agreeable than ever he was before. But he had to leave his Rectory, and went to reside at a Village three miles away from here. All this severe Winter he *would* drive out in an open Carriage (for the Man had the perverse courage of a Bull)—drove here last Friday morning: when he got home *would* walk out in the Snow alone after Nightfall, refusing his Wife's company; and was found dead in the snowy road. One of the Villagers had passed him as he lay in the Snow; he said, "There was old Jemmy Giles lying drunk as usual in the road;" meaning *another* neighbour: for old Meller was far too much of a Screw to get drunk himself.

What is all this to you, unless you remember the Man—and even if you do? Two sheets of Paper just filled! The best excuse shall be that I do not wish you to answer: the Mistress having told me all about you.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

One of your Phrases I think truly delightful, about the Treasure to be sometimes found in a weak Vessel like Proclus. That I think is very Platonic; all the more for such things coming only now and then, which makes them *tell*. Modern Books lose by being overcrowded with good things.

<sup>1</sup> Thompson, *The Gorgias of Plato*, just published.

<sup>2</sup> David J. Vaughan, *The Republic of Plato*, 1852.

<sup>3</sup> William Whewell, former Master of Trinity, published *The Republic and the Timaeus* in 1861.

<sup>4</sup> The comedy in which Aristophanes satirizes Socrates and other contemporary Athenian philosophers.

<sup>5</sup> Francis Garden, Sub-dean of the Chapel Royal and former editor of *The Christian Remembrancer*; one of EFG's Cambridge friends. "Punch," dialect, to work hard; to contend against stiff opposition. Garden was probably involved in the current controversy over religious tests for nonconformist students.

<sup>6</sup> Thomas W. Meller, Rector of St. Mary's, Woodbridge, 1844-71.

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To E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]  
[Early February, 1871]

*My dear Cowell,*

Thompson writes me that Elizabeth had a fall in his kitchens,<sup>1</sup> I think—while lionizing my Nieces. One of them might give five minutes to telling me how she is, tell them. I remember she had a fall last year; and I should be doubly sorry if she came to any serious hurt by her kind attentions to me or mine.

Thompson had sent me his *Gorgias*, to which the Introduction and Notes seemed to me extremely well written. Such English as he puts Plato's Dialogue into is so good, that I tell him he should translate—that is, paraphrase—one of the Dialogues to show how it ought to be done; a feat *I* have not yet seen accomplished. I am told that Vaughan's (?) Republic is well done. Does it read familiar English? "Familiar, but by no means vulgar."

Frederick Tennyson has sent me an unpublished Volume of Poems,<sup>2</sup> full of fine thoughts, fine lines, and fine paragraphs; which, if published, will be a store for future Poets to write from. And with safety: for there is a monotony, and total want of dramatic faculty in the Stories (for Stories most of the Book consists of) which will confine them to a very few readers, and to those few readers' *shelves*.

I think I saw a review by you in the *Athenaeum* a fortnight or so gone by. You are now, I suppose, in the thick of your Lectures, so don't you write in reply to me. And my Eyes make writing as little pleasant to me as seasonable to you, I assure you.

Pollock writes me that his Wife and eldest Son are studying Spanish, and asks me—what Books? I reply that I know of none but Calderon, Don Quixote, and some of the Ballads. If *Miladi* and Son go on, I would send them the Calderon Selection which you gave me—annotated by EBC—for them to study with—not to keep; and I will send them my own Don Quixote, with many more, and much easier, words and phrases quoted into English from Jarvis,<sup>3</sup> etc., by that accomplished Scholar

E.F.G.

P.S. Since writing what is above, I have a Letter from Annie, telling me of Elizabeth: that she was not so much hurt as I feared, and is now got well again. Annie says that she and her Sister felt "at home" in your house an hour after their arrival, and have never felt so much

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so in any house, except Home, before. They are delighting in their Visit: but you must not let their pleasure go on to your Inconvenience—or Elizabeth's—or of any one else who may be expecting to be with you. My Nieces are the last persons in the world to wish otherwise in the matter.

<sup>1</sup> At Trinity.

<sup>2</sup> The poems described by EFG correspond to the contents of Frederick's *Isles of Greece* and *Daphne and other Poems*, published in 1890 and 1891 respectively.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Jarvis or Jervis, translator of *Don Quixote*, 1742.

## To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge

Tuesday, [February 7, 1871]

Dear Posh,

I find that I may very likely have to go to London on Thursday—not to be home till Friday perhaps. If I do this, it will be scarce worth while your coming over here tomorrow, so far as I am concerned; though you will perhaps see Newson.

Poor young Smith of the *Sportsman*<sup>1</sup> was brought home ill last week, and died of the very worst Small Pox in a Day or two. There have been three Deaths from it here: all from London. As young Smith died in *Quay Lane* leading down to the Boat Inn, I should not like you to be about there with any chance of Danger, though I have been up and down several times myself.

Ever yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> A ship. Blyth errs in identifying it as a "public house" at Woodbridge (*Fitz-Gerald and "Posh,"* p. 177).

## To Ablett Pasifull

Markethill, Woodbridge

Feb. 12, [1871]

Dear Ablett,

I am very sorry for the news you tell me, on your own account as well as poor Jack's.<sup>1</sup> Newson was up here ten days ago, but I could

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not make out that Jack had told him anything of his engagement to you; therefore I thought better to say nothing myself. I had, however, intended to tell Newson on the morning he was to go home (for I made him sleep here) that most probably I should not sail this year. But he did not come up to me as I expected he would. I think, with his shrewdness, he must have guessed about all this, though he does not choose to hint at it.

This day week I was at the Suffolk Hotel, Lowestoft; a Mr. Burroughs of Norwich was there too, and he asked me if I knew of any good sea-going (not racing) yacht of sixty tons to be sold; I did not, but, though he was a stranger to me till a week ago, I shall write to him that there may be one to [be] sold at Weymouth before long and that he had better get her and her Captain, if he can.

This, however, would hardly suit you, as Mr. B. only goes cruising for two months, he told me, and anyhow nothing is likely to come of it.

You should tell Mr. Reed directly of what has happened and ask for all his Interest (which I am sure he will be ready to afford) in finding you a Berth among all his fine friends. And I shall be very glad to hear that he has succeeded.

I had a very nice letter from your Nephew Walter (Liverpool) a fortnight ago. That poor young Smith of the *Sportsman* (whom I wrote you about) shipped himself to the *Bernard Barton*, your Brother's—and was brought home from Harwich a fortnight ago to die of small pox.

Gardner Frost will have the Pilot's place left vacant by H. Newson's death. Thomas Newson seems well in health and spirits, as does Posh, who persists in keeping his two luggers, though the second one has hitherto been only loss and trouble to him.

Yours truly  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> German Reed had decided to sell the *Emily*. EFG's subsequent statement, "You should tell Mr. Reed," etc., suggests an original understanding that Ablett's crew would sail under the new owner. Eventually, however, Ablett and Jack were without berths. Because of his own uncertainty about sailing, EFG released Newson to another yachtsman early in May. Later in the month he sold the *Scandal*, and the new owner hired Ablett and Jack to sail her—no doubt on EFG's strong recommendation.

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To W. A. Wright

*Lowestoft*

*Feb. 22, [1871]*

*My dear Wright,*

I need scarcely inform you that you never turned up at Woodbridge during these last Holidays, as you talked of doing. Notwithstanding that, I might sometimes fire you a little letter, but my dear Eyes have been shirking their work of late, little as that work now is; and have kept themselves more shut than open for the last month. As [they] had gradually grown better up to that time, perhaps they may recover to what they were; but one may not go on always expecting Recoveries.

It struck me the other day that our Suffolk "Bouter table" might be from the French *abouter* which suggests the kind of Table described.<sup>1</sup> And we know how much of our domestic husbandry comes from the Norman. If this be so, we *ought* to have had the word in Chaucer, where one so naturally fancies it.

I yesterday posted your Master a flaming Panegyric of his Gorgias in the Athenaeum. I don't know who wrote it, but it seemed to me very just and good.

Airy's Cousins, the Biddells, tell me he *is* married—to a Woman of good Property too: but much to the disapproval of his Observatory kinsfolk.<sup>2</sup> He wrote to me some three weeks ago to tell me that this was to be, please God, etc.

Did you ever hear of the Clergyman who after quoting the Bible about Righteousness and Peace meeting and kissing one another, concluded with the usual form—"Which that we may all do may God in his infinite Mercy grant," etc.

You are not called on to answer this letter, which asks no Question. But believe me yours truly

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG erred in his conjecture. "Bouter table," Suffolk dialect for boulder table, a cabinet enclosing a device to sift, i.e., bolt, meal. He forgot that he had explained the term in "Crabbe's Suffolk," contributed to the *East Anglian Notes and Queries*, Dec., 1868. See P.S. to F. C. Brooke letter, June 4, [1883].

<sup>2</sup> The "Observatory kinsfolk," the family of Sir George Biddell Airy, Astronomer Royal, 1835-81.

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To Frederick Spalding  
(Fragment)

*Lowestoft*

*Saturday, Feb. 25, 1871*

. . . The two Hens travelled so comfortably, that, when let out of the basket, they fed, and then fought together. *Your* Hen was pronounced a Beauty by Posh & Co. As for mine, she stood up and crew like a Cock three times right on end, as Posh reports: a command of Voice in a Hen reputed so unlucky that Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Senior, who had known of sad results from such unnatural exhibitions, recommended her being slain and stewed down forthwith. Posh, however, resolves to abide the upshot. . . . Posh and his Father are very busy getting the Meum and Tuum ready for the West; Jemmy,<sup>1</sup> who goes Captain, is just now in France with a Cargo of salt Herrings. I suppose the Lugger will start in a fortnight or so. My Eyes refuse reading here, so I sit looking at the sea (with shut eyes), or gossiping with the women in the Net-loft. All-fours at night. Thank you for the speckled Hen; Posh expressed himself much obliged for his. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Posh's brother.

To Mrs. Cowell

*Woodbridge*

*March 7, [1871]*

*My dear Lady,*

Your own kind Letter comes to me at eight this morning, telling me of "bright" little Annie, as well as *not* telling me of all the kindness that you and Cowell lavish on both. And at nine o'clock comes a Telegram from Beccles to say that their Father is given over by the Doctor.<sup>1</sup> Bright Annie no more! No doubt *they* have been telegraphed to. So you will have to sum up all your kindness with providing them a sad Farewell.

I do not like to admit to my own bad Eyes at such a time except by way of excuse for this hasty scrawl.

Farewell. Thank you indeed for all your goodness: you know that I did not invite them to your house, nor even wished for so long a stay as they have made with you.

Ever yours and Cowell's  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> John Kerrich died during the night of March 6.

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To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge

Monday [March 13, 1871]

*Dear Posh,*

Come any day you please. The Horse Fair is on Friday: you had better come, at any rate, by Thursday noon, so as to catch the Market. For I think your Lugger must have got away before that.

A letter written by Ablett Pasifull yesterday tells me there are four Lowestoft Luggers in Weymouth. I fancy that even if they were on the Fishing ground, the Wind must be too strong to be at work.

It was Mr. Kerrich who died suddenly this day week—and I suppose is being buried this very day.

Yours

E.F.G.

Mr. Berry tells me that the Poultry Show here is on Thursday. You can, as I say, come any Day you please. I see the Wind is got West [after the] Squa[lls] [and]<sup>1</sup> Hail.

<sup>1</sup> Last page damaged by dampness.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge

March 24, [1871]

*My dear Donne,*

Thank you for the Carlyle Pamphlet.<sup>1</sup> Some one told me lately that he had shut himself up in a somewhat miserly way in his Chelsea house; but I know not if my informant were well informed.

I wrote a few lines to Spedding a few days ago: but, as you had given me a comfortable account of him, I told him not to be at the trouble of answering my letter.

You may have heard of Kerrich's Death about a fortnight ago. A more easy dismissal no one could desire. I had thought for two years past that he might have Heart disease, judging by the same symptoms I had observed in Barton, Churchyard and others: but I do not know even now whether that was the cause of his Death. I saw him looking ill and feeble about a week before.

. . . Tell Mowbray to write to me when you have any good to tell of yourself: and believe me yours as always,

E.F.G.



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<sup>1</sup> Probably a reprint of a letter published in the *Times*, Nov. 18, 1870, in which Carlyle deprecated England's "cheap pity and newspaper lamentation" over the cession of Alsace-Lorraine. "No nation ever has had so bad a neighbour as Germany has had in France for the last four hundred years," he charged; and he advised the French people to acknowledge the errors of their government and accept the consequences of defeat.

To Ablett Pasifull

[Woodbridge]  
[Late March, 1871]

Dear Captain,

I found your Letter here on my Return this day from Lowestoft. I had sent Jack there to see Posh: and they did so well together that Jack was a whole fortnight with him, and was missed by Man, Wife, and Children, when he went away. Posh's Lugger is at Kinsale<sup>1</sup> after Mackerel: but has done next to nothing as yet.

I wrote to Newson a fortnight ago to say that it was not likely I should sail this year. I now never look forward to *another* year. But, Ablett, even were I to live, and you without a Berth then, I should scarce like you to give up the chance of better things by taking up with such a poor little concern as mine. I do not know the man I could get on with better than with you, if it were not that I should be troubled with the idea that *you* were not in your proper place; which is, to be Captain of a much bigger and better Vessel. With Newson, I have no such mis-givings: for I know that he is not likely to have a better place; but you certainly ought to have a *much* better: and you may be sure you shall have my good Word—my *best* word—wherever I can speak it. I wish I knew more people than I do, for that purpose. I still think you should write to Mr. G. Reed and to Mr. Silver. I was told that young Sir C. Harvey whom I knew a little of at Lowestoft, was building a yacht of about 35 tons at Southampton: and, as I heard that he had enquired for some Lowestoft man to go with him (not as Captain) I wrote him a line about Jack, in case Jack did not go with you. But I have had no answer: otherwise, I would write to him about *you* also. Indeed, you wrote me that you had refused a Berth in a 33 ton Yacht: which (I said at the time) I was sorry for. Do pray write to Mr Reed, who knows so many people, and who (I am sure) would do you any Service he could. And write to Mr. Silver: who might take a fancy to go to sea again.

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I saw your Brother Robert and your Wife and Daughter, a month ago—up here: all seeming well.

What I *can* do for you I *will*: and remain

Yours truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> On the southern coast of Ireland.

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge  
Thursday [April 6, 1871]

*Dear Posh,*

I miss you here, and at my Garden. And that is why I write to you when I have nothing to say. But you need not answer till you have some news of Jemmy. They are in fear here about that little Charles of Southwold, which has not been heard of since that Wednesday Gale. That poor Man whom you saw tumbled out of the Cart lies in great danger, I hear: the wound he got telling on a Body corrupted by Drink.

My dear Posh—This one bad thing only are you liable to. I am sure you make great efforts to better it. I had thought never to talk to you about it again after last September.<sup>1</sup> My doing so shows that I have not lost my regard for you at all, old Posh—no—I say, I am sure you do a great deal to conquer it—it is a hard trial, in your way of life, I know that too. If you wish to show that you have not lost regard for me, and if you think you have any obligations to me, little as I consider them—try to remember me, and what I have said, when the temptation comes—yes, *before* it is too late to remember: and you shall find me still, more than ever I was, your sincere friend

E.FG.

I shall tell Jack to come up and go to you when he pleases. You know you can come to me: but I am now too dull to ask you too often, or for too long.

<sup>1</sup> See September, 1870, letters to Cowell and Spalding.

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To Frederick Spalding

*Lowestoft*

*Wednesday [April 12, 1871]*

*Dear Sir,*

Aldis Wright, who was here yesterday, is coming to stay with me at Woodbridge from Friday next till Monday. Now I want you to come and meet him, as he will like you, and you him; therefore, pray (if it be not otherwise inconvenient to you) hold yourself at home and disengaged for those days. You will oblige me by so doing.

Posh heard from Jem this morning, and sent a Cheque of £25—a little sum, but better than nothing; and a sign that Fish are at Kinsale if the Winds would let [them] go after them. But they were only able to fish thrice in all last week, and then in very foul weather. This has put us in harbour again. I was to have gone home today: but may remain to have a ride in Posh's cart—even to Yarmouth.

Pray try and be with us at the end of the week, and believe me always yours

E.FG.

To Mrs. Cowell

*Woodbridge*

*April 25, [1871]*

*My dear Lady,*

You see that I write to you, and not to the Professor; for I suppose that he is returned to Cambridge and his Lectures by this time. And you have both been at Ashbocking for a Holyday—only you wouldn't let me know of it: but I did know of it, from Aldis Wright, who has been over to me here. He came for the purpose of seeing the new Rector of Grundisburgh, on College Business: he did not see him: but lunched with me at the Half Moon Inn there instead—on Cheese and Porter. Next day he went to see Captain Brooke and his Library. I bid him beware of the Cobham Pedigree in a Closet: and he only saw a Book of the Cobham Tombs and Brasses,<sup>1</sup> I believe. And the next day he started for Cambridge: where now he is, I suppose: and has perhaps told you all this before me.

I was at Lowestoft for a week before he came, and was in half a mind to run over to Geldestone for a Day; but did not. I hope you

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hear a little from Annie; the more she travels out of herself the better—for her sake.

What do you think of my deserting my little Ship—this year—if not forever? My reasons for this are several; but not worth writing to you. I hope that Newson will have a better Berth, and carry my faithful Jack along with him. Posh is well; but has had no luck up to this with his Lugger in the West; the winds and seas having been too boisterous for fishing. His Brother Jem goes Captain for him.

My Eyes have been so indifferently well that I have not read a Book or a Paper these three months. A Boy here comes to read a little to me of a night, and makes strange work. Last night he called an *harangue* in the French Assembly a “hangarue.” I asked him if he knew what that was; he said he had heard of a *Kangaroo*—and I suppose there are worse things in the French Assembly. What does the Professor say to Darwin’s Descent of Man?<sup>2</sup>

Ever yours and his

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> F. C. Brooke was descended from the Cobham family through the maternal line. The church at Cobham, Kent, seat of the family, is famous for its ancient brasses, 13 of which commemorate members of the Brooke and Cobham families.

<sup>2</sup> Published 1871.

## To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge

May 5, [1871]

Dear Sir,

I really do not like you to be troubled with sending Catalogues to me. My Eyes have been so much amiss since Christmas that I have not read a book these three months, and get a lad here who scarce can read at all to spell over a bit of the Newspaper at night.

If I knew of any Man of Books about here I should forward your learned Catalogues to him: but we have only the Captain Brooke whom you know; I suppose that he gets the Catalogues; and if he did not do so for himself, I would not send them to him as he is a *Screw*.

I have been pretending to run to London to consult a German Oculist named Liebreich who works at St. Thomas’ Hospital and lives in Clifford Street. But indolence, and a general idea that my Eyes

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will only mend (if they mend at all) by not using them, keeps me still in "Silly<sup>1</sup> Suffolk," as an old Proverb calls us.

But I remain yours truly,

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Archaic, for "simple, unsophisticated."

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge

May 11, [1871]

*My dear Pollock,*

I did not see, or do not remember to have seen, much of Young<sup>1</sup> in my younger days, when I might have seen much more. I remember his King John; and remember also how Thackeray, when I first knew him at Cambridge, would troll out some of that Play in Young's roundly-modulated intonation; upon which I always thought Thackeray modelled his own recitation of Verse.

(And tell the Pope) "that no Italian Priest  
Shall tithe or Töll in our Döminions—  
Sō tell the Pöpe."<sup>2</sup>

I also saw Young's Iago, with Kean's Othello, and C. Kemble's Casio in 1827 (I think), but I can remember little except Kean—and how much taller he looked than Kemble when he came in to quell the drunken fray. I think one could see no one but Kean when he was on. Donne is the man who can tell you much more of all these by-gones.

What? Are you writing a Review of Julian's Book? Do.

I keep wanting to go to London to a Dr. Liebreich, who I am told is a Dab at the Eye. But, partly from Indolence, and partly from the idea that he will do no more good than others, I stay where I am.

Aldis Wright was here for two days. He wanted to see the Rector of a Village near here with whom he had some Bursary business: but he did not find his Rector, and lunched with me on bottled Porter and Bread and Cheese at Village Inn instead. He tells me the College Fellows won't take Livings now they can marry and hold their Fellowships without. The Master has sent me his Review of Jowett's Plato in the Academy.

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I should like to see Millais' Pictures and to hear the Comédie Française. But it seems easier to do without either. I wish old Spedding would let me hear from him one day: and I am yours truly and always  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Pollock was writing a review of *A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young* by his son Julian C. Young, 2 vols., 1871.

<sup>2</sup> *King John*, III.1.153-54 and 159.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
May 12, [1871]

*My dear Wright,*

I have had some remorse about that annotated Tennyson<sup>1</sup> passing into other hands before my own Death—or *his*. Not that I want it any more; on the contrary, was glad to hand over to you, as a much younger man, with equal reverence for A.T. But I know his sensitiveness in the matter; and, if he heard that even your Master had seen it, he would be disturbed, and would not be persuaded but that others would see it also: that it would get into Print, etc. I believe I ought to have left it sealed up to be delivered to you “post mortem.” Do you understand this?

The Dryden sentence ought to have run, that “D. seems to me greater than anything he has written,” or to that effect. I fancy that I might have jotted down some other recollections which sometimes cross my thoughts: but some of these may be set down—with more or less Accuracy.

It will never do to quote bits of Athanasius<sup>2</sup> to any one who does not know the whole: in whose astounding Gravity of Burlesque the grand secret lies. The Widows with their pink Bolsters; the Boys hurling Flowers and Tartlets: the Archbishop still revolving on his Packing-needle; Number One in his Patriarchal Costume; the Lago del Tofilo, etc., all these (far better than the Ignorance of the Clergy) can only be understood in their sequence. Athanasius should be re-printed whole, not quoted in part.

Our friend Tymms is dead: no surprising news to me, after what I had seen of him when I was last at Lowestoft.

I can pay for Suckling when next I go that way; and you can pay me when next we meet, if you like.

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I met Brooke in the road yesterday: he hopes to see you again:  
and I remain with impatient eyes

Yours always  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson's *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* (1830) and *Poems* (1832) which EFG had had bound as a single volume. Aldis Wright later donated the gift to Trinity College Library.

<sup>2</sup> E. W. Clarke's *Library of Useless Knowledge*. See letter to Thackeray, Nov. 29, 1838.

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
May 17, [1871]

*My dear Lady,*

I went to Lowestoft last Friday to see Annie Kerrich and her two younger Sisters, who had all been lodging there for a week. Annie looked like one who had wept; but she was in fair Spirits, and we had some pleasant walks and drives together. She talked most about her stay with you; so happy a Visit as she and Lusie never paid before, I am sure, from what she says. I had no doubt that she would enjoy it as she did; but Lusie—who does not so easily give way to Society—Annie says she never saw her so happy; even talking away about her own Feelings with the Professor, who (as well as you) made both of them quite at home, and as one of his own Family. I tell you all this in order that you may not suppose that the sad end to their Visit threw any lasting gloom over it. They recall with pleasure and gratitude all the Sunshine they lived in before that one Thunder-bolt which came to finish it. And I am quite sure that I tell you the Truth, because I can perfectly rely on whatever Annie, or indeed any one of her Sisters, tells me.

The only draw-back on their Visit was, their feeling that you overdid your Strength in entertaining them. And Annie says she is sure that Cowell overdoes himself by working for so many. You may be a little jealous of the Regard they both have for him—as well as for yourself.

My little Yacht is—sold! for a mess of £200. It was not the money I wanted: nay, I told the man who came to buy her<sup>1</sup> that he had better buy another and a bigger which I knew of. But he came from Town on purpose to buy mine; and I let her go. What will you say to me?

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And what will E.B.C.? But one main reason for my decision was—these Eyes of mine which will not let me read; and that was nearly all I had to do on board. But I should scarce have thus decided, if Newson had not been offered a much better Berth, which he boggles at accepting; and Jack is engaged to go with the new owner of the *Scandal*, as he went with me. But his heart was almost up to his eyes when all was settled.

Well, what are we to do now? If I go to Lowestoft this summer, I must put up with the Pleasure-boats there. Do you think you will come to join in them? You know I shall be very glad if you should do so; but you also know that I have always advised you to go for your Holidays to some further-off Place, that will make more of a change for you than Lowestoft does. Let me know where you settle on going: and then perhaps, if the Mountain won't come to Mahomet, why Mahomet, etc.

I must not forget to tell you that Newson's Daughter has done well at that Ipswich Training School which you recommended to me. So much so that the Ladies wished her to remain two months beyond the average six: and I have settled that so it shall be. So you see we have not only taken your Advice, but thus far are far from repenting of having done so.

Farewell for the present. Let me hear from you before you decamp for the holidays; and believe me yours and Cowell's

Ever and truly  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> The *Scandal* was bought by Cuthbert (later, Sir Cuthbert) Quilter.

To Ablett Pasifull

Woodbridge  
May 25, [1871]

Dear Captain,

I wrote (yesterday, I think) to tell you about the Blunder which Mr. Tom Grimwood here led us into concerning you and Newson. I suppose you have got my Letter: as yours, which came to me at noon this day, tells me that you will be at Weymouth till Saturday.

I am annoyed about this *Blunder*, as I call it; because it may have deprived you of a better Berth than you now have, without any good to Newson. But I must lay the Blunder entirely at Mr. Tom Grim-



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wood's door; who certainly told Mr. Spalding that his Brother would prefer Newson, because of old Acquaintance; and I could only reply that Newson was disengaged.

You should certainly be Captain of something bigger and better than the Scandal-Sapphire:<sup>1</sup> but, even as it is, you will have the advantage of being near home, at any rate. And, if Mr. Quilter likes Yachting, he will undoubtedly want a bigger Vessel, and I am very sure that he will want you in it. He had better have bought the Emily at once, as I told him; I am quite sure that he has blundered (like most of us) in not getting a bigger Vessel at once, if he wants to take Wife and Children along with him.

As he asked me what I had paid Jack a week, I told him: but, in acknowledging his Cheque for the money, I told him that I had always given Jack £5 at the end of the season, in consideration of the Cabin-work which he did for me—work that I scarce liked to see him do—and which (as I told him) he only did too conscientiously.

Well—let us hope all will do as well as things in this World usually do. And believe me

Your sincere Well-wisher  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Quilter had renamed the yacht *Sapphire*, and had engaged Pasifull and Jack Howe as crew.

To Alfred Tennyson

Woodbridge  
May 30, [1871]

*My dear Alfred—old Alfred,*

Nobody writes to me—Nobody's fault but my own; for, though I write to Somebody, he doesn't think me worth answering by Letter, if I don't think him worth going to question by word of Mouth. So I don't know if you are got well again: which I want to know; and pray do—one of you—drop me a line or two to say how that is. You must not grudge so much, twice a Year, to me unworthy. I fancy you will be leaving Farringford by this time, but this mite of a Letter will be forwarded to you (if you be not gone abroad) and, if it reaches you, do as I ask.

I have less than ever to say; for my Eyes got so bad again this last winter, that I have not read a Book, or a Newspaper, these last four

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months. I managed to spell through a printed, though not published, Volume of Frederick's:<sup>1</sup> full of fine lines, fine paragraphs, for others to steal from; for the several Poems themselves seemed to me indistinct in Drawing and Colour also, and never likely to be popular. So I told him.

I have sold my dear little Ship, because my Eyes will not suffice for reading on board, which was nearly all I had to do there. So now I go about in Boats, by River or Sea, and feed my Eyes, as I may, on the Green of Fields and Trees ashore.

Even old Spedding won't answer my half-yearly Letter; though he would give me £1,000 down if I asked him.

I mumble over your old Verses in my Memory—as often as anyone's—and was lately wishing you had found bigger Vowels for the otherwise fine Opening of the Duke's Funeral.

'Twas at the Royal Feast for Persia won, etc.  
Bury the Great Duke, etc.<sup>2</sup>

So you see I remain always the same crotchety

*old Fitz*

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Cowell, [Early Feb.].

<sup>2</sup> The first line is line one of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast"; line two is the opening of Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

To Mrs. Tennyson

*Woodbridge*  
*June 5, [1871]*

*Dear Mrs. Tennyson,*

Do not be alarmed at this second Letter: it does not require an answer at all; but is simply to thank you for your own very kind one, and also to say something of the Portrait which you so kindly offer me another sight of.

I think there may be some misunderstanding about it. When Laurence was here a year ago, he told me he had taken it up (from Farringford, I suppose) finding it much the worse for Dirt, etc. So I suppose he has kept it till sent for, or asked about; perhaps likes to see it himself, or to show it to some of his Friends and Sitters. Very imperfect as it is, it is nevertheless the *best* painted Portrait I have seen; and certainly the *only* one of old Days. "Blubber-lipt" I remember

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Alfred once called it; so it is; but still—the only one of old Days, and still—the best of all, to my thinking. I like to go back to Days before the Beard, which makes rather a Dickens of A.T. in the Photographs—to my mind. If *you* are at all of this mind, tell Laurence to send it back to you, swept and garnished with a suitable Frame, and hang it up where you, at any rate, may have it before your Eyes—with all its imperfections on its head.

When last I heard from Spedding—half a year ago, I think—he said that Alfred had never called for the Drawing by Thackeray (of the Lord of Burleigh) which I sent him.<sup>1</sup> Tell him I don't think *Browning* would have served me so—and I mean to prefer *his* Poems for the future.

I am very glad, however, that he is better: glad that your Boys do well; and remain yours, and all of yours, ever

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> EFG's memory failed him. Spedding wrote to him May 11, 1870, that he had sent the sketch to Tennyson.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
June 6/71

Dear Wright,

I send you a shabby Cheque for the Chapel; fixing on the Rev<sup>d</sup> R. Sinker for a Precedent: below whom Contributions cannot fall.<sup>1</sup> He may have the excuse of an inexhaustible Family: which I have not. But I doubt still if you will improve your Chapel by renewing it—with Memorial Windows, etc. In these days of Restoration, I like even shabby Antiquity best. I suppose the Chapel is now much as it was in Bentley's days (West's Altar-piece excepted) and so I should have been content to keep it. If all the Subscribers held to me and Sinker there would be no danger of *tawdriness*.

I suppose you had some Note from Brooke, inasmuch as he wrote to me for your Address. I doubt not he will make some use of you. Pray send him the Subscription Paper for the Chapel, and keep his Autograph Reply among the valuable MSS of the Library.

Pray also take care of, and bring me back, my Green's Diary, and Carlyle Letters. I am still rather frightened about the Tennyson; and felt rather guilty in writing to him the other day, and having all kind

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messages from him in a Reply from *her*—which I should not have had, I doubt, if he knew what I had done: what yet I did with a good intention. They were packing up to leave Farringford: I suppose, for the Hampshire place.

I ran to London (and back again the same Day) to consult one Dr. Liebreich, about my Eyes. He ordered me four pair of Spectacles for various uses, and I dare say they will do as well as any others. I saw nothing in London but a Placard with a Life-size Figure of two young Black Women growing out of one Body, and singing a Duett together.

My reading-boy read to me last night, in a report of the French Assembly—"Iron-clad Laughter from the Left."

Ever yours truly  
E.FG.

P.S. One Improvement I persist in recommending for your Chapel: but no one will do it. Instead of Lucretius' line<sup>2</sup> (which might apply to Shakespeare) at the foot of Newton's Statue, you should put the first words of Bacon's *Novum Organum*—(Homo) "*Naturae Minister et Interpres*"<sup>3</sup> which eminently becomes Newton—as he stands—with his Prism—and connects him with his great Cambridge Predecessor, who now (I believe) sits in the Ante-Chapel along with him. I will send another £5 to have this done, let Sinker go to Breakfast with what Appetite he may.

<sup>1</sup> Between 1871-75 the interior of Trinity Chapel was decorated and stained glass was placed in most of the windows. Robert Sinker was chaplain at the time. Wright, it appears, had sent information about the chaplain's contribution which a bursar would be expected to keep to himself.

<sup>2</sup> *Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit*. "He who surpassed the race of man in understanding," *De Rerum Natura*, III. 1043, on Epicurus.

<sup>3</sup> EFG deletes "Homo" to make his inscription from Newton's "great Cambridge Predecessor" read: "Servant and interpreter of Nature."

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
July 1, [1871]

*My dear Lady,*

Mrs. J. Fletcher, Nelson Square, Lowestoft, is the Address you ask for. But why trouble yourself to do so if you think of being at the place

yourself before long? No lodgings could be pleasanter than those which I found my Nieces in a month ago: but they were at the very Southern End of the Town—next to Pakefield—and certainly very far removed from my Beat. Your Sister in law will surely be a good person to choose for you; anything that I can do you know I will do.

I still have a sort of idea of going to Whitby for a while, which you two would like better than I should. But I suppose my Ambition will Evaporate: or that, if I got there, I should want to be near home again. At any rate, you must let me know when and where you think of going. My heart sinks a little at meeting the Sea again now my little Ship is gone; Posh says he looks for her little Masts when he goes down that way, and many of his Friends ask him when “The Governor is coming.” “Never no more,” says he. But I believe I did best though—my Eyes, I do think (and say—*sotto voce*) have got better ever since I sold her. But that may be from my being always plunged in Green here. I am convinced the human Eye *grazes*. You should see the pile of Weeds I have pulled up by way of occupying my Eyes in their pasturage.

I suppose Fanny and Elizabeth Kerrich will be at my home very soon: on Tuesday I am expecting George Crabbe to stay a while with me on his way from Bournemouth to Norfolk.

I have sometimes thought I would write to Arthur; but my little Ship is gone, which was all I had to entertain him, and Maurice daunted me by his conscientious scruples last year. I don't think Arthur will ever settle down to an Usher's duty: it seems sad to think of it at his time of Life. He had better be a sailor: but I suppose his Mother thinks otherwise.

I wonder what Cowell says of the Tichborne case which I cannot help being somewhat interested in.<sup>1</sup> I would bet on Cowell's Opinion; so tell me one day what that Opinion is.

But I have not seen the Times, and therefore not the Article you write about. I did not guess from any of Mrs. Tennyson's Letters that either of her Boys was poetical.

I wish Cowell would not work so hard: now too that all other Scholars are taking their Holyday. Mrs. Thompson wrote me word that she and he were just off to Karlsbad in Bohemia where one day I shall post them a Letter. I see in my “Daily News” another Account of the Ammergau Mystery.<sup>2</sup>

I hear of Whitby, that, though there is a *genteel* Esplanade, etc., there is a capital Old Town, with Old Fashioned People, etc., and very beautiful Country around: an Abbey for you to go into Ecstasies

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about. Annie, who was once on a Visit there, told me she liked it more than any place she had been at of the sort—and I can rely on her Taste and Judgment.

Ever yours and Cowell's  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See following text.

<sup>2</sup> *The Passion Play* at Oberammergau did not achieve wide fame until mid-nineteenth century.

*The Tichborne case was a prolonged suit and consequent trial in which the public, from lords to laborers, maintained intense and partisan interest. The action had been initiated in Chancery Court in June, 1867; the resulting litigation was not concluded until 1874. The suit had opened in the Court of Common Pleas May 10, 1871; and the plaintiff, who entered the witness box May 30, was still being cross-examined when FitzGerald wrote his letter. FitzGerald was far more than "somewhat interested" in the issue, and his frequent references to the case call for a summary of the story unfolded in court.*

Roger Tichborne, heir to an ancient baronetcy and estates in Hampshire, had sailed for Valparaiso, Chile, March 1, 1853. He traveled extensively in Chile and Peru, crossed the continent to the east coast, and, on April 20, 1854, set sail from Rio de Janeiro for Jamaica. Four days later an empty longboat and wreckage from his vessel were sighted on the sea. No survivors were found. Roger's will was proved a year later; but his mother, a willful, temperamental woman, persisted in believing that he still lived. After her husband's death in 1862, Lady Tichborne advertised widely for news of her son. Inquiries in Australian newspapers produced results. In February, 1866, she received a letter written, professedly, by the missing man. The writer, employed as a slaughterman in Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, was known there as Thomas Castro. On the strength of vague evidence in a meager correspondence, Lady Tichborne provided means for "The Claimant," as he came to be known, to return to England, which he reached Christmas Day, 1866. The following month he visited Lady Tichborne in Paris.

Roger Tichborne had been slim; his hair was black. The Claimant was stout; his hair was light brown. Roger, born in Paris, spent the first 16 years of his life there, being reared, at his mother's wish, as a Frenchman. He spoke English with an accent. The Claimant was ignorant of French; when speaking, he omitted legitimate and added illegitimate h's. His speech and correspondence were shot with aston-

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ishing illiteracies. Nevertheless, Lady Tichborne acknowledged the man as the missing heir. Other members of the Tichborne family declared him to be an imposter; and an investigation conducted for them in Australia disclosed that "Tom Castro" was a name that had been assumed there by Arthur Orton, the son of a Wapping butcher.

The Claimant's suit to establish his identity as Roger Tichborne and his right to the family title and properties continued for ten months, and the proceedings were reported daily in minute detail. According to the Annual Register, the action "was the first and absorbing topic at every dinner table. . . . The betting on the case was as regularly quoted as that on the Derby or the Boat Race, and the odds varied day by day." Orton's testimony was garnished with contradictions and singular ignorance. During cross-examination he interpreted a question about the Pons Asinorum as a personal insult and, when the topic was pressed, refused to estimate how far it was from Stonyhurst, a Jesuit school which Roger Tichborne had attended. However, many persons, inclined to doubt, were constrained to entertain his claims because of Lady Tichborne's "recognition," Orton's brazen conduct and charges, and his adroit verbal fencing with prosecution counselors. The action terminated March 6, 1872, when The Claimant's counselors elected, that the case be dismissed. Orton was immediately placed under arrest on charges of perjury. His trial, opened April 23, 1873, continued until February 28, 1874, when he was found guilty and was sentenced to serve fourteen years in Dartmoor.

The heavy costs of the litigation, plus the sums required by The Claimant to maintain—lavishly—the station in life he had assumed, were met by donations from wealthy supporters, public subscriptions, and the sale of Tichborne Bonds. The populace had construed the case as a class conflict. Demonstrations on Orton's behalf, which sometimes approached rioting, became increasingly ominous as the trial progressed and continued for a year after his conviction.

To Fanny Kemble

Woodbridge  
July 4, [1871]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

I asked Donne to tell you, if he found opportunity, that some two months ago I wrote you a letter, but found it so empty and dull that

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I would not send it to extort the Reply which you feel bound to give. I should have written to tell you so myself; but I heard from Donne of the Wedding soon about to be,<sup>1</sup> and I would not intrude then. Now that is over—I hope to the satisfaction of you all—and I will say my little say, and you will have to Reply, according to your own Law of Mede and Persian.<sup>2</sup>

It is a shame that one should only have oneself to talk about; and yet that is all I have; so it shall be short. If you will but tell me of yourself, who have read, and seen, and done, so much more, you will find much more matter for your pen, and also for my entertainment.

Well, I have sold my dear little Ship, because I could not employ my Eyes with reading in her Cabin, where I had nothing else to do. I think those Eyes began to get better directly I had written to agree to the Man's proposal. Anyhow, the thing is done; and so now I betake myself to a Boat, whether on this River here, or on the Sea at the Mouth of it.

Books you see I have nothing to say about. The Boy who came to read to me made such blundering Work that I was forced to confine him to a Newspaper, where his Blunders were often as entertaining as the Text which he mistook. We had "hangarues" in the French Assembly, and, on one occasion, "ironclad Laughter from the Extreme Left." Once again, at the conclusion of the London news, "Consolations closed at 91, ex Div."—and so on. You know how illiterate People will jump at a Word they don't know, and twist it into some word they are familiar with. I was telling some of these Blunders to a very quiet Clergyman here some while ago, and he assured me that a poor Woman, reading the Bible to his Mother, read off glibly, "Stand at a Gate and swallow a Candle."<sup>3</sup> I believe this was no Joke of his: whether it were or not, here you have it for what you may think it worth.

I should be glad to hear that you think Donne looking and seeming well. Archdeacon Groome, who saw him lately, thought he looked very jaded: which I could not wonder at. Donne, however, writes as if in good Spirits—brave Man as he is—and I hope you will be able to tell me that he is not so much amiss. He said that he was to be at the Wedding.

You will tell me too how long you remain in England; I fancy, till Winter: and then you will go to Rome again, with its new Dynasty installed in it.<sup>4</sup> I fancy I should not like that so well as the old; but I suppose it's better for the Country.



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I see my Namesake (Percy) Fitzgerald advertizes a Book about the Kembles. That I shall manage to get sight of. He made far too long work of Garrick.<sup>5</sup> I should have thought the Booksellers did not find that pay, judging by the price to which Garrick soon came down. Half of it would have been enough.

Now I am going for a Sail on the famous River Deben, to pass by the same fields of green Wheat, Barley, Rye, and Beet-root, and come back to the same Dinner. Positively the only new thing we have in Woodbridge is a Waxen Bust (Lady, of course) at the little Hairdresser's opposite. She turns slowly round, to our wonder and delight; and I caught the little Barber the other day in the very Act of winding her up to run her daily Stage of Duty. Well; she has not got to answer Letters, as poor Mrs. Kemble must do to hers always sincerely,

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Kemble's younger daughter, Frances Butler, and the Reverend James W. Leigh, of Warwickshire, were married in London June 29.

<sup>2</sup> "I have certain *organic laws* of correspondence from which nothing short of a miracle causes me to depart . . . I never write till I am written to, I always write when I am written to, and I make a point of always returning the same amount of paper I receive" (Frances Anne Kemble, *Further Records*, 2 vols., 1890, II, 193).

<sup>3</sup> "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." Matt. 23: 24.

<sup>4</sup> The sovereignty of the Papacy over Rome had come to an end July 2 when Victor Emanuel II entered the city and Rome became the capital of the united Italy.

<sup>5</sup> *The Kembles*, 2 vols., 1871. In 1868 Fitzgerald had published *The Life of David Garrick*, 2 vols.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
July 30, [1871]

*My dear Cowell,*

Miss Green forwarded me your letter here. Why won't you engage hers, or her Sister's next door, Lodgings—or part of them—for your Lowestoft sojourn? I shall probably get into part of them when I go: but that must depend on whether two Rooms be vacant. I doubt this rather wet St. Swithin will keep Lowestoft from becoming very full: which I regret for the poor Lodging keepers rather than for myself.

Fanny and Elizabeth Kerrich come to my house here soon, and will

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stay there till October, when they propose going to winter at Lowestoft. I went there to meet Annie and Lusie ten days ago: as also to see the last (*Absit omen!*) of my Captain: who, together with the rest, were about to start for the North Sea. There they are, blowing about this day, I doubt not, with no fish as yet to console them.

Half of the day that Lusie and Annie were with me, we were talking of you and Elizabeth, and of the delightful visit which you both afforded them. The sudden and dismal termination of it has left no such impression as to darken the brightness of the whole Visit. Annie, I was sure would be delighted with it: I was not so sure of Lusie, who is more abstracted from Company: but she really was not behind her Sister in the satisfaction it gave her, and I have never known her to take to any people so much as to you both. She has good reason.

She and her three younger Sisters will go about the beginning of September to keep house with their youngest Brother at Manchester: my Brother John having lent them his house there for six weeks to look about them in. This is very well of him—in spite of what that obstinate Elizabeth says to the contrary.

I am glad of your Botany inasmuch as it takes you abroad into Air, Exercise, and the Country. You will now babble of Green Fields. But I am not so glad that you have added another *Study* to those which already engross too much of your Time and Health. You will now be instructing every dull man in Botany as in Bengali. There is no use talking to you: for your kind Heart is even greater than your great Head: but I am vexed to see you give up so much of your Life to charitable Instruction which others might do almost as well, when you ought to be doing something which others can't do at all.

I had a kind and pleasant Letter from Mrs. Thompson, telling of her Travels through France and Germany, to Karlsbad in Bohemia, from which she dates her letter. She says the Master is quite well, thanks to early rising, regular living, and the medicinal Waters.

My Eyes are I hope somewhat better, but I use them very sparingly, and chiefly in the pulling up weeds in a field I have lately had re-sown with Grass seed, which is not properly Grass seed at all. I want you to tell me what it is, for nobody here can. When we are at Lowestoft, we must run over here for a Day that you may see my Domain and the House upon it. You will let me hear of your movements.

You know why I don't write to you oftener: that I may not give you more to do than you already have in answering Letters, which, year by year have less in them to deserve an Answer: especially since I have not been able to read even the idle little which I used to read. I now

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take the Academy which seems to me an unprosperous concern. I hope to hear that Elizabeth is better: and am always hers and yours

E.FG.

I shall try and get the Kerriches to Lowestoft for a week.

### To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge

Aug. 29, [1871]

Dear Posh,

I have posted you a Lowestoft Paper telling you something of the Regatta there. But as you say you like to hear from me also, I write to supply what the Paper does not tell: though I wonder you can care to hear of such things in the midst of your Fishing.

I, and every one else, made sure that the little *Sapphire*<sup>1</sup> would do well when it came on to blow on Thursday: she went to her moorings as none of the others did except the *Red Rover*. But, directly the Gun fired, the *Otter* (an awkward thing) drove down upon, and broke up her Chain plates, or stanchions, to which the wire rigging holds: so she could not sail at all: and the *Red Rover* got the Prize, after going only two rounds instead of three: which is odd work, I think. Major Leathes' mast went over in the first round, as it did a year ago. At Evening, the *Otter* grounded as she lay by the South Pier: and would have knocked her bottom out had not Ablett Pasifull gone off to her and made them hoist their main-sail.

Ablett and Jack got more and more uncomfortable with their new Owner, who is a Fool as well as a Screw. At last Ablett told him that he himself and Jack had almost been on the point of leaving him; and *that*, I think, will bring him to his senses, if anything can.

On Friday we saw Mushell<sup>2</sup> coming in deeply loaden, and we heard how he had just missed putting three lasts<sup>3</sup> on board of you. I sent off a Telegram to you that same Evening, as Mushell knew you would be anxious to know that he had come in safe through the wind and Sea of Thursday night. He was to have started away again on Sunday: but one of his men who had gone home had not returned by one o'clock, when I came away. This, I always say, is one of the Dangers of coming home; but, as Things were, Mushell could scarce help it, though he had better have gone to Yarmouth to sell his Fish. He seems a good Fellow.

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All these mishaps—I wonder any man can carry on the trade! I think I would rather be in my own little Punt again. But, while you will go on, you know I will stand by you. Your mare is well, and the sore on her Shoulder nearly gone. Mr. and Mrs. Howe send their Regards. Cowell is gone off to Devonshire instead of coming to meet me at Lowestoft: but I dare say I shall run over there again before long.

Yours always  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The former *Scandal*. The regatta was held August 24.

<sup>2</sup> Nickname of the captain of Posh's *Henrietta*.

<sup>3</sup> 10,000 herring to a last.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 4, [1871]

*My dear Cowell,*

I kept waiting for a Summons to meet you at Lowestoft, until, all of a sudden, Annie sent me your Address in Devonshire: whither you have flown (she hears from Elizabeth) somewhat ill with overwork. This I cannot wonder at: but I conclude you are not very much amiss, or Elizabeth would have been with you when she wrote. I have hesitated about writing to you, for fear my Letter should seem to call for a Reply that you are not in health or Spirits to indite. Do not think of making any such effort if at all inconvenient: otherwise, you may believe that I wish to hear that you are well and able to enjoy your Holyday so long deferred. Whether you were well or not, I am glad that you have gone to Devonshire rather than to Lowestoft, though I myself lose by your so doing. But Devonshire is a greater change for you: a much more beautiful country withal, and one that will afford you much more occupation and amusement in your new Botanical Studies. Lowestoft, you know, is bare enough in that respect, and has been particularly dry and glaring during the last very hot month. It has been also so full of Company, that you would have been hard set to find a pleasant Lodging. I was over there for a few days last week, and saw my little Ship with her new owner; with whom poor Jack is not so happy as with me. The owner is a Snob and a Screw, who only wants to get all he can out of his men at the least cost to himself. Newson is not Captain any longer: but a very nice

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Fellow from the same Felixstow Ferry, who told me all the Story: more indignant for Jack's sake than his own.

The four younger Kerrich Women leave Geldeston for Manchester this week: the three Elder remain at my house till the end of this month: and then go to winter at Lowestoft, where they will visit their Brother from time to time. If the season be not too far gone for building when they leave me, I propose to add two new rooms to my house, which will make it more convenient for future Tenants.

I have seen, and hear from, nobody you know for this long while; but sail daily, and alone, in my Boat on the river Deben, and remain ever yours

E.FG.

I saw Mrs. Samuel Charlesworth at Lowestoft: she did not know of your Flight till I told her.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 4/71

*My dear Wright,*

Or, are you flown from Cambridge, like all the World, for your Holyday elsewhere? Cowell wrote me that he was sure to be at Lowestoft by the midst of August: and soon after that his Wife writes to my Niece that he has overdone himself, and fled to some Uncle's in Devonshire—whither I have just written to ask about him. As Elizabeth (the Wife) was not with him when she wrote, I conclude that he was not very much amiss; and, were he or not, I think Devonshire a better place for him than Lowestoft: more of a Change, to a far prettier Country, with a bluer Sea, and with more Vegetation ashore to engage his botanical faculties, which (as he last wrote me) had sprung into sudden Activity. This new Study will be good if it takes him from his other Studies abroad: but not if he has to work *double-tides* indoors to make up for his rambles in the Field. If you can tell me anything of him, and his health, you will oblige me: for I have told him not to answer my letter if he finds any inconvenience in so doing.

And you yourself—what are you doing, and where sojourning? Let me know if you come Suffolkwards. I run over to Lowestoft occasionally for a few days, but do not abide there long: no longer having my dear little Ship for company. I saw her there looking very smart

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under her new owner ten days ago, and I felt so at home when I was once more on her Deck that—Well; I content myself with sailing on the river Deben, looking at the Crops as they grow green, yellow, russet, and are finally carried away in the red and blue Waggon with the sorrel horse.

Do you know if Horne Tooke's Etymology of "Luck" holds? A.S. laeccean, to seize, catch, etc., whence the Fisherman's "Luck"? I saw this quoted in some stray Paper; and I see that Richardson approves.

Don't forget my Carlyle's Letters, etc., when you come "down East"—and believe me yours

E.FG.

An old Suffolk Farmer calling his Housekeeper to account (before a Friend of mine) for not being up to make Breakfast at half past five. "If you'd had a Man abed with you there'd a'been some Excuse. But you ha'nt, ha' ye?"

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
Sept. 20, [1871]

*My dear Donne,*

I found your letter on my return from Lowestoft yesterday. There I had been for a week (very cold) with the Cowell's: and thither I return in a few days, to be with them till the second week of October, I suppose. You see therefore that I am to be found—and glad to be found by you—any time that suits you: perhaps all the better, if at Lowestoft, while the Cowells are there. You have only to let me know the when and where and I shall be ready.

The first man I met on Lowestoft Pier was the Dean of Ely,<sup>1</sup> whom after looking at, I did not recognize till he told me his name. I had not seen him (except for a passing glimpse on the Railway platform) for twenty years. We had three or four strolls on the Pier together; he seemed bored by the place; but consoled himself by the thought that his penance was not for long. Indeed he goes home today I think—after a Fortnight's exile.<sup>2</sup>

. . . Cowell was to have been with us by the beginning of August, but his wife thought he was very ill with overwork, and had better go off with his Mother to Devonshire. As I knew that she would have gone herself had there been any real Illness (which she did not) I

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thought little of the matter: and here (at Lowestoft) is Cowell as well as ever, and laughing at his wife's overwrought accounts of him.

He has now taken to Botany, which is good inasmuch as it drives him walking out of doors.

You do not mention Mowbray in your letter, whom I wanted to know about. But do not write to tell me about him: he will, I doubt not, let me hear of himself before long. I suppose he is out Holyday-making.

Pollock wrote me from Clovelly, N. Devon, with which he is much pleased, and Miladi also.

Woolner with wife and children are lodging at Felixstowe; and he has been over here yesterday and today.

. . . Spedding has never written to me, but I am his as yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Merivale.

<sup>2</sup> EFG finished writing the letter at Lowestoft.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
October 29, [1871]

*My dear Wright,*

I have never heard—nor, I think, read—here or elsewhere of the “Shoulder of a Sail,”<sup>1</sup> an apt Phrase, which Shakespeare might instinctively have originated, as if born and bred to the Craft. I will enquire, however, of my Lowestoft Friends when next I go that way.

On looking into Hamlet for this passage, my eyes lighted on the close of the following Scene, which reads thus—(after Horatio's Dis-suasion, I mean, ending, “And hears it roar beneath”)—

Hamlet                    It waves me still—  
                              *Go on—I'll follow thee.*

Marc.    You shall not go, my Lord.

Hamlet                    Hold off your hands!

Hor.      Be ruled—you shall not go.

Hamlet                    My Fate cries out  
                              And makes each petty artery, etc.—  
                              I say, away! *Go on; I'll follow thee.*

Surely the first “Go on; I'll follow thee” [was] of Actors or Editors who thought that Hamlet's Action, I suppose, was not sufficiently indicated,

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even by a—after “It waves me still.” And the Verse reads aright without it.<sup>2</sup>

A suggestion that casually fell from old Spedding’s lips (I forget how long ago) occurred to me the other day. Instead of—

Do such business as the *bitter Day*<sup>3</sup>

read “Better Day”—a certain Emendation, I think. I hope you take Spedding into your Counsel; he might be induced to look over one Play at a time though he might shrink from all in a Body; and I scarce ever heard him conning a page of Shakespeare but he suggested something which was an improvement—on Shakespeare himself, if not on his Editors—though don’t [tell] Spedding that I say so, for God’s sake.

Cowell and Wife left Lowestoft three weeks ago, to stay with his Mother at Ipswich. He talked of coming over here for a Day: but has not done so, and has now, I suppose, returned to Cambridge.

Enough for my Eyes; but believe me yours always

E.FG.

Had anyone quoted to me Laertes’ parting Advice to his Sister, I should have sworn it was Polonius’. Donne (who was with me a week ago) thinks that Shakespeare may have intended Pedantry in the Blood. I used to tell Spedding that Polonius was meant for Lord Bacon: but I doubt the Dates won’t bear me out.

<sup>1</sup> “The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,” Polonius to Laertes, *Hamlet*, I.3.56.

<sup>2</sup> *Hamlet*, I.4.78-86. The words in question disrupt the metric pattern, but editors have not yet omitted them.

<sup>3</sup> EFG quotes the line as printed in the Quartos. The accepted reading from the Folios runs:

And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on.

*Hamlet*, III.2.409-10

To Fanny Kemble

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 2/71

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

Is it better not to write at all than only write to plead that one has nothing to say? Yet I don’t like to let the year get so close to an end



without reminding you of me, to whom you have been always so good in the matter of replying to my letters, as in other ways.

If I can tell you nothing of myself: no Books read because of no Eyes to read them: no travel from home because of my little Ship being vanished: no friends seen, except Donne, who came here with Valentia for two days—you can fill a sheet like this, I know, with some account of yourself and your Doings: and I shall be very glad to hear that all is well with you. Donne said he believed you were in Ireland when he was here; and he spoke of your being very well when he had last seen you; also telling me he thought you were to stay in England this winter. By the by, I also heard of Mrs. Wister being at Cambridge; not Donne told me this, but Mr. Wright, the Bursar of Trinity: and every one who speaks of her says she is a very delightful Lady. Donne himself seemed very well, and in very good Spirits, in spite of all his domestic troubles. What Courage, and Good Temper, and Self-sacrifice! Valentia (whom I had not seen these dozen years) seemed a very sensible, unaffected Woman.

I would almost bet that you have not read my Namesake's Life of your Namesakes,<sup>1</sup> which I must borrow another pair of Eyes for one day. My Boy-reader gave me a little taste of it from the Athenaeum; as also of Mr. Harness' Memoirs,<sup>1</sup> which I must get at.

This is a sorry sight of a Letter: do not trouble yourself to write a better—that you must, in spite of yourself—but write to me a little about yourself; which is a matter of great Interest to yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *The Kembles*, reviewed in the *Athenaeum*, Aug. 12, pp. 200-201. A. G. L'Estrange, *The Literary Life of the Rev. William Harness*, 1871, reviewed Oct. 28, pp. 553-55. EFG had met Harness in the Kemble home.

## To Thomas Carlyle

*Markethill: Woodbridge*  
[November 17, 1871]

Dear Carlyle,

I am almost ashamed now to write you my one letter a year, inasmuch as it may oblige you to answer it: and yet I do not like to let a year pass without a word about yourself, from yourself. A very few words will suffice to tell me this: more than suffice, if they tell me that all is as well with you as is to be expected at this time of Life.

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If we both live till next Autumn it will be thirty years since we became acquainted—through Thackeray,<sup>1</sup> who took me to Chelsea with him while you were preparing for Cromwell, about whom I was able to do a little stroke of work, as you know. “Voici bien long temps de ça,” as human Life goes.

I read in some Paper—the Athenaeum, I think—that you had been in your own Scotland, as you used to do about Autumn-time. And the Donnes told me that you were sometimes at the Pollocks, and they with you: but I cannot tell if lately. I should perhaps know more from some public News if my Eyes let me read much of the Papers, or anything else: but they do not: and my intercourse with such friends as could tell me about you is now not much more than with yourself. Old Spedding will scarce answer my letters to him, though he would do so at once if I wanted anything of him except to hear of him. Mrs. Tennyson answers for Alfred twice a year.

I dare say you are over-done with presents of Game: but, notwithstanding, I send you a Brace of Suffolk Pheasants, which you must give away if you cannot eat them. You know we are famous down here for such commodity. One of our Great Men—Colonel Tomline who inherits the wealth and virtues of the Bishop, makes such use of his Land and Money that I feel the less horror of Mr. Odger & Co.<sup>2</sup> I dare say all these things cease to stir your Bile now, though you think of them as before. I don't pretend to know much about it—or to care, I am afraid. But I remain as I was thirty years ago, yours always loyally and sincerely

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Laurence, not Thackeray, introduced EFG to Carlyle in September, 1842.

<sup>2</sup> George Odger (1820-77), secretary of the London Trades Council since 1862, sought to promote the political power of the unions.

To Fanny Kemble

[Woodbridge]  
[November 17, 1871]

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

I ought to be much obliged to you for answering my last letter with an uneasy hand, as you did. So I do thank you: and really wish that you would not reply to this under any such pain: but how do I know

but that very pain will make you more determined to reply? I must only beg you not to do so: and thus wash *my* hands of any responsibilities in the matter.

And what will you say when I tell you that I can hardly pity one who suffers from Gout; though I would undoubtedly prefer that you should be free from that, or any other ailment. But I have always heard that Gout exempts one from many other miseries which Flesh is heir to: at any rate, it almost always leaves the Head clear: and that is so much! My Mother, who suffered a good deal, used often to say how she was kept awake of nights by the Pain in her feet, or hands, but felt so clear aloft that she made Night pass even agreeably away with her reflections and recollections.

And you have your recollections and Reflections which you are gathering into Shape, you say, in a Memoir of your own Life. And you are good enough to say that you would read it to me if I—were good enough to invite you to my House here some Summer Day! I doubt that Donne has given you too flattering an account of my house, and me: you know he is pleased with every one and everything: I know it also, and therefore no longer dissuade him from spending his time and money in a flying Visit here in the course of his Visits to other East Anglian friends and Kinsmen. But I feel a little all the while as if I were taking all, and giving nothing in return: I mean, about Books, People, etc., with which a dozen years discontinuance of Society, and, latterly, incompetent Eyes, have left me in the lurch. If you indeed will come and read your Memoir to me, I shall be entitled to be a Listener only: and you shall have my Chateau all to yourself for as long as you please: only do not expect me to be quite what Donne may represent.

It is disgusting to talk so much about oneself: but I really think it is better to say so much on this occasion. If you consider my circumstances, you will perhaps see that I am not talking unreasonably: I am sure, not with sham humility: and that I am yours always and sincerely.

E.FG.

P.S. I should not myself have written so soon again, but to apprise you of a brace of Pheasants I have sent you. Pray do not write expressly to acknowledge them—only tell me if they don't come. I know you thank me.

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To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Nov. 17, [1871]

*My dear Pollock,*

The Game-dealer here telling me that he has some very good Pheasants, I have told him to send you a Brace—to go in company with Braces to Carlyle, and Mrs. Kemble. This will, you may think, necessitate your writing a Reply of Thanks before your usual time of writing: but don't do that—only write to me *now* in case the Pheasants don't reach you; I know you will thank me for them, whether they reach you or not; and so you can defer writing so much till you happen next upon an idle moment which you may think as well devoted to me; you being the only man, except Donne, who cares to trouble himself with a gratuitous letter to one who really does not deserve it.

Donne, you know, is pleased with Everybody, and with Everything that Anybody does for him. You must take his Praises of Woodbridge with this grain of Salt to season them. It may seem odd to you at first—but not perhaps on reflection—that I feel more—*nervous*, I may say—at the prospect of meeting with an old Friend, after all these years, than of any indifferent Acquaintance. I feel it the less with Donne, for the reason aforesaid—why should I not feel it with you who have given so many tokens since our last meeting that you are well willing to take me as I am? If one is, indeed, by Letter what one is in person. I always tell Donne not to come out of his way here—he says he takes me in the course of a Visit to some East-Anglian kinsmen. Have you ever any such reason? Well, if you have no better reason than that of really wishing to see me, for better or worse, in my home, come—some Spring or Summer day, when my Home at any rate is pleasant. This all sounds mock-modesty: but it is not; as I can't read Books, Plays, Pictures, etc., and don't see People, I feel, when a Man comes, that I have all to ask and nothing to tell; and one doesn't like to make a Pump of a Friend.

My Money is to be paid by the end of this month:<sup>1</sup> but where, oh where, to re-invest it! I am told that the Rails you recommend are got so high.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. W. K. Browne was repaying £6,000 EFG had lent her husband in January, 1857.

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To Mrs. Tennyson

Markethill, Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 3, [1871]

Dear Mrs. Tennyson,

I am afraid that you will have to answer any Letter I write to Alfred: so I may as well address yourself at once. It is almost wrong to force you to reply to a Letter with next to nothing in it: and such is all I can now indite. Still, I hope you would both of you be a little sorry if I never wrote at all: it is now some long while since I last wrote: here is Christmas coming: and so here is my Letter coming too.

I read in some Newspaper that Alfred, and you, I think, and your eldest Son, were lately staying with Professor Jowett at Oxford. So I choose to take for granted you are all in good plight. This is the last I have heard of you, since Pollock wrote me word that he had been staying at your Hampshire home. Have you not been out of England all the Summer?

I wrote my yearly letter to Carlyle a fortnight ago, and received a very kind Reply from him in some one else's handwriting: a Niece's, I think, who lives with and takes care of him. Old Spedding won't write at all: he would at once if I wanted anything of him, except a little about himself. Pollock is very kind in dropping me a pleasant letter pretty constantly.

I have got through this year almost without looking into a Book; my Eyes not improving, but made worse, I doubt, by navigating my Boat on the river all this Summer, amid the glare of Sun, Water, and white Sail. I thought that if I left off reading it would be enough: but *any* straining of the Eye is as bad. A Boy comes here of a night to read—the Tichborne Trial—which sort of thing he *can* read, as it amuses him a little.

Here is the poor Letter which you will have to reply to, sooner or later. But you need only tell me how you all are; and pray believe me

Yours and Alfred's always  
E.FG.

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To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Dec. 3, [1871]

*My dear Lady,*

Christmas is coming: Cambridge term must be drawing to a close, and one of you will be at leisure to send me a few lines about you both. I fancy you will neither of you be coming Ipswich way these holydays; if you do, you must come over and see me here for a day. I have had Donne and his Daughter Valentia for guests, and, after that, Mowbray and his Wife. I lodged and boarded them at the Inn: but they came over to sit in my rooms and chat. An Artist and his Wife<sup>1</sup> have been occupying my house for some six weeks; very pleasant people, with whom I used to spend many a cheerful hour. But they are gone. Then I have had some new Building to amuse me; and to blunder about.<sup>2</sup> As before, I can't read; my Eyes having got worse, I think. So the Boy comes of a night to read me the Tichborne Trial,<sup>3</sup> which he can read because it amuses him a little, as it does me. What does Cowell say of it? For, amid all his Sanskrit, I know that a glance at the Paper will give him a better insight into the case than all my painful attention does for me. I am in a state of Bewilderment, which is not disagreeable.

Carlyle dictated (by his Niece, I believe) a very kind letter in reply to my yearly Offering. He harps again (after so many years) on the Stone which he thinks ought to be put up in Naseby Field: and even says he would bear half the expense. This he need not do. I should be very willing to do all that if I could muster resolution to have the thing done at all (which would involve a Journey into Northamptonshire), and if the present owners of the Field would allow the thing to be done—which requires some other investigation.

I hear that Tennyson has been starring it with Jowett in Oxford: and has written a last Idyll in some Review.<sup>4</sup> What do Cowell and you say of that too?

Anyhow, believe me, both of you

Yours always  
E.F.G.

My Nieces seem pretty comfortable; both those at Lowestoft and those near Manchester.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Edwards.

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<sup>2</sup> Two large rooms—a drawing room and a bedroom above—were added at the southwest corner of Little Grange at this time.

<sup>3</sup> See text following letter to Mrs. Cowell, July 1, [1871].

<sup>4</sup> "The Last Tournament," published in the *Contemporary Review* for December, pp. 1-22.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 9, [1871]

*My dear Pollock,*

I have to thank you for a Macmillan (directed in your hand, surely?) with a pretty poem in it by your son Walter.<sup>1</sup> Mowbray Donne told me that your two Sons (I think) had been writing somewhere about the French Players who have turned all your heads—and no wonder.

I have had a very kind letter from Mrs. Alfred in reply to my half-yearly Enquiries. She speaks in it of having been very much pleased with the visit which you and Lady Pollock paid them at Haslemere. She says also that Alfred is sorely tempted to go to—Ceylon!—with some friend who is going out there; but she does not think that it will end by his going there to fulfil the Dream he has so long had of the Tropics. I have run my bad Eyes over a notice of the Last Tournament in the Pall Mall Budget; enough to satisfy what Curiosity I had. He himself had better have dropt his own Lance some while ago, as I think. But pray don't tell Spedding I say so; for I would not utterly lose the little care he has for me now. Yet he would give me £1000 if I wanted it.

Which leads me to say that my long-talked-of money was paid in four days ago: and (all Railroads so high) half of it invested in—Italian Fives!—pro tempore. I should always prefer dealing with the North Italian than the South: but, if the king of Italy does not die for half a year, I expect this Public Stock to keep pretty well up, for so long at least: all being Peace around them and at home. So I am thus far turned Speculator in my old Days. My other £3000 lies at Coutts, waiting to be wooed and won.

A Pawnbroker at Ipswich, of more Sense, Generosity, and Public Spirit than any of the Gentry there, has long wanted some Memorial of Wolsey<sup>2</sup> in the Place. He asked Woolner (who comes down here

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Picture-dealing) about it: but Woolner (whose Statuary seems to me of a piece with himself) would of course be of too high a figure for my Broker. So he set a native Artist to work, who has modelled the Clay Bust of which I enclose you a Photo. Not bad, is it? Complimentary to Wolsey, I reckon: but do you see a likeness in the upper part of the Face to one of our Friends? That is why I sent it: not wanting a Subscription, which is to be left to Ipswich and its Neighbourhood. There used to be a very beautiful Market-Cross in Ipswich: very much as if done from a design of Inigo Jones, I think: but I know not if the History of [the] place bears me out in this. It was taken down some seventy years ago to be replaced by a very much poorer concern: and the poorer concern is swept away now to leave space before a sort of Hotel de Ville lately built, and handsome enough. *Was* you ever in Ipswich?

The Tichborne Trial! I gloat over it every night from 8 to 10, my Boy reading it to me with tolerable fluency. His mistakes amuse me sometimes by showing how errors creep into Print under the Compositor's hands. Yesterday the "face-smiles" of letters were handed in. We have the honour of contributing one witness from a neighbouring Village to confirm the Claimant's *identity*, as the Boy reads it: but he tells me that his Father knows of another who *could* swear to the contrary. I have taken no steps to produce that Witness, however.

How the Devil is it that I have run on so long and so saucily tonight, with all this Snow and Cold! And the Prince of Wales perhaps dead.<sup>3</sup> *That*, I think, will be no loss at all to the Monarchy—which, I think, will be more like to continue under the Regency of a sensible Woman than under any Prince of the House.

This is too bad—an end must be put to this. Goodbye.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

Keep the Photo if you care to show it to any one—for the honour of Ipswich Statuaries and Brokers.

<sup>1</sup> "Come," December issue, p. 160.

<sup>2</sup> Cardinal Wolsey was a native of Ipswich. The donor, EFG's friend William Mason, was actually a dealer in furniture and antiques.

<sup>3</sup> The daily papers reported that the Prince, ill of typhoid fever, had suffered a "serious relapse," December 8, and for some days his life "was in imminent danger." By month's end he was recovering.



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To Thomas Carlyle

Woodbridge  
Dec. 20, [1871]

*Dear Carlyle,*

Do not be alarmed at another Letter from me this year. It will need no answer: and is only written to tell you that I have not wholly neglected the wish you expressed in your last about the Naseby stone.<sup>1</sup>

I was reading, some months ago, your letters about our Naseby Exploits in 1842: as also one which you wrote in 1855 (I think) about that Stone, giving me an Inscription for it. And it was not wholly my fault that your wishes were not then fulfilled, though perhaps I was wanting in due energy about the matter. Thus, however, it was; that when you wrote in 1855, we had just sold Naseby to the Trustees of Lord Clifden: and, as there was some hitch in the Business (Lord Carlisle being one of the Trustees), I was told I had better not put in my oar. So the matter dropt. Since then Lord Clifden is dead: and I do not know if the Estate belongs to his Family. But, on receiving your last Letter, I wrote to the Lawyer who had managed for Lord Clifden to know about it: but up to this hour I have had no answer. This much I have done. If I get the Lawyer's and Agent's consent, I should be very glad indeed to have the stone cut, and lettered, as you wished. But whether I should pluck up spirit to go myself and set it up on the proper spot, I am not so sure; and I cannot be sure that any one else could do it for me. Those who were with me when I dug up the bones are dead, or gone; and I suppose the Plough has long ago obliterated the traces of sepulture, in these days of improved Agriculture; and perhaps even the Tradition is lost from the Memory of the Generation that has sprung up since I, and the old Parson, and the Scotch Tenant, turned up the ground. You will think me very base to hesitate about such a little feat as a Journey into Northamptonshire for this purpose. But you know that one does not generally grow more active in Travel as one gets older: and I have been a bad Traveller all my life. So I will promise nothing that I am not sure of doing. Only, if you continue to desire this strongly, when next Summer comes, I will resolve upon it if I can.

These Naseby letters of yours<sup>2</sup>—they are all yours I have preserved, because (as in the case of Tennyson and Thackeray) I would not leave anything of private personal history behind me, lest it should fall into some unscrupulous hand. Even these Naseby letters—would you wish

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them returned to you? Only in case you should desire this, trouble yourself to answer me now. But believe me yours always sincerely

E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> See letters of September and October, 1842, and of August, 1855.

<sup>2</sup> Now in Trinity College Library.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 22, [1871]

*Dear Wright,*

I had not opened Shakespeare since I last wrote you till today: when I opened Bowdler's S[hakespeare] at page 1; and read "Down with the Topmast: Yare: lower, lower; bring her *to try* with main course." Being myself a nautical Genius, who had heard of "Try-sails" in hard weather, I looked for a Note on the word "try," but found none. When I got to my Chateau, I looked into your Cambridge S. and see that you print "Bring her to try" from the three late Folios, instead of "bring her to Try" from the First: where the Capital letter, I suppose, indicates a Substantive. Then I looked to Chalmer's ten Volume Edition where is a Note by Steevens quoting, from an old Naval Dictionary of the 17th Century, what (if it be true Quotation) should have let the First Folio stand,<sup>1</sup> even at the expense of breaking the rules of modern Spelling. I love the old Capitals for Nouns.

Here is a terrible fund of Criticism. But it is only written by way of writing Something. Two of Mr. Spalding's Friends are sure they have heard of the "Shoulder of a Sail" on the Yare and Waveney: but they have not yet specified it.

Where do you christmas? (note the little c for the verb.) I am rather dreading it here: for the Boy who reads Tichborne to me every night goes away tomorrow for his Xmas Holidays, and I don't think all Woodbridge can supply such another.

One night he read to me about a Witness "perujing" himself in Court: and, on my asking for explanation, he corrected himself with great Alacrity—"purging himself in Court"—Dear Boy. I am still all at Sea about Tichborne.<sup>2</sup>

Carlyle has written to bid me put up the Memorial Stone at Naseby—after these sixteen years! I'll do all but go to put it up—that I won't promise him.

Yours always sincerely  
E.FG.

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<sup>1</sup> George Steevens, 18th-century editor, quotes "Smith's *Sea Grammar*" (1627): "Let us lie at Trie with our maine course." The note includes directions for tightening a ship's gear in a storm (*The Tempest*, Furness Variorum Edition, I.1.44).

<sup>2</sup> The attorneys for The Claimant closed their case December 20, and the court adjourned for the Christmas recess. Testimony of 120 witnesses had produced confusing contradictions and new riddles.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Dec. 23, [1871]

*My dear Cowell,*

I think Elizabeth must have found some new heroes, that she has left me so long without an answer. But as Christmas is so close, I shall forgive her for this once, and even wish her a very happy Christmas, as I do her husband also. What? Shall you two dine all alone on Turkey and Mince Pies?—as Mr. Berry and I are to do. I might run over to Lowestoft rather, but that I am loth to interfere with my Sea-faring friends at this time when they must be allowed to make merry in their way. I feel quite sure that Posh has remembered and acted on his promises to me: first, because he simply says he has: and secondly because I think I see it in his better Health and Appetite. Not that you are to suppose he ever was a Drunkard—no such thing at all: only I was determined if I could to make him live more sober than he was; and he always was much soberer than his Fellows. He has made a pretty good Fishing: and I suppose will be over here before long with some Gold in a Bag, which he will plump down on the Table.

I wrote my yearly Letter to Carlyle a month or so ago; and had a very kind and long letter dictated by him in reply. He harps back on the proposed Memorial Stone at Naseby, saying he has it much at heart. I have written to the Lawyer who *was* Agent to the Buyer of the Estate in 1855, but I have had no reply as yet. The Buyer was Lord Clifden—or his Trustees rather, he being then a Minor. He did not live very long after, I think: and the Estate may have gone from his Family, or from the Agency of the man to whom I formerly applied. I am very ready to have the Stone wrought, and inscribed as Carlyle desires—but whether I shall ever pluck up Spirit to travel in Northamptonshire again for the purpose of setting it in the right spot, is another matter, as I have told T.C. But I believe I *ought*.

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I saw some Quotations from A.T.'s last Idyll in the Pall Mall: enough to satisfy what little Curiosity I had about it, though there was one fine Simile about a Lincolnshire Wave that was sufficient to show that his Lyre was not wholly unstrung.<sup>1</sup> But he should have laid it by before this, I think—so far as the Public is concerned.

I believe I have heard every word of Tichborne since he reopened in November; the Boy who reads to me taking so much interest in it as to get over the ground pretty glibly. I cannot put up with him in any better Literature. But this Trial has at last come to interest me more than much better things. I feel myself in Court—though happily not as one of the Jury who has to decide the case. I find that all the sensible and educated men I know disbelieve in the Man. Posh thinks that no Impostor could face Enquiry so boldly: he judges by himself.

I shall only say of my Eyes that for the last week I have been blinking over some half-dozen numbers of the "Academy" which have lain unread till that time "Absit Invidia!" I see that Max Müller has stepped into the Latin Pronunciation Arena:<sup>2</sup> but I did not read his Article. I should think that Longfellow also might hang his Harp on the Willows, from what I have seen quoted of his last Poem.<sup>3</sup>

Now I have written enough for my Eyes—and yours, too, I think. So, with Forgiveness and Charity to that most undeserving Woman, believe me yours sincerely

E.FG.

I should like to see Arthur again—in Summer—when my Boat might engage and amuse him. My home goes on building, and will do very well, inside and out, though not all I intended.

Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave,  
Heard in dead night along that table-shore,  
Drops flat, and after the great waters break  
Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves,  
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,  
From less and less to nothing;

"The Last Tournament"

<sup>2</sup> "On the Pronunciation of Latin," *The Academy*, Dec. 15, 1871, pp. 565-68.

<sup>3</sup> *The Divine Tragedy*, 1871.

he being then a Miss. He did  
not live very long after, I think.  
and the estate may have gone for  
his family, or for the Agency of  
the Man to whom I formerly applied.  
I am very desirous to have the  
stone wrought, & inscribed as  
Copley desired: but whether I shall  
ever finish up Shinn & travel  
in a Patent looked again of  
the purpose of settling it in the  
right spot, is another matter.  
As I have told T.C. that I  
believe I ought  
I saw some Epitaphs from

Portion of a letter to Cowell, Dec. 23, [1871], which contained one  
line (line 6 from the bottom) which defied transcription by the edi-  
tors for a time.

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To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 29, [1871]

*My dear Pollock,*

If you come here, come some very fine weather, when we look at our best inland, and you may take charge of my Boat on the River. I doubt I did my Eyes damage this Summer by steering in the Sun, and peering out for the Beacons that mark the Channel; but your Eyes are proof against this, and I shall resign the command to you, as you wrote that you liked it at Clovelly.

Donne has sent me a *Saturday* with a pleasant Review (his own, I suppose) of the Westminster Play, and Terence in general.<sup>1</sup> I dare say you assisted at this last Performance: a thing I have always wished, but have not seen, though you once were good enough to send me an Admission. I see the Review falls foul of the present Chancellor for some evasion of the Law—of his own Law too.<sup>2</sup> He is a very good, and (I believe) able man: but I shall never be surprized at his doing a foolish thing: he has a touch of the Alderman<sup>3</sup> in him: "Absolute Wisdom," as Collop called him.

I also see in the Athenaeum an insane Panegyric on Browning's last Grotesque.<sup>4</sup>

I had thought Beauty was the main object of the Arts: but these people, not having Genius, I suppose, to create any new forms of that, have recourse to the Ugly, and find their Worshipers in plenty. In Poetry, Music, and Painting, it seems to me the same. And people think all this finer than Mozart, Raffaele, and Tennyson—as he *was*—but he never ceases to be noble and pure. There was a fine passage quoted from his Last Idyll: about a Wave spending itself away on a long sandy Shore: that was Lincolnshire, I know.

Carlyle has written to remind me of putting up a Stone on the spot in Naseby field where I dug up the Dead for him thirty years ago. I will gladly have the Stone cut, and the Inscription he made for it engraved: but will I go again to Northamptonshire to see it set up? And perhaps the people there have forgotten all about the place, now that a whole Generation has passed away, and improved Farming has passed the Plough over the Ground. But we shall see.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "Westminster Play, 1871," *Saturday Review*, Dec. 23, 1871, pp. 810-12. The production was Terence's *Andria*.

December 1871

<sup>2</sup> Lord Hatherley had appointed Sir Robert Collier, Attorney General, as a Common Pleas Judge for a period of two days to qualify him for appointment as judge in an Appellate Court recently created by the Privy Council.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Matthew Wood (1768-1843), the Lord Chancellor's father, alderman of London. He was elected Lord Mayor for two successive terms—a rare honor—and served as M.P. for the city, 1817-43. Described by Tories as “a consistent radical,” he espoused the cause of Queen Caroline, disavowed and discarded wife of George IV, and accompanied her on her return to England in 1820 when George IV succeeded to the throne. Once when Sir Matthew's advice to the Queen was questioned, he responded that his counsel may not have been “absolute wisdom,” words that his opponents converted into a nickname.

<sup>4</sup> *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*, not inappropriately described, intended as an apologia by Napoleon III.

To Mrs. W. K. Browne

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 30/71

Dear Mrs. Browne,

I won't let this year die without a word of Remembrance of old Days, and Wishes of Good for those that are coming.

I hope that the Mortgage<sup>1</sup> leaves no bitter taste in your mind; I do not think it should do so. Yet it is not to be wondered at if it should. I should like to hear whether you retain Goldington<sup>2</sup> still, if you do not think me unworthy to ask such a Question.

I have even less than usual to tell of myself. For, my Eyes being in very indifferent order all this year, I have been much less away from home even than before; for I have not been able to read, which was nearly all I had to do in a sea-side Lodging: whereas here, at home, I can dawdle about my Garden, play with the Cat, and look at the Builders adding two new rooms to the home which I built, but which I never inhabit. My Nieces come there sometimes, as you may know: and I lend it to others now and then, very well pleased to have it made use of.

But I ought to make one little Expedition before 1872 is out. To no other place than—*Naseby*—where Carlyle still wants me to put up a Memorial Stone over the Dead whom I exhumed for him thirty years ago. I am quite ready to supply the Stone, and the Cost of Labour in fashioning it: but the Journey! And to a Place that is nothing but melancholy to me now! Yet I believe I ought to do this for a Man so justly distinguished as Carlyle, and this, in his later days, the last request that he will probably ever make to me.

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A Boy comes to read to me of a night, and we have gone through *all* Tichborne since the case re-opened in November. I have got to be extremely interested in it, but do not know what to think: except that the Claimant will hardly prove his case so beyond Doubt as to dispossess the present Possessors.

Pray remember me (if you still think me worth it) to your Family; let me hear about yourself and them: and believe me

In spite of Mortgage and all  
Yours sincerely  
Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> For £6,000, which EFG had recently recalled.

<sup>2</sup> Her home, Goldington Hall, near Bedford.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Jan. 18/62 [72]<sup>1</sup>

*My dear Cowell,*

You know you have my best New Year's Wishes for yourself and Wife—unworthy though she be of my loyal Remembrances. Ah, not her P.S. addition to your letter about the new Hero who admires Omar can atone for her former Shortcomings. Well, it's funny about the Indian Edition: shall I prosecute the Pirate, and try to make some money that way too?<sup>2</sup> Know that I have become a Stock-jobber lately, for want of something better to do: a course which has amused your Brother Charles mightily. But the truth is that, a Mortgage I held being paid off, every one said, "Put it into Railways." So I wouldn't; but, thinking Italy safe enough for some few months to come, invested in her till Rails go down. I say I thought this might amuse me; but it has not amused me at all; so now I have handed the matter over to G. Moor, whom it does amuse, and who somewhat profits.

Beside—Tichborne is now risen again. On Monday, my Boy read me a capital Summary of the Story so far as it has been investigated; and I feel sure that [had] I heard so much of it before the Case re-opened in November, I should not have doubted of the Imposture. And the Attorney General would hardly have used such words as he did in his opening Address on Tuesday, unless he made sure of being able to vindicate them at last.<sup>3</sup>

My Eyes (*sotto voce*) are, I think—hope—better; and I now read a little of some Memoirs which Gorham's Library sends down to me.



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Also, I dip into better things occasionally. Browning, you see, has published another of his hideous Subtilties, I call them. The *Athenaeum* gave pieces from some Poem about Pharamond<sup>1</sup> by one O'Shaughnessy, which made me think *he* might translate Homer: though I am afraid I should never care for it. De Tassy has sent me also his last Address: I suppose he is back in Rue St. André, to which I shall address my Acknowledgments. You, I suppose, are getting into harness again: I wish they would let you loose to go your own way for a while. The Mesnavi? The Birds? Have you been looking over them?

Ever yours, and the unworthy one's,

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG wrote "62" in error.

<sup>2</sup> Fifty copies of the first edition of EFG's *Rubáiyát* had been printed privately in Madras in 1862, and it appears that the Cowells had only recently heard of the reprint. The editors are convinced that the "pirate" was Whitley Stokes, one of the two men who had rescued the poem from oblivion in 1861 by buying copies at the penny box outside Quaritch's Castle Street shop. (See text following letter to Cowell, Dec. 7, 1861.)

Stokes, a linguist as well as a lawyer, entered upon a distinguished legal career in the Indian Civil Service in 1862. Fifteen additional quatrains included in the reprint have been attributed to him. These are dated "Dec. 20, 1862," which suggests that the books may have been printed to be distributed as Christmas gifts. W. F. Prideaux examined a copy which contained "six additional quatrains, together with a note by Dr. Stokes, pasted into appropriate places in the text, together with a few interesting additions in manuscript and print" (*Notes for a Bibliography*, p. 23). In the *Academy*, Jan. 17, 1885, Stokes published translations of eighteen quatrains "From Omar Khayyám." For further evidence linking Stokes, India, and the *Rubáiyát*, see letter to Quaritch, Sept. 19, 1876, and enclosure.

<sup>3</sup> The Tichborne suit had resumed January 15. The Attorney-General required a full month to state his case for the defense.

<sup>4</sup> A legendary king of France, the subject of a poem in *Lays of France* by Arthur W. O'Shaughnessy, just published. Reviewed in the *Athenaeum*, Jan. 6, 1872, pp. 8-9.

To Mary Crabbe

Woodbridge  
Jan. 19/72

Dear Mary,

Pray do not let your Sister<sup>1</sup> boggle at the money I sent. Why should she? I had meant to send £5 for your Poor; I had puzzled my head

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some while to send you both some Present for the New Year; and at last it seemed best to let you choose something for yourselves, if you would do so. It is not easy to make Presents: one may give something that is not wanted, or even inconvenient: at any rate, one's Friends must know what they like better than one knows for them. Besides which, there is no trouble or risk about sending by Rail etc. So do, like a good Woman, persuade her to accept what I offer, for these simple reasons; and show herself confident in the sincerity with which I offer such presents to her and to yourself—a much greater Pleasure to me than anything else which the Money (which I don't at all want—all Xmas Bills etc. paid) could procure me. So pray do settle this without any further trouble—for *my* sake, you see.

The Bell has been going today for Mr. Hughes'<sup>2</sup> Funeral. I had written to [your] Sister that he was dead, as I dare say she told you. Indeed I always feel that what I write to her is written to you also: and, if she had gone to Australia (as I am glad she is not) *you* would have had to hear about Woodbridge, and about

Yours always sincerely  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Caroline.

<sup>2</sup> The Reverend Thomas W. Hughes, Chaplain of the Suffolk Lunatic Asylum, Melton.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
Jan. 20/72

Dear Wright,

By way of flourishing my Eyes, I have been looking into Andrew Marvell, an old favourite of mine—who led the way for Dryden in Verse, and Swift in Prose, and was a much better fellow than the last, at any rate.

Two of his lines in the Poem on "Appleton House," with its Gardens, Grounds, etc., run:

But most the *Hewel's* wonders are  
Who here has the Holtseltster's care.

The "Hewel" being evidently the Woodpecker, who, by tapping the Trees, etc., does the work of one who measures and gauges Timber;

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here, rightly or wrongly, called "Holtselfster."<sup>1</sup> "Holt" one knows: but what is "selfster"? I do not find either this word or "Hewel" in Bailey or Halliwell.<sup>2</sup> But "Hewel" may be a form of "Yaffil," which I read in some Paper that Tennyson had used for the Woodpecker in his Last Tournament.

This reminded me that Tennyson once said to me—some thirty years ago, or more—in talking of Marvell's "Coy Mistress," where it breaks in—

But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged Chariot hurrying near, etc.

"*That* strikes me as Sublime—I can hardly tell why." Of course, this partly depends on its place in the Poem.

Apropos of the Woodpecker. A Clergyman near here was telling our Bookseller Loder, that, in one of his Parishioners' Cottages, he observed a dried Woodpecker hung up to the Ceiling indoors; and was told that it always pointed with its Bill to the Quarter whence the Wind blew.

All this requires no answer from you: I must write as well as read a little, you see, to show off my Eyes. But in an hour the Boy comes for Tichborne. Had I known all which the Times told in a Summary of the Case, so far as it has gone, last Monday, I should never have doubted of the Matter: and the Attorney's Speech since must have settled it in the Jury's Eyes. I hope poor Watson's Latinity<sup>3</sup> is well discussed in your Combination Room.

Ever yours,  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> In A. B. Grosart's edition of Marvell's poems, EFG's second line reads:

Who here has the holtselfster's care.

Grosart notes that hewel is a common name for the woodpecker, and that "holtselfster's" is an error appearing in some editions. To this EFG adds a third *t*.

<sup>2</sup> Nathan Bailey, *Dictionarium Britannicum*, [1721]: James Halliwell, *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, 1847.

<sup>3</sup> The trial of John S. Watson, a classics scholar charged with murdering his wife, had opened January 10. A confession, which he had written previous to an attempt at suicide, included a passage in Latin, the correctness of which was questioned during the trial. Pollock records in his *Personal Remembrances* that "nothing had given Mr. Watson so much pain in the whole proceedings as having his Latinity questioned" (II, 237). Watson was found guilty and, on a recommendation for leniency, was committed to an asylum for life.

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To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge

Jan. 21/72

*My dear Pollock,*

When I opened on your Playbill<sup>1</sup> this morning, I thought the First Piece must refer to the Tichborne Trial: though *that* must now be rather a Case of "When" than "How"—I should suppose. I now take the Times, because of its better type for the Boy to read: and I feel in Court for nearly two good hours every night.

But (*sotto voce* be it said) I have found Eyes lately to read a little for myself, and have subscribed to Hookham, because he sported some French Books. But, along with your Note, came another to tell me that Hookham is merged into Mudie, who used not to deal in French. There is not much in that Language I want: a few Memoirs, and some of the modern French Plays, so that I may go to the Theatre in my room here, as well as to the Court of Common Pleas.

Monday, Jan. 22

The Boy came after his Church and put an end to my letter. He read to me from Ingoldsby Barham's *Life*,<sup>2</sup> which I find sufficiently amusing: a good Ghost story or two in it. After this comes another day of Wet; and I have been puddling about among my Books and Pictures at my Chateau. When you come, I shall make you admire the works of two Suffolk Artists; one of them, my old friend Nursey, of whom I was thinking I might creditably have sent up the Sketch of *a Wave* to the Old Masters<sup>3</sup>—only the Committee wouldn't have admitted it. But a Dealer named Pearce, in Bond Street, came down to a Sale here, and asked to see some Picture by Old Nursey: and said, "That man could paint." I suppose Picture Dealers know more than they used to do in my London days: when Farrer was the only one I knew who had an Opinion worth having. Woolner came down with Pearce and followed him about like a Dog; which one may easily do, for Pearce—poor fellow—smells rather strong of Brandy and Water, by which he is killing himself. But he has travelled in Italy and Spain and really knows about what he deals in.

I read in the Paper of some good Romneys at the Academy; and I find that a Picture which I admired almost as much as Sir Joshua last year was by him: a Lady with a Child looking at itself in a Mirror. I had no Catalogue in my hurried Visit.

I suppose Donne is bothered about his Censorship,<sup>4</sup> which will be

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done away with in time, I doubt not—for better or worse. I suppose that, reading such a heap of trash as he reads, he sometimes stumbles at a word, and sometimes slips over it.

Have you had a shot at Watson's Latinity?<sup>5</sup> Really, his right Meaning has something to do with his chances of Life or Death. I think his case will be one step in abolishing Capital Punishment altogether—for better or worse.

If you see Spedding, pray tell him that I don't now write to him, because I judged that having to answer me hung about his neck like a Millstone. I am sure all the while that he would answer me by letter and deed if I asked him for any good service.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "How will it end?"—one of the dramatic sketches in the Pollock family Christmas entertainment.

<sup>2</sup> *The Life and Letters of Richard Harris Dalton Barham*, author of *Ingoldsby Legends*, by his son, Rev. R.H.D. Barham, 2 vols., 1870.

<sup>3</sup> See letter to Pollock, Jan. 11, [1871].

<sup>4</sup> Donne, as Examiner of Plays, had been the target of criticism directed at the Lord Chamberlain's office. One weekly paper had branded him as "a kill joy," "a rag of popery," and "an overpaid lackey" (*Donne and Friends*, p. 278).

<sup>5</sup> See letter to Wright, Jan. 20, n.4.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
Jan. 26, [1872]

Dear Wright,

"Sear" is known to every Gunsmith,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Berry tells me; so you had better ask the first you meet at Cambridge. I am bad at defining; and Mr. Berry says he is no better at diagram: he however has executed the enclosed, to show you something of the parts of the Gun Lock—only, you must reverse his numbers if you begin from the Trigger (1) which catches the Sear (2) which acts on the Tumbler (3) which acts on the Mainspring which finally (I suppose) detonates the priming. But, as I have said, any Gunsmith will explain the mechanism to you: and you will put it into exact and compact words for your Note. You must surely have hit on that which you say has puzzled so many: and cleared up one more difficulty in the Man whom we want, of all others, to have as clear as possible.

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I don't think you need probe further "*at trying*" when Raleigh and others give you "*to try*" so familiarly.

As to Shakespeare's names, his Genius instinctively led him to those which somehow musically expressed the Characters: whether he invented, or (as more probable) adopted them. Scott (a man of less Music in his Soul—though some of his Ballads are better than any of Tom Moore's) had something of the same Intuition: and Dickens in his line also. I always said you could infer much of the Poet—in Prose or Verse, from the Names he chooses.

Mr. Spalding finds "Hewell" in Bewick<sup>2</sup>—"Hew-hold"—and he says, "*May 'Holtsestster'*—be '*Upholsterer*'!"—which word has, I believe, been a puzzle to Lexicographers.

Yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "Sear," the device that holds a trigger at cock or half-cock. Wright, editing *Hamlet* for the Clarendon *Shakespeare* in 1872, had enquired about "tickle o' the sere" (II.2.317), which corresponds to "hair-trigger." Sharman Berry, EFG's landlord, was a gunsmith.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Bewick, *History of British Birds*, 1797.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Jan. 28, [1872]

*My dear Cowell,*

I ought not to have troubled you about the Lion till I had looked into some Aeschylus Annotator. I find that Paley<sup>1</sup> quotes from Donaldson's Varronianus that the Lion *was* the Emblem of the House of Atreus: and also a passage from Pausanias that two Figures of Lions had been found on the Gates of Mycenae, some of the wall of which was Extant in his Day.

Wordsworth's Attica<sup>1</sup> says the Lion was a Trophy often set up by the Greeks to commemorate a Victory.

This is Much Ado about a very little matter: but I really had forgot the meaning of my own words,<sup>2</sup> and wished to know if a true meaning they had.

I infer from what you say of your improved Health after a Holyday, that you have it in your own power to keep well. Pray do so. I suppose the Cambridge Duties are soon beginning again: pray do restrict your-

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self to a certain time for reading, lecturing, and teaching; and if you have to exceed in one, make up for it by cutting short the others. You are at the time of Life when you must settle the Balance, which you will not be able to recover hereafter.

Yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Paley, author of *Aeschyli quae supersunt Omnia*, 1844-47. John W. Donaldson, *Varronianus*, 1844. Christopher Wordsworth, *Athens and Attica*, 1836.

<sup>2</sup> In his translation of *Agamemnon*. On reaching Mycenae from Troy, the King reports to the Chorus:

about the wall  
We drew the belt of Ares, and laid bare  
The flank of Ilium to the Lion-horse.

To Mrs. Cowell

[Woodbridge]  
[February 22, 1872]

*My dear Lady,*

You have made me the "amende honorable" by your letter. But I don't know who the three lads are whose Photo you enclosed: which I now return you. And with them I enclose a note which EBC may just like to see—and which I do not want to see again. I received the old Gentleman's<sup>1</sup> yearly Lecture (as of course Cowell also did) and in writing to thank the Author I told him I really wanted to know how he had weathered the year and half of War and Discord.

I have a new Reader—son of a Butcher here, and one of a Class of two who read a Greek Play at the School. He is therefore a better Scholar, and, in some respects, a better reader than his Predecessor: but not half so agreeable. The other left Woodbridge suddenly in a fit of Discontent with his Father and Family.

I have had Crocuses out in my Garden—some days past: Snowdrops never would grow with me, but they are plentiful elsewhere: Alfred Smith sent in half a Cart load the other day to Anna Biddell: and I have been looking at a little Wilderness of them this very day at his Farm home over the Water.

When Tichborne is silent, I listen to Lord Palmerston's Despatches, edited by Sir Henry Bulwer: a capital Book really, it seems to me.

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And last night we began—Lothair!<sup>2</sup>—which seemed to me very good also.

Farewell—Self and Professor—Farewell for the present.

From yours always  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Garcin de Tassy.

<sup>2</sup> By Disraeli, published 1870.

To Anna Biddell  
(Fragment)

Woodbridge  
Feb. 22, [1872]

. . . I have lost the Boy who read to me so long and so profitably: and now have another; a much better Scholar, but not half so agreeable or amusing a Reader as his Predecessor. We go through Tichborne without missing a Syllable, and, when Tichborne is not long enough, we take to Lothair! which has entertained me well. So far as I know of the matter, his pictures of the manners of English High Life are good: Lothair himself I do not care for, nor for the more romantic parts, Theodora, etc. Altogether the Book is like a pleasant Magic Lantern: when it is over, I shall forget it: and shall want to return to what I do not forget, some of Thackeray's monumental Figures of "pauvre et triste Humanité," as old Napoleon called it: Humanity in its Depths, not in its superficial Appearances.

To W. B. Donne

[Woodbridge]  
[February 23, 1872]

*My dear Donne,*

I have often been on the point of writing to you, though my Life here furnishes little that is worth your reading: still less worth your answering. But my eyes have been very refractory lately—for the last month, I may say. However, they seem (unaccountably to me) a little brighter today, or rather tonight; and I will scribble you a line, which I do not wish you to answer, if you are as busy as I am idle.

The last I heard of yourself direct was in a Saturday Magazine, or Review, with a very agreeable account of Terence, as well as of the



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Plays of his which Westminster did this Winter. Indirectly, I have read, or heard read, of you in the Papers, about the d——d Censorship:<sup>1</sup> and a letter of yours in my "Daily News" I spell out for myself. Enough of Drama, but then—poor W.B.D. So I will say no more on that head.

I have a new Reader, who goes through Tichborne every night the Tichborne appears. It did my heart good to hear my Boy read out some lines of Alfred Tennyson at the close of the Attorney's Speech last night.<sup>2</sup>

It may seem strange to say that the *only* thing which leaves in me the least doubt of the Plaintiff's Imposture is—his charge against his Cousin. For bad as Mankind is, and he among the worst of the kind, I could scarce conceive his being such a Rascal as to bring such a charge only for the purpose of shaking one piece of Evidence against him. But I shall perhaps know more tonight when the poor Lady comes into Court. . . .<sup>3</sup>

I want to write to Mrs. Kemble and shall do so directly if my eyes will let me. Now I must shut them up; I doubt they scarce let me write legibly, for I must write at a Gallop if at all.

So with Love to all yours

Yours always  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Pollock, Jan. 21.

<sup>2</sup> The Attorney-General, who made no effort to be delicate when alluding to the plaintiff's character and practices, quoted from Tennyson's "Sea Dreams:"

Read rascal in the motions of his back,  
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.

<sup>3</sup> The Claimant had testified that he had seduced Katherine Doughty (later Mrs. Radcliffe), who had been engaged briefly to Roger Tichborne. Although the Attorney-General had established that the date given for the alleged intimacy was subsequent to the last meeting of the cousins, Mrs. Radcliffe insisted on testifying in her own behalf. Her flat denial of the Claimant's statement, in direct testimony Thursday, February 22, was "repeated" in EFG's *Times* "court session" Friday evening.

To W. F. Pollock

*The Old Place*  
*Feb<sup>r</sup> 25/72*

*My dear Pollock,*

I am afraid that my last letter rather screwed out a Reply. I mean, not that what you wrote was constrained at all, but that I doubt you

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felt bound to write at all: which I did not want you to do when your Postage Card told me you were all well. You were much better employed writing for the Public than to me: and if I had known what you were about, I should not have put in my Claim.

Which makes me think of *The Claimant*: and old Spedding (of course) defending him. After swallowing Bacon, I say, he cannot stick at Orton. Strange enough; the *only* thread his Claim hangs on, to my Apprehension, is—his Charge against his Cousin. For, Liar as he proves himself to be, and knowing what depths of Defiance Man may go to, I had hardly conceived a Man's inventing such a Charge, to invalidate one single Witness' testimony. It seemed to me almost more probable that a Woman might be scorned, and swear she was not, than that. But I shall perhaps learn better before Morning, after hearing her Examination and Cross-Examination read tonight.

Sunday 26 [25]

Mrs. Radcliffe examined, and cross examined. And I wondered how differently she would have fared if she had been Lady's maid instead of Lady. "You say you saw the Tattoo on his Arm.<sup>2</sup> He *stripped* to you then?" "Only to the elbow." "Come now—a little farther, was it not?" etc. However, I don't doubt her Evidence. But I am rather surprized that she and others of the Family could not decide *at once* that the Man was not Roger, making all allowances for increased Bulk, etc. I have not observed that they were asked whether the Voice was different: a French Accent might be imitated: but unless the Claimant were warned by Lady T. and others of the *tone of Voice* Roger had—or even if he *were*—could he have resembled the Original?

By the way—I have a memorandum of a curious case of misinformed—and mis-determined—Identity in the little Sea-side Town of Orford near here—which I will send you when I have it back from one I have lent it to. I should have even sent it to the Attorney General, if I thought there was any need to "pour water on a drowned Mouse."

Aldis Wright must be right about the "sear"—French *serre* he says. What a pity that Spedding has not employed some of the forty years he has lost in washing his Blackamoor in helping an Edition of Shakespeare, though not in the way of these minute archaeologic Questions! I never heard him read a page but he threw some new Light upon it. When you see him pray tell him I do not write to him, because I judge

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from experience that it is a labour to him to answer, unless it were to do me any service I asked of him except to tell me of himself.

My heart leaped when the Boy read me the Attorney General's Quotation from A.T. And I am yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG misdated his letter. He began writing Saturday, the 24th; resumed the 25th. Mrs. Radcliffe completed direct testimony and was cross-examined Friday, the 23rd.

<sup>2</sup> A cross, an anchor, a heart, and the initials R.C.T., known to have been tattooed on Roger's left arm. The Claimant denied that he had ever been tattooed.

To Fanny Kemble

[Woodbridge]

[February 27, 1872]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

Had I anything pleasant to write to you, or better Eyes to write it with, you would have heard from me before this. An old Story, by way of Apology—to one who wants no such Apology, too. Therefore, true though it be, there is enough of it.

I hear from Mowbray Donne that you were at his Father's Lectures,<sup>1</sup> and looking yourself. So that is all right. Are your Daughters—or one of them—still with you? I do not think you have been to see the Thanksgiving Procession,<sup>2</sup> for which our Bells are even now ringing—the old Peal which I have known these—sixty years almost—though at that time it reached my Eyes through a Nursery window about two miles off.<sup>3</sup> From that window I remember seeing my Father with another Squire<sup>4</sup> passing over the Lawn with their little pack of Harriers—an almost obliterated Slide of the old Magic Lantern. My Mother used to come up sometimes, and we Children were not much comforted. She was a remarkable woman, as you said in a former letter: and as I constantly believe in outward Beauty as an Index of a Beautiful Soul within, I used sometimes to wonder what feature in her fine face betrayed what was not so good in her Character. I think (as usual) the Lips: there was a twist of Mischief about them now and then, like that in—the Tail of a Cat!—otherwise so smooth and amiable. I think she admired your Mother as much as any one she knew, or had known.

And (I see by the Athenaeum) Mr. Chorley is dead, whom I used

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to see at your Father's and Sister's houses.<sup>5</sup> Born in 1808 they say: so, one year older than yours truly E.FG.—who, however, is going to live through another page of Letter-paper. I think he was a capital Musical Critic, though he condemned Piccolomini, who was the last Singer I heard of Genius, Passion, and a Voice that told both. I am told she was no Singer: but that went some way to make amends. Chorley, too, though an irritable, nervous creature, as his outside expressed, was kind and affectionate to Family and Friend, I always heard. But I think the Angels must take care to keep in tune when he gets among them.

This is a wretched piece of Letter to extort the Answer which you feel bound to give. But I somehow wished to write: and not to write about myself; and so have only left room to say—to repeat—that I am yours ever sincerely

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> On "The Theater in Shakespeare's Time," at the Royal Institution, Jan. 20 to Feb. 24.

<sup>2</sup> For the recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid fever.

<sup>3</sup> At Bredfield White House, his birthplace.

<sup>4</sup> Squire Jenney.

<sup>5</sup> H. F. Chorley, music critic for the *Athenaeum*, 1830-68, died February 16, 1872. See letter to Fanny Kemble, October 4, 1874.

## To Ellen Churchyard

*Monday, March 4, [1872]*

*Dear Ellen,*

I was with poor G. Rowe<sup>1</sup> on Saturday—so much declining that he wished to dispose of his little treasures one way or other while he was able to do so. Among other things, I found that he had packed up this Picture for you, and was very glad I could take it. I should not have known what it was but that it was packed up along with two or three Sketches for me—one by your Father, whom Mr. Rowe talks of with love to the last.

If you have no such regard for the little Nursey as I have—from remembering him and his old House—I will buy it of you, if you please—for £5.

Yours  
E.FG.

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<sup>1</sup> G. J. Rowe, former Ipswich artist, spent the later years of his life on limited means in London lodgings. After a subsequent visit EFG wrote to Samuel Laurence, "I believe he has really been better since his landlady sent him up a plate of good meat for his daily dinner." EFG "and two others clubbed together to maintain him for the rest of his life" (Glyde, *FitzGerald*, pp. 108-09). See letter to Spalding, March 22, 1875.

To Anna Biddell

[Woodbridge]  
[March 5, 1872]

*Dear Miss Biddell,*

I return *Lothair*—which has amused me like a Magic Lanthorn. And I send you a little, old, and sad, *Story*<sup>1</sup> which perhaps will make you laugh.

I have been in London too: but saw nothing but the poor Man I went to see—and the Pictures at the two National Galleries.

Yours sincerely  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Violet*, a book to which EFG referred periodically for thirty years or more.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
March 17, [1872]

*My dear Cowell,*

Let me hear if you be coming this way this Easter, and if you do, contrive to run over here for half a day.

My Eyes have let me read a little for the last month, though I am obliged to be very tender of them. But I have managed to read a little of some of the old "Standards"—a little Shakespeare, to wit: which seemed astonishingly fresh to me: some of De Quincey's *Essays*: and some of Ste. Beuve's. *Tichborne*, you know, is no more:<sup>1</sup> that *Light* has departed: so now my Boy and I console ourselves of a night with a *Novel*: one of Wilkie Collins' being now in course of reading. This Boy is a new Boy (the former having left Woodbridge), and one of two in the uppermost class of the School here: there been reading Euripides' *Medea*, Cicero's *Officia*, and Plato's *Crito* with Dr. Tait.

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I enquire, and hear, a little about all this between readings and made the Boy read me a bit of the Oedipus Coloneus the other night. I wish he could read it all over to me; but he would not understand it, and I am not Scholar enough to teach him as he ought to learn. Last night he came when the Curfew was tolling: I quoted to him the first Line of Gray's Elegy, which he had never heard of. This shows how things have altered since my young days: and, I suppose, since yours also: then we only heard too much of Gray's Curfew. And now farewell,  
ὦ φίλτατ' Αἰγέως παῖ.<sup>2</sup>

Love to the Lady: and I am yours as ever and always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The Claimant's attempt to gain possession of the Tichborne title and property had terminated March 6 in a nonsuit.

<sup>2</sup> "O dearest child of Aegeus."

To W. A. Wright

[Woodbridge]

[March 17, 1872]

Where is my Green's Diary?<sup>1</sup> If you should be coming into these Parts this Easter, Oh! bring me back my Green!

Have you heard this Story which came to me from London this morning? One Jew Moneylender to another—anent the Claimant—"He is the biggest Imposter that has appeared on Earth these 1872 Years." Dare you whisper it in Combination?<sup>2</sup>

Now for a Suffolk Epigram. My friend Alfred Smith (Farmer) gave a Christmas Party, and a Christmas Tree; all the Company delighted—when suddenly his Father in law, a ponderous Man, silenced the Company for a while by proposing an Enigma—

"Why is Alfred's Christmas Tree like the Ipswich Agricultural Show?"

Nobody could guess; but, after keeping all in Suspense for some while, the Author of the Enigma was delivered of the Solution also—"Because it's a Great Success."

Do you happen to want "Jackson's Seven Hundred Emendations of Shakespeare"<sup>3</sup> in one Volume 8<sup>vo</sup>. For if you do, I will give it to you—when you return Green.

"Redeunt mene Gramina Campis"<sup>4</sup>

March 1872

Eh?—I will not allow Alfred's Father in law to monopolize all the Wit in Suffolk.

No Answer needed. Except—Green!—to

Yours sincerely  
E.FG.

I hope you *keep the Tennyson*<sup>5</sup> safe and sacred. Sometimes I remember things which I dare say are not noted in it. I hope that others have remembered and made notes of AT's sayings—which hit the nail on the head. Had I continued to be with him, I would have risked being called another Bozzy by the thankless World; and have often looked in vain for a Notebook I had made of such things.<sup>6</sup>

Why is the Geneva Arbitration<sup>7</sup> like the Ipswich Agricultural Show?

<sup>1</sup> See letter to George Crabbe, [March 10, 1862].

<sup>2</sup> Combination room, the Fellows' lounge adjacent to the dining hall in Cambridge colleges.

<sup>3</sup> Zachariah Jackson, *A Few Concise Examples of Seven Hundred Errors in Shakespeare's Plays*, 1818.

<sup>4</sup> Horace's "the green grass returns to the fields," *Odes* 4.7.1.

<sup>5</sup> EFG's copies of Tennyson's 1830 and 1832 volumes, bound as one, which he had sent to Wright.

<sup>6</sup> See Appendix II.

<sup>7</sup> A reference to the international tribunal to convene at Geneva in June to settle the Alabama Claims.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
March 25, [1872]

*My dear Cowell,*

The enclosed came to me this morning: and I send it at once, that it may catch you at Cambridge before Easter. Not that there is any hurry in the matter, except in so far as that I wish to answer Quaritch as soon as convenient.

He can reprint Omar if he pleases: but I want you to tell me if he should reprint the first or second Edition. (As to reprinting *both together*, as he talks of, that would be making the thing of far too much importance.) Of course I prefer the second Edition; or I should not have made it: I fancy you thought it best on the whole also. Do you know what *others* thought?

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If it be reprinted, I will cut out from the Preface all I quoted from Mr. Nicolas about Omar's Defiance to the Deity<sup>1</sup> (which you did not like) and perhaps end with a few words leaving the Question of real, or mystical, Wine a more open Question.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG took issue with the Súfi interpretation of Omar's poetry expounded by J. B. Nicolas in *Les Quatrains de Khèyam*, 1867. See pertinent passages in EFG's introductions for his 1868 and 1872 versions.

To Alfred Tennyson

Woodbridge  
March 25, [1872]

*My dear Alfred,*

It would be impertinent in me to trouble you with a question about *my* grand Works. But, as you let me know (through Mrs. T.) that you liked Omar, I want to know whether you read the *First*, or *Second*, Edition: and, in case you saw both, which you thought best? The reason of my asking you is that Quaritch has found admirers in America who have almost bought up the whole of the last enormous Edition—amounting to 200 Copies, I think—so he wishes to embark in 200 more, I suppose: and says that he, and his Readers, like the First Edition best: so he would reprint that.

Of course *I* thought the Second best; and I think so still: partly (I fear) because the greater number of Verses gave more time for the Day to pass, from Morning till Night.

Well—what I ask you to do is, to tell me which of the two is best, if you have seen the two. If you have *not*, I won't ask you further: if you have, you can answer in two words. And your words would be more than all the rest.

This very little business is all I have Eyes for now; except to write myself once more yours and Mrs. Tennyson's,

E.FG.



March 1872

From Alfred Tennyson

[*Farringford*]

[*Late March, 1872*]

*My dear Fitz*

I cannot find Omar at present and know not whether it be first or second Edition. All I know is that I admired it immensely, and that I suppose it is the first.<sup>1</sup> You stole a bit in it from the Gardner's Daughter, I think:<sup>2</sup> perhaps not, but it would be quaint if the old poet had the same expression.

You see, having only one copy (and this not come-at-able), I am perfectly incompetent to answer your question. You write more evenly than you did: so I trust the eyes are improved.

Ever yours  
A. Tennyson

<sup>1</sup> It was.

<sup>2</sup> See letter from Tennyson, April 11.

To Mrs. Tennyson

[*Woodbridge*]

[*Late March, 1872*]

*Dear Mrs. Tennyson,*

I had really meant to write again to Alfred this evening; to say that I repented of having bothered him about Omar. His Letter is come today, however: and I am glad that he is not bothered at all and for the best of reasons: having no Alternative to be bothered with.

I had meant to say besides that what I asked him about Omar had reminded me of what I had often thought, and meant to say, about a very different thing indeed: namely, two of that "paltry Poet's" own wretched Effusions: the Gardener's and Miller's Daughters: of which I have always thought he should reprint the first drafts. I do not say they are better than the accepted Copies: I do not think they are: but there are, I think, *some* things better in them; some, at any rate, which should not be lost. There was something more of the "Wine and Walnut" vein of Recollection in the first Edition of the Miller story: and I still retain in my Copy the opening Stanza (partially altered by the Paltry one himself) beginning

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I met in all the close green ways,  
While walking with my *Rod* and *Line*—

the Paltry one having been frightened out of “Line and Rod” by C. North.<sup>1</sup> Then there was a touch of Titian Landscape (I guessed it—and was right) in the Gardener about “Autumn touching the fallows,” etc., which I thought, and think, threw the living figures better into relief than the Daughters of the Year, who now pass through the Garden. I repeat that I do not maintain the Poem is not altogether improved by the Change—which would be setting my Wits against a very poor Bird—but I should like people and Posterity to see the first Drafts of both these paltry Poems.

When I look at the Athenaeum I see there are at least four Poets scarce inferior to Dante, Shakespeare, etc., Browning, Morris, D. G. Rossetti, Miss Ditto. They will have their Day.

But when I talk so politely, my bile is inwardly on fire. *I—I—!* crib from the Gardener, which the paltry Poet charges me with! Oh, Dem! But really, I should like to hear what this *Paltry Innuendo-maker* alludes to: if it be any gloss of mine on Omar, very little doubt it came from some of those paltry poems: but if it *should* be old Omar’s, not even the spite of a Poet *inferior to Browning* can accuse the old Persian of Theft.<sup>2</sup> I should like to find that three *so-called* Poets had jumped at one thought. So do tell me what rankles in poor Alfred’s mind: and I will relieve him at once.

Ever yours  
E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> See letter to John Allen, Dec. 7, 1832.

<sup>2</sup> Subject continued in letter of April 7.

To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge  
March 31, [1872]

Dear Sir,

You must think I have followed Omar underground, not to have answered yours sooner. But I have been looking over him in consequence of your letter, to see what I could make of him. I wonder that, with all your great Business, you care to be troubled again with this little one: but if you really wish to set off old Omar once more to America, I would do what I could for his outfit.

March 1872

I daresay Edition 1 is better in some respects than 2, but I think not altogether. Surely, several good things were added—perhaps too much of them which also gave Omar's thoughts room to turn in, as also the Day which the Poem occupies. He begins with Dawn pretty sober and contemplative: then as he thinks and drinks, grows savage, blasphemous, etc., and then again sobers down into melancholy at nightfall. All which wanted rather more expansion than the first Edition gave. I dare say Edition 1 best pleased those who read it first: as first Impressions are apt to be strongest.

By the same rule might not those who read the second Edition go the other way? The Gentleman in Fraser<sup>1</sup> and some others seemed well satisfied.

As to the relative fidelity of the two Versions, there isn't a Pin to choose—not in the opening Stanzas you send.

All this seems making too much fuss about a small thing. But the truth is, that on looking over the two Versions, and ready to adopt your plan of reconciling two in one, I considered that such a scheme, with brackets, etc., *would be* making too much of the thing; and you and I might both be laughed at for treating my Omar as if it were some precious fragment of Antiquity.

Besides I doubt if the two Versions could now—as altered—separately dove-tail into one another without some fresh alteration—which I have lost heart and even Eyes for.

I doubt therefore that, if Omar be republished, he must go forth in one Shape or another—in his first, or second, suit. And I certainly vote for Version 2, with some whole Stanzas which may be “de trop” cut out, and some of the old readings replaced.

On all which I would ask advice of you and of such as you rely on, who would take the trouble of advising.

I said that I have looked over the two Versions and therefore I can report about them now. My Eyes have been so bad these last two years that I have read scarce anything; and feel a little reluctant to revert even to my little Omar for any purpose of revision.

If, however, you still wish it, I will send you the Poem curtailed, and altered back, as I have proposed.

Yours truly  
E.F.G.

By the by, Cowell wrote me some months ago that Edition 1 had been reprinted by someone in India. So I have lived not in vain, if I have lived to be *Pirated!*<sup>2</sup>

April 1872

Easter Sunday my own Birthday (64). I wonder how it is with Omar but I think I know.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> T. W. Hinchliff. See letter to Cowell, July 8, [1870].

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Cowell, Jan. 18, n.2.

<sup>3</sup> Easter Sunday fell on March 31 in 1872; hence EFG was 63 years old. As often, he here gives his age as the year of his life that he is entering.

EFG sometimes added postscripts at the top of page one of letters, which explains the printing of this portion between dateline and salutation in *Letters to Bernard Quaritch*, pp. 17-18.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[c. April 1, 1872]

*My dear Pollock,*

Though the Weather turns out better than you thought for, I am glad you have deferred your Visit here till Whitsun, when we shall be green, at any rate, if also blue with cold.

I don't think I ever guessed a Riddle in my Life; and so do not attempt yours; of which you must send me the Solution when next you write. But I can propose you a Riddle which might equally puzzle you: only I will season Justice with Mercy and give you the Answer on the other side of my Letter.

A young Farmer near here—a very good fellow—gave a Christmas Party and a Christmas Tree: all which made Old and Young so happy, that his Father-in-law, a very solid Man, was inspired with an Enigma which posed the Company till they were relieved by the Oracle itself.

“Why is Alfred's Christmas Tree like the Ipswich Agricultural Show?” (For answer see our last page.)

You told me you were writing for Fraser and the Edinburgh: and I suppose you are often doing this: but you don't tell me *what*: and so, as I don't get the Reviews and Magazines, I am no wiser. I really do think I ought to be ashamed of having sent you and other friends so many bits of things as I have sent. But really it was mainly because these were Translations from Spanish and Persian, which you did not read: and aimed at little more than putting such things into a compact form and readable English. (N.B. You are not expected to controvert this modest exculpation—which is not false, however.)

Does Spedding go on with Bacon? I hope you will tell him one day why I don't write to him—for the simple reason I told you, that it was

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evidently a task to him to answer. I wish he would believe that I hold him in the same regard as heretofore, and feel sure that he has the same feeling to me.

We (I and the Lad) are reading Adolphus' Memoirs;<sup>1</sup> which are sensible, sincere, and pleasant.

Now I have but room for the Answer to the grand Enigma. You have given it up?

"Because it is a Great Success."

Beat me that if you can in the Answer you will write me to your Riddle, and believe me ever yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Recollections of the Public Career and Private Life of John Adolphus*, Emily Henderson, ed., 1871.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
April 4, 1872

*My dear Donne,*

The lad who comes to read to me of a night now, is one of a Class of two, who read a Greek Play—and the Play they are now reading is the *Medea*. So your little Book<sup>1</sup> came apropos to him as well as to myself, you see; and he has read out to me the greater part of it already: his own Play, of course.

I was glad to get a hint about the Orestean Pylades: I only know him in Aeschylus: but hence forward I shall recognize something of a *Daemon* under his mask. I daresay you give a very just Estimate of Euripides' character: but I cannot rank him anywhere near his two Predecessors. Nor, I think, did I much admire Mr. Webster's "versions." . . .

Now I hope you use my Snuffbox. I felt humiliated when you took my other out of your Pocket in Bond St. That day I went up to see a poor man who is really slowly dying in a Garret with scarce a friend to go and see him. . . . Though he likes me he expressed no wish at all to see me again. He seemed to like Laurence, who very kindly went to see how it was with him at my request, some two months ago. He scarce ever cares to write and tell me about himself; but his Landlord will do so.

I have been reading old Sergeant Pryme's "Recollections,"<sup>2</sup> pleasant

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enough to me: also Aldolphus' Ditto. I wish the Boy could read me some Sophocles decently; and I understand as he reads.

Don't answer this letter, pray, it is an answer to your Book: for which I thank you as for others before, and remain always yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Euripides*, edited by Donne for Blackwood's *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, recently published.

<sup>2</sup> George Pryme (1781-1868), Cambridge barrister, named Professor of Political Economy at the University in 1828. His lectures, initiated in 1816, were the first on the subject to be offered by any university. With Stephen Spring Rice's father, Pryme was elected to Parliament for Cambridge in 1832. *Autobiographical Recollections of George Pryme*, edited by Alicia Bayne, his daughter, had been published at Cambridge in 1870.

To Alfred Tennyson

Woodbridge

April 7/72

*My dear Alfred,*

I positively forgot to what passage in Omar Mrs. AT's Quotation referred till I looked back and saw about the Caravan starting for the Dawn of Nothing.<sup>1</sup> I remembered then having been at a loss for a word to express the "no-thing"—Nothingness, Non-existence; Non-entity, etc., failing from clumsiness in one way or other: so the word "Nothing" which is unsuitable for Omar's purpose as it is suitable to yours came to be adopted. I have not Eyes to look over the Persian to see how far Omar's Metaphor goes: so you may set it down as an Echo of yourself if you will. I remember often wanting a word like the French "*Néant*" to express what is so much the burden of the old Song.

Oddly does all this come back to me after many years—Mrs. AT's letter just touching the Spring.

I have been again reading Lord Houghton's *Life of Keats*—whose hastiest doggerel should show Browning, Morris and Co. that they are not what the newspapers tell them they are.

I thought to myself the other day I would send you an old French Version of Horace's "*Caelo supinas*"<sup>2</sup> and I will write it on the next page. Thank Mrs. AT for writing, and believe me always yours

E.FG.

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Tennyson had identified the passage, supposedly "stolen" from "The Gardener's Daughter," which figures in the letters exchanged since March 25. The lines in Tennyson's poem read:

She . . . for some three careless moons,  
The summer pilot of an empty heart  
Unto the shores of nothing!

Quatrain 38 in EFG's first version of the *Rubáiyát* reads:

The Stars are setting and the Caravan  
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!

The second line may have been an echo from Tennyson, for "the Dawn of Nothing" does not appear in the Persian original. The exchange of notes was evidently responsible for the phrasing of the quatrain—No. 48—in 1872 and thereafter:

And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd  
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!

See Tennyson's letter, April 11.

In a note on the little controversy Hallam Tennyson wrote, "FitzGerald had taken into his head that my father had said they [EFG's lines] had been 'copied from some lines in the Gardener's Daughter'" (*Tennyson Memoir*, II, 160).

<sup>2</sup> EFG had sent the same lines to Tennyson in his letter of Nov. 3, [1869].

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
April 8, [1872]

My dear Pollock,

Will you address the enclosed to Lord Houghton?<sup>1</sup> We have not a Court Guide in the whole town, I believe; and I declare I don't know if I have written his name and Title as should be written on a Letter: so little I have to do with the Peerage.

My Letter to Lord H. is only to ask about a point or two in his very interesting Life of John Keats, which I have been reading for a second time.

Adolphus soon became rather dry to me; he seems to have been a good, sensible, and (I dare say) well-informed man, able in his Profession, but with little in him to make a Volume of Recollections delightful to Posterity. Old Prime of Cambridge beats him hollow; and he is dry enough. Don't you remember him?

My Anemones are coming out; and my Trees sprinkling with Green. When are we to have the average spell of North-East! A great Weather-sage at Lowestoft said three months ago that we should have

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no N.E. of any account till May. He is considered a great Prophet; and is reported to be seen lying out of a night studying the Skies, and also judging from some Bottles of coloured water.

Why do you leave me languishing for the Solution of the World and State Riddle? Did not I give you a better example in the Enigma I sent you?

I shall not write any more but that I am always yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Monckton Milnes, first Baron Houghton.

To Richard Monckton Milnes

*Markethill, Woodbridge  
April 8, 1872*

*Dear Lord Houghton,*

It is rather hard to ask you to write about trifles: you have so much to write and do; but you have always been very obliging to me—so—here goes with my little Business.

I have just been reading your Life and Letters of Keats for a second time (Ed<sup>n</sup> 1867) and I want to know *who* was the Lady he died in love with<sup>1</sup> or, if I may not know her name, whether she was single, or married? Was she the “Charmian” Miss—of p. 192?<sup>2</sup> Not the Lady who said he looked “quite the little Poet,” to be sure.

And, by the bye, how tall was he? Above five feet, surely, which he talks of in one place.

I wonder Messrs. Browning, Morris, Rossetti, etc., can read Keats’s hastiest Doggerel and not be ashamed at being trumpeted as “Great Poets” in the Athenaeum and elsewhere. Only to mention Tennyson alone, to compare themselves with: who used not to think himself equal to Keats at all. I don’t know what he thinks now after so much Worship has been offered him. To Keats he is not equal in invention and strength of continued flight, at any rate: but certainly further above Browning & Co. than below his predecessor.

I admire greatly the delicate way you have treated of the “Cockney School,”<sup>3</sup> which was the right word in the main; and one can scarce blame the Reviewers for at first confusing Keats with the Company he came out with. But I think that Quarterly should be printed along with this Life of Keats—as a warning to Reviewers.



April 1872

I think you will excuse my troubling you: a very few words will answer me: and do not answer if not proper or agreeable.

Yours sincerely,  
E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Fanny Brawne, to whom Keats was engaged.

<sup>2</sup> "Charmian" was Jane Cox, a cousin of Keats's friend John Reynolds. The two met about the time Keats became acquainted with Fanny Brawne.

<sup>3</sup> "The Cockney School of Poetry," the label applied in ridicule to Leigh Hunt and other early champions of Keats by *Blackwood's Magazine* after publication of *Endymion* in 1818. The attack was continued in the *Quarterly Review*.

To Anna Biddell

[Woodbridge]  
[April 8, 1872]

Dear Miss Biddell,

Pray take which you please of the enclosed Autographs<sup>1</sup>—or both, if you choose.

And try if you can read the Life of, I think, a still greater Genius.<sup>2</sup>

Yours truly  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson's.

<sup>2</sup> Milnes's *Keats*.

From Alfred Tennyson

Ap. 11/72

My dear Fitz

Singularly enough a day or two after your penultimate letter a man who has been to India and to whom I lent your Omar brings it back from the rising sun—and there I see—rather to my confusion—that your words or Omar's are not "bound to the shores of nothing" but "Starts for the dawn of nothing" wherefore I repent that I made the least-little allusion to the passage.<sup>1</sup> Nothing can well be finer than that passage in your translation—or indeed than almost the whole of it. Verily I believe much finer than the original. I saw a French translation once—and I would not judge Omar through the French—but

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I took no delight in it; whereas yours—but I say no more saving that I am as

Ever yours  
A.T.

[Added in Mrs. Tennyson's Handwriting at the top of the sheet:]

His dear little book is partly gone, he says. Have you by chance another that he might have?

Ever yours  
E.T.

<sup>1</sup> See letter from Tennyson, [Late March], and that to him April 7.

To Alfred Tennyson

[Woodbridge]  
[c. April 12, 1872]

*My dear Alfred,*

I must thank you, as I ought, for your second Note. The best return I can make is *not* to listen to Mrs. Tennyson's P.S., which bids me send another Omar: for I have only got Omar the Second. I am sure *now* you would not like him so well as the first (mainly because of "too much"). I think he might disgust you with both.

So, though two lines from you would have done more to decide on his third Appearance (if Quaritch still wishes that) I will not put you to that trouble, but do as I can alone—cutting out some, and retaining some; and will send you the result if it come into type.

You used to talk of *my* Crotchets: but I am quite sure you have one little crotchet about this Omar: which deserves well in its way, but not so well as you write of it. You know that—though I do not think it worth while to compete with you in your paltry poetical Capacity, I won't surrender in the critical—not always, at least. And, at any rate, I have been more behind the scenes in this little matter than you. But I do not the less feel your kindness in writing about it: for I think you would generally give £100 sooner than write a Letter. And I am yours ever,

E.F.G.

April 1872

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
April 12, [1872]

My dear Cowell,

I sent Quaritch the Scheme of a composite Version to see if he liked the scheme well enough to republish it; for, as I told him at first, it would be preposterous to republish Edition I with Edition II annotated and bracketed—as if it were a piece of Simonides. He shall send it to you, if you really have time to look over, and advise upon it—or I will send another Copy to you with the Stanzas marked for omission altogether, or replaced by the former Version. I can quite see that some of the new stanzas may be “de trop”; and anyhow it is better that a reader should wish for a little more rather than feel there is ever so little too much.

I propose to cut out the Quotations from M. Nicolas which you revolted from, only giving the pages in his Preface for reference. And I add to the Notes two quotations which you sent me from Bishop Pearson,<sup>1</sup> and—Aristophanes!—about Pot and Potter. I say that this is the *Pot-theism* which Carlyle opposes to *Pan-theism* in his *Life of Sterling*.<sup>2</sup>

I should not have thought of any bargain about Omar with Quaritch if I had thought he cared for it except as even a *tiny* speculation. I took for granted he did not, from his selling off the First Edition as Waste Paper.<sup>3</sup> I should have told him I did not want any money in the least: but that I supposed he did not either. But I shall take your Advice.

Pray remember me to Mr. Allenby if you go to him: I suppose “Bilney” is his new Estate near Lynn.

Ever yours and Elizabeth's  
E.F.G.

As to putting my name to Omar, I don't think it would bring any luck: and the little *κῶδος* it might bring is now no matter. I don't care either way. Perhaps one shouldn't add one's name to a thing which one did not stand to at first.

<sup>1</sup> John Pearson (1613-86), Bishop of Chester.

<sup>2</sup> “Flat Pantheism! . . . It is mere Pantheism, that!” Sterling once exclaimed while discussing religion with Carlyle. “And suppose it were Pot-theism? . . . If the thing is true?” (*The Life of John Sterling*, Library Edition, 1869, p. 153) See EFG's notes for quatrain 87, 1872 version and thereafter.

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<sup>3</sup> Quaritch also told EFG that the first edition had been "as much lost as sold" in 1860, when he moved his stock from Castle Street to Piccadilly.

To Herman Biddell

Woodbridge  
April 28, [1872]

*My dear Biddell,*

Thank you for Spectacles and Comforter: which I had wholly forgotten.

I had folded and directed to you the marked and priced Catalogue of Bullen—yesterday—*Saturday*, I mean: but I mislaid, and find it today on my Desk. I did not go to the Sale: but asked Mr. Spalding, who had business at Ipswich, to bid £10 either for the Teniers, or the Morland. The Teniers came first: and he gave £13, and brought it home. It is quite genuine, I think: but obscured by yellow Varnish, which I dare not lay finger upon for fear of encroaching on the paint below, which is very thin and partly cracked. I should not scruple however to clean it so far as my own liking is concerned, even if I sacrificed a part for the good of the whole. But an Artist will see through the Varnish: and it is a pity to put any genuine work of real Art to any risk. I don't care much about it, or about Teniers: but, it being what it is, a ruder hand like mine should leave it alone, I suppose.

The Prices of the Gillott Collection as reported in the Times are sickening.<sup>1</sup> I mean, because of encouraging bad Art by Money which might be bestowed on so many good purposes.

Enough—Enough. With Compliments to Mrs. Biddell, believe me

Yours sincerely  
E.FG.

P.S. No, I did go home by the Train you sent to; but in *the Horse-box*, with John Grout,<sup>2</sup> his Man, half a dozen Horses, two Dogs, and a Cat—all come from Lincoln that morning.

<sup>1</sup> The pictures, chiefly by English artists, of Joseph Gillott, manufacturer of steel pens at Birmingham, who had died January 5. The spirited bidding at Christie's was not restricted to the works of artists now recognized as masters. "Peace and War," a harvest scene with troops on the march, by David Cox sold for 3,430 guineas; "Roast Pig," painted on commission for Mr. Gillott by Thomas Webster, 3,750. The day after EFG wrote his letter, the *Times* reported the sale

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of Turner's "Junction of the Thames and the Medway," 4,350 guineas; "Walton Bridges," 5,000. Receipts of the auction totaled £130,322.

<sup>2</sup> Proprietor of the Bull Inn, who was also a horse dealer.

To Fanny Kemble

[Woodbridge]

[April, 1872]

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

I set off with a Letter to you, though I do not very well know how I am to go on with it. But my Reader has been so disturbed by a Mouse in the room that I have dismissed him—9½ P.M.—and he has been reading (so far as he could get on) Hawthorne's Notes of Italian Travel:<sup>1</sup> which interest me very much indeed, as being the Notes of a Man of Genius who will think for himself independently of Murray, etc. And then his Account of Rome has made me think of you more than once. We have indeed left off tonight at Radicofani: but, as my Boy is frightened away by the Mouse, I fancy I will write to you before I take my one Pipe—which were better left alone, considering that it gives but half an hour's rather pleasant musing at the expense of a troubled night. Is it not more foolish then to persist in doing this than being frightened at a Mouse? This is not a mere fancy of the Boy—who is not a Fool, nor a "Betty," and is seventeen years old: he inherits his terror from his Mother, he says: positively he has been in a cold Sweat because of this poor little thing in the room: and yet he is the son of a Butcher here. So I sent him home, and write to you instead of hearing him read Hawthorne. He is to bring some poisoned Wheat for the Mouse tomorrow.

Another Book he read me also made me think of you: Harness: whom I remember to have seen once or twice at your Father's years ago. The Memoir of him (which is a poor thing) still makes one like—nay, love—him—as a kindly, intelligent man. I think his latter letters very pleasant indeed.

I do not know if you are in London or in your "Villeggiatura" in Kent. Donne must decide that for me. Even my Garden and Fields and Shrubs are more flourishing than I have yet seen them at this time of Year: and with you all is in fuller bloom, whether you be in Kent or Middlesex. Are you going on with your Memoir? Pray read Hawthorne. I dare say you do not quite forget Shakespeare now and then: dear old Harness, reading him to the last!

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Pray do you read Annie Thackeray's new Story in Cornhill?<sup>2</sup> She wrote me that she had taken great pains with it, and so thought it might not be so good as what she took less pains with. I doated on her Village on the Cliff, but did not care for what I had read of hers since: and this new Story I have not seen! And pray do you doat on George Eliot?

Here are a few questions suggested for you to answer—as answer I know you will. It is almost a Shame to put you to it by such a piece of inanity as this letter. But it is written: it is 10 P.M. A Pipe—and then to bed—with what Appetite for Sleep one may.

And I am yours sincerely always

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> *Passages from the French and Italian Notebooks*, edited by Sophia Peabody Hawthorne, Hawthorne's widow, 1871.

<sup>2</sup> *Old Kensington*. The first installment appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1872.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]

[June, 1872]

*My dear Pollock,*

Nothing to tell you of this little World of Woodbridge—except that I have had my friends the Edwardses down for a week at my Chateau. He was out of doors all day painting: which he can't, and never will, do. But he brought me some Etchings of Houses and Streets which I can praise sincerely. So I tell him to stick to that: by which I imply that he had better leave Colours alone. He is now busy, I think, arranging some Exhibition of such Etchings—English and Foreign—which you shall go and see, and tell me what you think of it.

I took his Wife, and another Woman (Lady, of course) a drive over heaths and along pleasant shady roads, which you would have liked too. And altogether we did very well all together.

I wanted to know if you read and liked George Eliot—whom I have never found an Appetite for, though I do not doubt she is very good, as all the World of Clever People say so. But do *you*? "Answer in our next."

I have begun to take in the Cornhill, as you advised: and begun (in the middle) Annie Thackeray's Story—which somehow has not

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given me an Appetite for it as yet. Doesn't she moralize a good deal? I go back to my dear "Village on Cliff" of which I have just ordered and got another Copy: having previously lent—i.e., lost—half a dozen.

*Gurlyle!* I wrote last night to the present Agent for Naseby Field, to ascertain if we should be really permitted (as I heard we probably should) to erect a memorial Stone over the Dead I dug up there thirty years ago. I shan't break my heart if the Agent "replies in the Negative" (what a Phrase!) not but I am ready to furnish the Stone but I shrink from going to put it up. Nevertheless "Duty, Duty, Edward!" as Lady Hatherly said.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

To Fanny Kemble

*Woodbridge*  
*June 6, [1872]*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

Some little while ago I saw in a London Book Catalogue "Smiles and Tears—a Comedy by Mrs. C. Kemble"<sup>1</sup>—I had a curiosity to see this: and so bought it. Do you know it? Would you like to have it? It seems to be ingeniously contrived, and of easy and natural Dialogue: of the half sentimental kind of Comedy, as Comedies then were (1815) with a serious—very serious—element in it—taken from your Mother's Friend's, Mrs. Opie's (what a sentence!) story of "Father and Daughter"—the seduced Daughter, who finds her distracted Father writing her name on a Coffin he has drawn on the Wall of his Cell. All ends happily in the Play, however, whatever may be the upshot of the Novel. But an odd thing is, that this poor Girl's name is "FitzHarding"—and the Character was played by Miss Foote: whether before, or after, her seduction by Colonel Berkeley I know not.<sup>2</sup> The Father was played by Young.

Sir Frederick Pollock has been to see me here for two days,<sup>3</sup> and put me up to much that was going on in the civilized World. He was very agreeable indeed: and I believe his Visit did him good. What are you going to do with your Summer? Surely never came Summer with more Verdure: and I somehow think we shall have more rain to keep the Verdure up, than for the last few years we have had.

I am quite sure of the merit of George Eliot, and (I should have

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thought) of a kind that would suit me. But I have not as yet found an Appetite for her. I have begun taking the Cornhill that I may read Annie Thackeray—but I have not found Appetite for her as yet. Is it that one recoils from making so many new Acquaintances in Novels, and retreats upon one's old Friends, in Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Sir Walter? Oh, I read the last as you have lately been reading—the Scotch Novels, I mean: I believe I should not care for the Ivanhoes, Kenilworths, etc., any more. But Jeanie Deans, the Antiquary, etc., I shall be theirs as long as I am yours sincerely

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Smiles and Tears; or, The Widow's Stratagem*, by Fanny Kemble's mother, Marie-Therese Kemble.

<sup>2</sup> William Fitzharding, known as Colonel Berkeley, eldest son of the fifth Earl of Berkeley, with whom Maria Foote in 1815 formed an alliance on promise of marriage after settlement of controversy over succession to the title. She broke with Berkeley after five years and, on her retirement from the stage in 1831, married Charles Stanhope, Earl of Harrington.

<sup>3</sup> For Whitsun weekend, May 18-21.

To Thomas Carlyle

Woodbridge  
June 12, [1872]

Dear Carlyle,

A fortnight ago I heard from the Brother of the Lawyer who is concerned for Naseby now, that if I wrote to the Agent, I might hear of something to the purpose. So I wrote to the Agent: and I enclose his Reply.

I also enclose your own scheme of an Inscription for the Stone, as you wrote it soon after your Visit down here in 1855—I think.

Now then: what size—and what Shape—is the Stone to be of? And where made? I know of no one in those parts now: and I suppose I could scarce trouble this Agent with it. As to seeing it set on the exact spot, I think I shall have to go there myself for that—which will be the hardest part of all, absurd and foolish as this may seem to you. But I scarce ever move from home now, and Naseby is a place of particularly sad associations to me. But that you will think nonsense, I dare say.

Pollock, who paid me a two Days' Visit here three weeks ago, has since written to me that he had a walk with you—from Chelsea to



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Piccadilly, I think: so that I gather you are well and strong—you may be sure that I hope so, and that I am your loyal Servant to command  
Edward FitzGerald

It will be just thirty years, come August (I think) since I first went to your home with Thackeray,<sup>1</sup> and heard of your Expedition to Naseby with Dr. Arnold—and then went down myself, and dug up teeth for you.

N.B. Please return Agent's Letter.

<sup>1</sup> September 15, 1842, with Samuel Laurence, not with Thackeray.

From Thomas Carlyle

Chelsea  
15 June, 1872

Dear Fitzgerald,

I am glad that you are astir on the Naseby-Monument question; and that the auspices are so favourable. This welcome "Agent," so willing and beneficent, will contrive, I hope, to spare you a good deal of the trouble,—except indeed that of seeing with your own eyes that the Stone is put in its right place, and the number of "yards rearward" is exactly given.

I think the Inscription will do; and as to the shape, etc., of the monument, I have nothing to advise,—except that I think it ought to be of the most perfect *simplicity*, and should<sup>1</sup> go direct to its object and punctually stop there. A small block of Portland stone—(Portland excels all stones in the world for durability and capacity for taking an exact inscription)—block of Portland stone of size to contain the words and allow itself to be sunk firmly in the ground; to me it could have no other good quality whatever; and I should not care if the stone on three sides of it were *squared* with the hammer merely, and only *polished* on its front or fourth side where the letters are to be.

In short I wish *you* my dear friend to take charge of this pious act in all its details; considering me to be loyally passive to whatever you decide on respecting it. If on those terms you will let me bear half the expense and flatter myself that in this easy way I have gone halves with you in this small altogether genuine piece of patriotism, I shall be extremely obliged to you.

Pollock has told you an altogether flattering tale about my strength,

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etc. It is nearly impossible for any person still on his feet to be more completely useless.

Yours ever truly,  
T. Carlyle

J. A. Froude (just come to walk with me) *scripsit*.

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle wrote the letter in pencil to this point; the remainder, except for the signature and postscript, was written by J. A. Froude.

To Thomas Carlyle

[Woodbridge]  
[June 16, 1872]

Dear Carlyle,

You will be worried with the Naseby Pillar. But you have returned me your Inscription maimed in the beginning of the second Paragraph. Shall it run "This Ground was, not irreverently, reopened Sat: Septr. 23/42, to ascertain," etc.?

And, as there may be some uncertainty, after these thirty years' interval, about the exact number of "Yards to rearward," at the beginning of the Inscription, may I substitute "Here, and for some Yards  
( just )

hereabout"—or simply "Here, and (close) hereabout."

Finally, I should like you to tell me what *height* you think the Monument should be?

I think there must be a little iron Railwork to enclose it.

I am sorry to trouble you again about this. But I do not choose to alter your Inscription without your leave: I wish to put up such a stone as would content you—(of *Portland* it shall be) and I want to be able to tell the Agent what sort of thing is proposed, and how much room it will take up.

If he will (as he partly promises) look to the making of the Monument, it could be best done at the Town next to Naseby: Walford, where I dare say is a Tombstone-maker, who will do for this. Then, one day, I must go, trowel in hand, and lay the First Stone! Perhaps ten years ago you would have gone with me—perhaps—probably—not.

But you have put your hand to more lasting Memorials; so I must do my little part in this.

Yours very sincerely  
E.FG.

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I enclose a piece of Suffolk Statistics which, ten years ago also, might have amused you, or not. Perhaps Mr. Froude will read it to you—or tell you its upshot—which is, that we, Suffolk Labourers, are “moveable.”

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
June 16, [1872]

*My dear Pollock,*

Some forty years ago there was a set of Lithograph Outlines from Hayter's Sketches of Pasta in Medea—caricature things, though done in earnest by a Man who had none of the Genius of the Model he admired. Looking at them now people who never saw the Original will wonder perhaps that Talma and Mrs. Siddons should have said that they might go to learn of Her: and indeed it was only the Living Genius and Passion of the Woman herself that could have inspired and exalted, and enlarged her very incomplete Person (as it did her Voice) into the Grandeur, as well as the *Niobe* Pathos, of her Action and Utterance. All the nobler features of Humanity she had indeed: finely shaped Head, Neck, Bust, and Arms: all finely related to one another: the superior Features too of the Face fine: Eyes, Eyebrows—I remember Trelawny saying they reminded him of those in the East—the Nose not so fine: but the whole Face “homogeneous” as Lavater calls it, and capable of all expression, from Tragedy to Farce. For I have seen her in the “Prova d'un' Opera Seria,” where no one, I believe, admired her but myself, except Thomas Moore, whose Journal long after published revealed to me one who thought—yes, and *knew*—as I did. Well, these Lithographs are as mere Skeleton Outlines of the living Woman; but I suppose the only things now to give an Idea of her. I have been a dozen years looking out for a Copy.

I think I love the Haymarket as much as any part of London because of the Little Theatre where Vestris used to sing “Cherry Ripe” in her prime: and (soon after) because of the old Bills on the opposite Colonnade: “Medea in Corinto. Medea, *Signora Pasta*.” You know what she said, to the Confusion of all aesthetic People, one of whom said to her, “sans doute vous avez beaucoup étudié l'Antique?” “Peut-être je l'ai beaucoup senti.”

I am really about Carlyle's Memorial Stone at Naseby—did I tell

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you of it? He still wishes to bear half the Expense, which is a proof of his interest in it: but he has done enough for his Country without this.

Ever yours,  
E.FG.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Tuesday [June 18, 1872]

*My dear Cowell,*

I am very sorry to have troubled you while you are so busy: I should not have done so had I known that was to be so; but you had told me you were to be at leisure this last term, and so I supposed you would be so when term ended.

I enclose you a note I had from Quaritch this morning, which will tell you there is now no immediate hurry for your report on the Proof. The little Man won't wait, you know: so I sent him off what corrections I had made in the Proof by the noon Post—which brought your Letter soon after.

I would much rather you took your time to look over the thing—for my own sake, as well as yours, whether in Proof, or Revise. Only, I shall be glad of any Light upon the infernal Stanza I<sup>1</sup>—which I have corrected (as it stands) so far as the two verbs “flung” and “strikes” do not clash to Quaritch's—and perhaps other's—Ears.

But still it is a poor Concern: and I want you to tell me this much as soon as you can—which of the two Schemes of Stanzas I sent you is likeliest: and whether you can suggest any improvement in either, or something better than either.

All the rest you can do at more leisure—indeed, I do not wish you to be plagued about it. I dare say you will think it will all do very well: but you may wish some expressions altered, and I wish you to see to this when you can do so conveniently.

I have inserted Stanza 53<sup>2</sup> where I told you: and I dare say you will think one way as good as the other.

I still want to omit the Stanza about “Whither resorting from the vernal heat,”<sup>3</sup> partly for the absurd reason that I want 101 Stanzas rather than 102!

I have told Quaritch that I don't want my name on the Title unless a Name be necessary to protect Copyright. I am too old to care about

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the little κίδος I can acquire to myself: and, as I did not put my name to it at first, when Quaritch sold it for waste paper, I don't care to do so now when it begins a better voyage.

Yours and Elizabeth's always  
E.F.G.

Annie writes me that you were good enough to write to her.

<sup>1</sup> EFG subjected the first quatrain of his poem to radical revision before he fixed on its final form in 1872. Aldis Wright incorrectly states that "the first stanza is entirely his own" (*Letters and Literary Remains*, VII, 186). A. J. Arberry identifies the original as quatrain 137 in EFG's Calcutta MS (*Romance of the Rubáiyát*, 1959, pp. 136-37). The stanza is found in other MSS also.

<sup>2</sup> "With Earth's first clay, They did the last Man knead," etc.; No. 53 in 1859, 79 in 1868, 73 thereafter.

<sup>3</sup> Quatrain 99 in 1868, its only appearance.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[c. June 25, 1872]

My dear Pollock,

I have remembered, since last writing to you, that the Hayter Sketches were published by Dickenson of Bond Street, about 1825-6, I fancy. I have tried to get them, and all but succeeded two years ago. I am afraid they would give you and Miss Bateman<sup>1</sup> the impression that Pasta played the Virago: which was not so at all. Her scene with her Children was among the finest of all: and it was well known at the time how deeply she felt it. But I suppose the stronger Situations offered better opportunities for the pencil, such a pencil as Hayter's. I used to admire as much as anything her Attitude and Air as she stood at the side of the Stage when Jason's Bridal Procession came on: motionless, with one finger in her golden girdle: a habit which (I heard) she inherited from Grassini. The finest thing to me in Pasta's Semiramide<sup>2</sup> was her simple Action of touching Arsace's Shoulder when she chose him for husband. She was always dignified in the midst of her Passion: never scolded as her Caricature Grisi did. And I remember her curbing her Arsace's redundant Action by taking hold of her (Arsace's) hands; Arsace being played by Brambilla,<sup>3</sup> who was (I think) Pasta's Niece.

Donne writes me that his Frederick has had a bad accident. When

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will Troubles cease in that quarter? Well may Mrs. Orange complain of "These Torments!"

I am really negotiating for the Naseby Monument Stone, which Carlyle wants: and which (as I find by an old Letter) he wanted more than twenty-five years ago.

Thank you in advance for Fraser's but I shall find nothing of myself who have not seen the Exhibition, and should perhaps disagree with you very much if I had. But ever yours still

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Kate Bateman was rehearsing the lead part in an English version of Gabriel Legouv  s drama *M  d  e*, to open at the Lyceum July 8. EFG's recollections are of Pasta in Cherubini's opera of the same name.

<sup>2</sup> By Rossini.

<sup>3</sup> Marietta Brambilla made her London debut as Arsace, a male character, in 1827. The music for the part is so difficult that the role is assigned to a contralto. Pasta and Brambilla are not identified as relatives in standard biographical sources.

To Anna Biddell

Markethill

June 26, [1872]

Dear Miss Biddell,

Here are some thirty of Carlyle's Letters which you can read quite at your leisure, as they will be as safe with you as with me. I have not sent a few that were of less interest, or—worse written.

Outside the packet are two Scraps which you can keep, if you like—one from Carlyle—the other from Tennyson. You will see they contain nothing but indifferent matter.

By the by, I was wondering last week *who* had sent me a French Newspaper and *why*. But I did not notice the Handwriting of the Address. This morning comes another No. of the same Paper, and—surely the Hand must be the same which indited half of the Letter I sent you about Naseby Pillar! Carlyle's—Is it not? But why he should send me this Paper I have not the least idea:

But remain yours truly

E.FG.

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To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
July 4/72

*My dear Pollock,*

I like your Fraser Paper very much, and recognised some points we had talked of together, but nothing that I can claim as my own.<sup>1</sup> I suppose that I think on these points as very many educated men do think; I mean, as to Principles of Art. I am not sure I understand your word "Imagination" as opposed to realistic (d——d word) detail at p. 26, but I suppose I know what is meant, nevertheless, and agree with that. Is the Prophet of p. 24 *Gurlyle*? I think so. The fine head of him which figures as Frontispiece to the People's Edition of Sartor made me think of a sad Old Prophet—so that I bought the Book for the Portrait only.

The "Brown Umbrella"<sup>2</sup> pleased me greatly.

Well; and I thought there were other Papers in Fraser which made me think that, on the whole, I would take in Fraser rather than the Cornhill which you advised. Perhaps I am just now out of tune for Novels; whether that be so or not, I don't get an Appetite for Annie Thackeray's from the two Numbers I have had.

And here is Spedding's Vol. VI which leaves me much where it found me about Bacon: but though I scarce care for *him*, I can read old Spedding's pleading for him for ever—that is, old Spedding's simple statement of the case, as he sees it. The Raleigh Business is quite delightful, better than Old Kensington.<sup>3</sup>

Then I have bought three volumes of the *Ladies Magazine* for 1750-3 by "Jasper Goodwill"<sup>4</sup> who died at Vol. IV. It contains the Trials and Executions (16 men at a time) of the time—*Miss Blandy* above all<sup>5</sup>—and such delightful Essays, Poems, and Enigmas, for *Ladies*! The Allegories are in the *Rasselas* style—all Oriental. The Essays "of all the Virtues which adorn," etc. Then Anecdotes of the Day: as of a Country woman in St. James' Park taking on because she cannot go home till she has kissed the King's hand: one of the Park keepers tells one of the Pages, who tells the King, who has the Woman in to kiss his hand, and take some money beside. One wonders there weren't heaps of such loyal Subjects.

Mowbray Donne wrote me that he sent you the Fragments I had saved and transcribed of Morton's Letters—the best part having been lost by Blackwood's People thirty years ago, as I believe I told you.

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But don't you think what remains capital? I wish you would get them put into some Magazine, just for the sake of some of our Day getting them in Print. You might just put a word of Preface as to the Author: an Irish Gentleman, of Estate and Fortune (which of course went the Irish way), who was Scholar, Artist, Newspaper Correspondent, etc. A dozen lines would tell all that is wanted, naming no names. It might be called "Fragments of Letters by an 'Ill-starred' or 'Unlucky' Man of Genius," etc., as S.M. was: "Unlucky" being still used in Suffolk, with something of Ancient Greek meaning. See if you cannot get this done, will you? For I think many of S.M.'s friends would be glad of it: and the general Public assuredly not the worse. Some of the names would need some correction, I think: and the Letters to be put in order of Time. "Do it!" as Julia in the *Hunchback* says,<sup>6</sup> and believe me, whether you do it or not, (you won't, of course) yours always

E.FG.

Steel Pen—oh Dem!

<sup>1</sup> EFG alludes to "The Royal Academy Exhibition," published in *Fraser's Magazine* for July, and to discussions during Pollock's Woodbridge visit in May.

<sup>2</sup> In his critique Pollock had protested against the "introduction in two instances of a brown silk umbrella as an important accessory," in portraits by two established artists.

<sup>3</sup> *Old Kensington*, Annie Thackeray's novel running in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

<sup>4</sup> Proprietor and editor of the periodical, published biweekly, Nov., 1749-Dec., 1752.

<sup>5</sup> Mary Blandy, who succeeded, October, 1751, in her second attempt to murder her father by means of arsenic. She had secretly married William Cranstoun, a marine officer, despite the opposition of her father, an attorney, who suspected the man of bigamy—a suspicion that proved true. A jury found Mary guilty without leaving the courtroom. The magazine carried stories on the case at intervals from August, 1751, until July, 1752. The trial was covered in detail, March-May, and accounts of the lives of Mary and Cranstoun followed, May-July.

<sup>6</sup> Julia, the female lead in Sheridan Knowles's popular *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, one of Fanny Kembles' favorite roles. She created the part in 1832.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
July 4, [1872]

My dear Shiekh,

Now I think you *must* send me the Proof,<sup>1</sup> unless you have really not had time to look over it at all. I should have been glad for you to



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have considered it all: but not at the Expense of brains and health, which have quite enough to do with more important Works. Just tell me about Stanza I and anything else that may strike you as amiss, or alterable, elsewhere on a cursory survey. I should be very sorry to keep you in from a good Botanical Walk after Goldstücker & Co.<sup>2</sup>

Spedding has sent me his Volume VI—which I have read—rather eagerly—except the Part of Hamlet—which I still cannot care much about. But I can go on listening to old Spedding pleading a Cause I don't care for—forever, I think. The Raleigh Episode (as I call it) in the Epos has interested me more than I thought History could interest me.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

R. Groome is to be here at a Visitation tomorrow. Where are you going for Summer Holydays?

<sup>1</sup> For the third edition of the *Rubáiyát*.

<sup>2</sup> Theodor Goldstücker (1821-72), Professor of Sanskrit at University College, London.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[c. July 18, 1872]

*My dear Pollock,*

I went to London at the end of Last week, on my way to Sydenham, where my second Brother<sup>1</sup> is staying, whom I had not seen these six years, nor his Wife, whom I had only known as Housekeeper to him and his first wife. I stayed with them till Monday, and then came home.

On Saturday I went to the Academy, for little else but to see Millais, and—to disagree with you about him! I thought his three Women and his Highlanders brave pictures, which you think also—but braver than you think them. The Women looked alive:<sup>2</sup> the right Eye so much smaller than the left in the Figure looking at you that I suppose it was so in the original, so that I should have chosen one of the other Sisters for the position. I could not see any analogy between the Picture and Sir Joshua's Graces, except that there were Three. Nor could I think the Highlanders in the Landscape vulgar; they seemed to me in character with the Landscape. Both Pictures want tone, which may

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mean Glazing: wanting which they may last the longer, and sober down of themselves without the danger of cracking by any transparent Colour laid over them.

I scarce looked at anything else, not having much time. Just as I was going out, who should come up to me but Annie Thackeray, who took my hands as really glad to see her Father's old friend. I am sure she was; and I was taken aback somehow; and, out of sheer awkwardness, began to tell her that I didn't care for her new Novel! And then, after she had left her Party to come to me, I ran off! It is true, I had to be back at Sydenham: but it would have been better to forgo all that: and so I reflected when I had got halfway down Piccadilly: and so ran back, and went into the Academy again: but could not find A.T. She told me she was going to Normandy this week: and I have been so vexed with myself that I have written to tell her something of what I have told you.<sup>3</sup> It was very stupid indeed.

My Brother and I went to Bethnal Green Museum on Monday before I came away. I do not think the Light is very good for the Hertford Pictures,<sup>4</sup> but it seemed to me that I had seen better by each Master elsewhere: except perhaps the Canaletti: and two of them would be enough. There was a capital Lancret of some French Actress in a dark red Dress: and one very good small Watteau. Also a very fine Velasquez Lady, to be sure. But I did not give enough time to the Business. It was a good wish, I doubt not, that made Sir R. Wallace show these Pictures where he does; but they must be "caviare" to Bethnal Green.

I was not tempted to any Theatre, though I might have been if *Cherubini* had been sung—whom I have no doubt I should have found very learned and rather tiresome. So it is as well as it was. Ought I to have gone to see Miss Bateman?

Sydenham is a wonderful Museum of hideous Cockney Villas, to be sure: and I am yours always

E.F.G.

Let me know when, and where, you go for your Holydays.

<sup>1</sup> Peter.

<sup>2</sup> "Hearts are Trumps," the three daughters of W. Armstrong.

<sup>3</sup> This letter has not survived.

<sup>4</sup> The museum had been opened June 24 with an exhibition of pictures from the Hertford Collection, now the Wallace Collection in Hertford House, London.

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To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
July 18, [1872]

*My dear Cowell,*

As Quaritch was much opposed to leaving out some things which you wished omitted: and also to changing some others, I have left it to him to settle the Business, and bear the blame. I believe I did all that you advised before the Proof came: I did not so much like to unsettle the Revise, though I did not get your final Advices till then. It does not much signify, as I dare say you will think also. I sent back the [revise] the Day after I had your last Letter, and have heard no more of it since.

I went on a visit to my Brother Peter at Sydenham the end of last week: and saw Annie Thackeray at the Academy. She was really pleased to see me again: but I behaved awkwardly, and almost ran away before I ought: so much so that I ran back before I had got half way down Piccadilly, but could not find her. She was going abroad to Normandy; and I have written to apologize for my stupid Behaviour. I was really nervous at the unexpected meeting.

What I write to you now for is—to know *when*, and *where*, you are going for your Holyday. You spoke of Jersey, or N. Wales, in your last. Have you fixed on either? or on any other place? You won't go to Whitby, will you, which I proposed to you last Summer, and whither I might be tempted to follow you? I suppose it will be very full of Company. They tell me it is a very pleasant place. Lowestoft almost puts my Eyes out with its yellow beach and Sea: and I do not like to be always about in Blue Spectacles.

Fanny and Elizabeth Kerrich are now at my home here—for two months—Elizabeth not so well as last year.

Ever yours and Elizabeth's  
E.F.G.

P.S. *Friday*. The foregoing all written last night: this morning I have the enclosed from Arthur. He gives no Address; so you must supply it for me—or stay—I will enclose you a letter that you may direct to him. You will see that, if he be a Clerk, poor Lad, he wants some revisal of Spelling.

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To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge

July 31, [1872]

Dear Wright,

Neither I, nor Professor Spalding, knows anything of your *Spinage*:<sup>1</sup> whether the *i* be long or short. The Parson's Story about it is very good.

Happening on an old Notebook the other day, I found a Note concerning more than one Ship "Tiger" in Hakluyt—in Elizabeth's Time—going to *Aleppo*,<sup>2</sup> one of them—one left to wreck from leaking. I dare say you know about this—which also is not much worth knowing. But it will do for a Letter.

I found also two passages noted, of equal consequence: one from *Timon* which furnished B. Jonson (?) with his lines on Droeshout

It tutors Nature—Artificial Strife  
Lives in these features livelier than Life.<sup>3</sup>

Another from *Troilus* and C. where Shikspur remembered Marlow:

Why she (Helen) is a Pearl  
Whose Price hath launched above a thousand ships,  
And turn'd crown'd Kings to Merchants.<sup>4</sup>

I find I had not put down Act or Scene—and I dare [say] you won't think worth while to verify them any more than I do.

I should not so much mind Cowell's stuffing himself with learning, if he wouldn't consume his time and health with stuffing others, who might learn all they can make use of from a very inferior Scholar. I have a Note from him telling me that he proposes North Wales for his Holyday. I rather hoped he would try Whitby—where Mowbray Donne and Wife are gone—and where I might be tempted to join the party.

I am afraid of Lowestoft because of the glare of Beach and Sea. So hitherto I have contented myself with my own Grass and Trees here, and a Sail on our River—which is blue enough when the Sky above is so. Your friend Turner of Kettleburgh is very assiduous canoe-ing about on the waters.

Spedding sent me his last Volume, in which the account of Raleigh's Business interested me extremely. As to Bacon, I cannot care for his Cause, but I could listen to Spedding pleading it forever.

I have not wanted Green, or I suppose a shilling would have con-

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veyed it safe enough by Post. Frederick Tennyson comes to me tomorrow: and I am yours always

E.FG.

P.S. I really will find and send you a Polonius—scarce worth sending: but still less worth much asking for.

<sup>1</sup> Obsolete form of *spinach*.

<sup>2</sup> Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' Tiger.

*Macbeth*, I.3.7

See letter to Wright, Nov. 1, 1872.

<sup>3</sup> *Timon of Athens*, I.1.37-38. EFG substituted "features" for "touches." Jonson wrote on the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare, which serves as frontispiece in the First Folio:

It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;

Wherein the Graver had a strife

With Nature, to out-do the life:

<sup>4</sup> *Troilus and Cressida*, II.2.81-83, echoing

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships . . . ?

*Faustus*, Sc.13

To Thomas Watts<sup>1</sup>

*Markethill: Woodbridge*

*August 4/72*

*Dear Sir,*

I do not like to trouble you about this Naseby stone. But, as you very kindly promised me some assistance in the matter, I do not like seeming to neglect Carlyle's wishes. I suppose you received my last letter, containing a sketch of the Inscription and a rough Indication of the size and shape of the Stone on which it might be cut: all which I thought might be done by some Welford Stone-cutter, subject to some Alteration which might be easily agreed on when one had once found the man who could do the Job.

I repeat that I am vexed to trouble you about this, busy as you may be with other things. And indeed I write now mainly for the purpose of saying that if you are not at leisure to help us on about this Stone-cutting, I will see to some other means: for I must not forgo the thing after giving Carlyle a good hope of carrying out an idea which he has had in his head these thirty years.

Yours truly

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Agent for the Naseby estate formerly owned by the FitzGerald.

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To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[August 6, 1872]

*My dear Pollock,*

Here is the end of the first week in August, when you thought you might be leaving London. But I don't think you will do so for a few days to come. I have had two Visitors with me for the last few days: one, Frederic Tennyson,<sup>1</sup> who has come to England on private business, as also for the purpose of introducing an old Gentleman, who is quite deaf, but a Spiritual Medium, who has discovered the original Mystery of the Free Masons, which they have lost, and which they are either to buy of him, or he will publish it to their total Discomfiture.<sup>2</sup> All this old Frederic is as earnest about as a Man—or a Child—can be. He has left his Deaf Medium in London for a time, while he himself goes on his own Business to Grimsby: but he says he may have to convey the Deaf Medium to Ireland, to be introduced to the Masons there.

"D'aileurs," Frederic is very well and young, and seemed pleased to talk over old times again. He left me yesterday: and I am now entertaining a poor Lad<sup>3</sup> who is shut up in some London Office all day, and who came down here to get all the Air and Exercise he could from last Saturday till Tomorrow, when he goes back to his Desk, poor Fellow.

Well, amid all this uproar I have read Lady Pollock's Macmillan more than once, and like it much: just, discriminating, and refined, I think.<sup>4</sup> There was another article ("*Hurticle*," W.M.T. used to call it) on V. Hugo, written by a Mr. Colvin,<sup>5</sup> whose Family belonged to these parts: a fiery Paper on a fiery Poem, I suppose. V.H. has not learned, even at his Age, that the Half is better than the Whole: and so his Poems defeat themselves—do they not?

The Times and Daily News have each Articles to repudiate the Chancellor's Reported Retirement: both in terms which make me suppose it is true.<sup>6</sup> I might have heard how it was from his Cousin an hour ago: but I did not.

Let me hear from you one day in your Travels. A letter from Mrs. Thompson told me that her Master was very well at Carlsbad in Bohemia. They come home in September.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

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<sup>1</sup> Frederick had been his guest, August 1-5.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Melville, one of Frederick's neighbors at St. Heliers, Isle of Jersey, claimed to have discovered the key to Masonic mysteries in ancient astrology. English and Irish Masons alike were indifferent to his threat of disclosing their secrets. *Veritas*, Melville's treatise on the subject, edited by Frederick, and A. Tuder, was published in 1874.

<sup>3</sup> Arthur Charlesworth.

<sup>4</sup> "Novels and their Times," *Macmillan's Magazine*, Aug., pp. 297-303, Sept., pp. 358-67. Signed "Juliet Pollock."

<sup>5</sup> Sidney Colvin (1845-1927), literary and art critic, who, as a youth, had lived at Great Bealings.

<sup>6</sup> Lord Hatherley resigned as Lord Chancellor in October.

## To Fanny Kemble

Woodbridge  
August 9, [1872]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

I think I shall hear from you once again before you go abroad. To Rome! My Brother Peter also is going to winter there: but you would not have much in common with him, I think, so I say nothing of an Acquaintance between you.

I have been having Frederick Tennyson with me down here. He has come to England (from Jersey where his home now is) partly on Business, and partly to bring over a deaf old Gentleman who has discovered the Original Mystery of Free-masonry, by means of Spiritualism. The Freemasons have for Ages been ignorant, it seems, of the very Secret which all their Emblems and Signs refer to: and the question is, if they care enough for their own Mystery to buy it of this ancient Gentleman. If they do not, he will shame them by Publishing it to all the world. Frederick Tennyson, who has long been a Swedenborgian, a Spiritualist, and is now even himself a Medium, is quite grand and sincere in this as in all else: with the Faith of a Gigantic Child—pathetic and yet humorous to consider and consort with.

I went to Sydenham for two days to visit the Brother I began telling you of: and, at a hasty visit to the Royal Academy, caught a glimpse of Annie Thackeray: who had first caught a glimpse of me, and ran away from her Party to seize the hands of her Father's old friend. I did not know her at first: was half overset by her cordial welcome when she told me who she was; and made a blundering business of it altogether. So much so, that I could not but write afterwards to

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apologize to her: and she returned as kind an Answer as she had given a Greeting: telling me that my chance Apparition had been to her as "A message from Papa." It was really something to have been of so much importance.

I keep intending to go out somewhere—if for no other reason than that my rooms here may be cleaned! which they will have it should be done once a year. Perhaps I may have to go to my old Field of Naseby, where Carlyle wants me to erect a Stone over the spot where I dug up some remains of those who were slain there over two hundred years ago, for the purpose of satisfying him in his Cromwell History. This has been a fixed purpose of his these twenty years: I thought it had dropped from his head: but it cropped up again this Spring, and I do not like to neglect such wishes.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

To Mrs. Cowell

[Woodbridge]  
[August 10, 1872]

*My dear Lady,*

I had no wish to put either of you to the trouble of writing till you had settled the where and when of your Journey. Still less could I have wished it if I had known that you were unwell.

I have told Cowell before this that I thought he would do better by going farther off than Lowestoft—or even to Whitby. I would advise a total change of Air, and Associations, such as another Country best offers.

When I went to visit my Brother Peter in London three weeks ago, I met Annie Thackeray suddenly at the Royal Academy. I should not have recognized her, unaltered as she was—except for the better—but she left her Party, and ran up and took both my hands, and *was*, I am sure, glad to see me as she said. I behaved very awkwardly: and almost ran away: so much so that, when I was got half down the Street, I ran back to find her: but could not. So I wrote her a Letter to apologize: she replied that no Apology was wanted: I had been very kind, she said, not rude at all: and my Appearance had seemed to her like "A Message from Papa." What led me to tell you of this is, that she was about going to *Normandy* for a Holyday. I forget where in



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Normandy: but could find out, in case you were like to be anywhere near her.

Yes. Arthur came to me this day week and stayed till Wednesday. He looked more like a Boy—really not more than a Boy of twelve or thirteen—than two years ago: and *that* was good: and I found him simple, active, and boyish in his ways as before: and that was very good. He was very happy with a Canoe on the River by day, and sitting with me and F. Tennyson at night; polite, quiet, and amused. The last Evening, I found him a Revolver to shoot with—at his own straw hat; and I consoled him at going away by lending him the Revolver, and bidding him bring it back to me at Christmas if I be here at that time. I like him much: as he now is, I say, what a Lad should be: and I wish I could get him some place in the Country. He says he should not mind what work he had to do if he could but get into the fields or upon the water often. I believe this would keep him from spoiling, more than London is likely to do.

Ever yours and Cowell's  
E.FG.

To Thomas Carlyle

Woodbridge  
August 15, [1872]

*Dear Carlyle,*

I don't think you are at Chelsea to have my Letter: and I do not wish you to answer it if it does reach you. But I have it on my mind to report on this Naseby business up to this time: a very meagre report indeed, but not, I must say, from any fault of mine.

Almost directly after receiving your last Letter of Instructions, I wrote off the Substance of them, with the Inscription, to the Agent. Hearing nothing from him in reply after two months, I wrote to ask about it: and some days ago received his Reply—which I will enclose. You will see (whenever this letter comes to hand) that he totally forgets Instructions and Inscription. He is a busy man, I dare say, and put by, and forgot, my former letter. Well, all I could do was to write out Instructions and Inscription again, and send to him: which I did two days ago. And I told him that if he would fix on one of the two Stone-cutters mentioned in his Letter, I would correspond with him direct: but we must first see if the Trustees will approve of the Inscript-

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tion! They may have their qualms of conscience—as our friend Squire<sup>1</sup> had in days gone by.

Thus I discharge *my* Conscience thus far: for I do not wish you to think that I have neglected your wishes. If the Agent had done what his former letter made me hope he would, the Stone would have been ready before this, and I should have gone to see it duly placed. As it is, Winter may come before the Stone is ready—and I not so moveable perhaps as the Stone.

But I am yours sincerely

E.F.G.

I write to “Thomas Watts.”

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Carlyle, June 29, 1847, n.1.

To Anna Biddell

*White Lion Inn, Aldeburgh*  
[August, 1872]

*Dear Miss Biddell,*

If you have not already sent Southey's Wesley to Mr. Berry's, pray send it by rail hither. I came away without a Book.

Here is a finer Breeze blowing than at Woodbridge, I think: I have been out in a Boat, with two men whom I went out with twelve years ago. The Place is the same as some fifty years ago, except for some tawdry new houses built; the Sea the same quite, only scarce any ships upon it: All the same: all changed: all sad: and I am

Yours truly  
E.F.G.

To Bernard Quaritch

*Woodbridge*  
August 24, [1872]

*Dear Sir,*

I found Omar on my return home yesterday. I can only say that I doubt you have put him into a finer Dress than he deserves—and that some other Critics will have their Bile raised to say so—if they take any notice now of the old Offender. I only hope you have not over-

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estimated your Transatlantic friends who I fancy are our chief Patrons—The Americans (as I found from Mrs. Wister—a daughter of Mrs. Kemble's) taking up a little *Craze* of this sort now and then.<sup>1</sup>

Well—you have chosen to run the risk: and you are such a clever man that I suppose you know that your Edition may evaporate in time: and I hope you may live to see it.

Meanwhile, when Ed<sup>n</sup> II is exhausted, you will owe me something for it—of so little consequence to me, or to you, that I shall desire you to give it to some Charity—public or private. If the Persian *Famine Fund* still subsists, the money might properly be added to that—as I daresay old Omar would have done—had he translated the Works of yours truly

E.FG.

I should like a *bound* Copy, such as you have sent me, to be sent to Cowell: and one also to “Alfred Tennyson, Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight.”

A dozen other Copies will, I daresay, quite suffice for myself: and these, I think, *not* bound, as I would do them up with a Revision of *Salámán* which I amused myself with two years ago.<sup>2</sup> So I can stitch up the Saint and the Sinner together, for better or worse.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Mrs. Cowell, Dec. 17, [1870], and text following.

<sup>2</sup> The 1871 edition printed by the S. H. Cowell firm in Ipswich.

To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge

August 27, [1872]

My dear Sir,

“*In re*” The Profits of Omar the Second—scarce worth writing about—I write to you from a recollection of our agreeing to share them, as we shared in the publishing: you taking all the trouble, etc., I the expense of Printing, etc.

I did not keep your letter: you forget all about it; 'tis a case of “Equity.”

You are an equitable Man: “argal” be you Judge, and pay what Costs you judge fair (I should think your £5 more than covers them) to the Persian or any other Charity; and say no more to me about it.

There is no hurry at all about the Copies to be sent: Tennyson is

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never in his Island during Summer: Cowell is somewhere in Wales; and I am always here; and always yours truly,

E.FG.

Pay £5—sent Cheque Sept. 3/72—Persian Relief Fund  
Mr. Lynch, 79, Gt. Tower St.—Omar Khayyám's Memory.  
[Quaritch notation]

To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 3/72

Dear Sir,

I send you up some ten Copies of the *Salámán* which I told you I wanted stitched or half bound up with the new Omar. This can be better done in London than down here: will you be so good as to get it done for me, and I will pay the cost. If half bound the back may be lettered (*lengthways* you know) *TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIAN*. If you will get me this done I shall want no more Copies sent me down here.

No—that is all, I think.<sup>1</sup>

Yours truly,  
E.FG.

Are you not going out for a Holy-day somewhere?

P.S. *Wednesday, Sept 4*. After writing the above, your Note, and then your parcel, arrived. Notwithstanding that I shall return you the Sheets along with the *Salámán*, to be dealt with “accordingly,” if you will be so good as to get it done for me. And your Petitioner will ever pray, etc.

<sup>1</sup> EFG had crossed out a sentence, “But I want one more of the half bound copies.”

To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 6, [1872]

Dear Sir,

I understand no more of what you say I wrote about “Two” or “more” copies of Omar than you do. I want “no more” copies than

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the two bound ones for Tennyson and Cowell: and the ten sheet copies to be bound up with the ten Salámáns.

Voilà tout!  
E.FG.

To Naseby Estate Trustee

Woodbridge  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 12/72

Dear Sir,

I think the second Design which you have been so good as to send me will surely satisfy Mr. Carlyle, if 3 ft. 9 be quite *high* enough to allow for sinking *firmly into the ground* as well as for leaving room for a quite legible Inscription *above ground*. The triangular top is, I conclude, necessary to let rain run off: and, if so, will not, I hope, clash with Carlyle's "sine qua non" of "perfect simplicity."

I wish to save you trouble by sending the Design direct to Mr. Watts—desiring him to send me an Estimate. Surely he can manage to do this without troubling you.

I am taking for granted that *you Trustees* will make no objection to this Monument, as *you* have taken thus much pains to help me toward it.

I have been on the point of taking Rail for Northamptonshire myself, to identify the ground where I dug up these remains, just thirty years ago. But I would willingly avoid all travel, being no longer young; and I would fain get some Naseby Man, if I could, to tell me how the Land now lies. It was on the hill (called, I think, *Mill Hill*) on the Naseby side of *Broad Moor*, on the left side of the Sibbertoft Road.

Tradition told me that *there* was the place: and pointed out two or three *hollows*, as the Graves: and in one of those hollows I found the Bones. The field was then Grass—now perhaps ploughed up, but there may be some men at Naseby who know the place still *by Tradition*: and some even who may remember my opening these Graves in 1842—a whole Generation ago! Do you think I could find any such Witness in Naseby?

Yours very much obliged  
Edward FitzGerald

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To Mrs. Cowell

[Woodbridge]  
[September, 1872]

Dear Elizabeth,

Pray tell Cowell not to trouble himself to write to me, since you have done it so handsomely for him. The Quinsy? Some form of Cold, I think; you have had an anxious time of it yourself, I think. It is needless to say that I wish you out of the trouble: and one day I shall be glad to hear that so it is—from one of you.

I had to write a line to Annie today, and so sent her your Remembrances. Her elder Sister, Fanny, who has just returned from a visit to them, does not give a very good account of her health. I can scarce make out what is the matter; I fancy the having to find and settle and manage their little household has been a little too much for her. Lusie has been away in Italy for more than a Year: as also Emily: and Annie so had nearly all the Business to do.

Fanny and Elizabeth K. talk of returning to Lowestoft next week. I think they are as happy here as anywhere: and that has been, and is, a great pleasure to me. In Winter they are better at Lowestoft, I think.

I have been trying to read "Memorials of a Quiet Life"—too quiet for me—two thick Volumes about People who thought and did like hundreds of others. I still find Wesley, Walpole, and Johnson, better, and even newer, reading—even than Tichborne.

Well: when Cowell is well, let me have a Line from one of you to say so. Meanwhile, you know that I am yours as ever

E.FG.

I have fought off having a Fire up to this!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The biography of Maria Hare, widow of Augustus Hare, co-author with his brother Julius, of *Guesses at Truth*. Augustus John C. Hare, author of the biography, published in 1872, was a nephew of the two brothers. He had been adopted in infancy by his widowed aunt.

<sup>2</sup> Britain was gripped by a cold wave from the 19th to the end of September. Freezing temperatures were reported on the 22nd.

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To Frederick Spalding  
(Fragment)

*Lowestoft*  
*Sunday, Sept. 29/72*

... Posh—after no fish caught for three weeks—has had his boat come home with nearly all her fleet of nets torn to pieces in last week's winds. On Wednesday he had to go eight miles on the other side of Halesworth after a runaway—came home, drenched from top to toe, with a great Bulrush in his hand, which he could not help admiring as he went along; and went with me to the Theatre afterwards, where he admired the "Gays," as he called the Scenes; but fell asleep before Shylock had whetted his knife in the Merchant of Venice. . . .

To Naseby Estate Trustee

*Woodbridge*  
*October 6/72*

*Dear Sir,*

I am really sorry that you should have trouble about this Stone; and am all the more obliged to you for taking it on yourself. I had (as you perhaps know) written to Mr. Watts, in hopes of sparing you trouble; but perhaps he feels more adept at the Chisel than the Pen, and so has transferred *that* part of the business to your good offices.

I have to thank you moreover for the Plan of the Stone which you enclose me. But I *must* defer to my Master Carlyle's wishes in the matter; which I will quote from his Letter.

"As to the shape of the Monument, I have nothing to advise except that I think it ought to be of the most perfect simplicity—a Block of Portland Stone, of size to contain the words, and allow itself to be sunk firmly in the ground—and I should not care if the stone on three sides were squared with the hammer only, and only *polished* on its fourth side, where the letters are to be. I should guess that a good solid block of four, or four and a half, feet high would be sufficient, and that a square, or squarish, form might be the suitablest."

You see, dear Sir, that he insists on the "most perfect simplicity" of shape, and even of surface on three sides. And I think you will perhaps

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agree with him that such a rough and perfectly simple monument is fittest to commemorate a *Cromwell* Victory. Had the *Royal* Party triumphed, we might have indulged in ornament; but surely a "perfect simplicity" befits the Puritan Cause.

I must say once more that what I want Mr. Watts to estimate, and *you* to let me set up, is—A perfectly plain square, or squarish, block of Portland stone, unpolished on all sides but that on which the Inscription is; of sufficient height and depth to be sunk firmly in the ground, and carry its Inscription legibly above ground.

I have thus troubled *you* with a question which Mr. Watts must answer, because he has communicated with me through *you* thus far. But it remains also for *you* to answer, on the part of the Trustees, whether *you* and they will approve of so plain a Monument as we propose, and also of the Inscription we propose to put upon it.

Unless the present Generation at Naseby still know *the precise spot* where are the Graves which I opened thirty years ago, I must go over myself to point it out—as [I] could do, blindfold almost. I suppose Northampton, or Crick, is the nearest point by Rail. But I will beg *you* to answer me on the points mentioned, and to believe me, with fresh thanks for the trouble *you* take,

Yours sincerely  
Edward FitzGerald

I must apologize for making a Saint of *you* in the Address of my latter Letters; my first was properly directed, according to Barlow's orders; but I misread *your* own *H* for *St.*, and so went astray in my own bad MS.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Oct<sup>r</sup> 9, [1872]

*My dear Cowell,*

I was very glad to hear from *you*, and that Elizabeth was so much the better for *your* Travels. I have just returned after near a month's stay in Lowestoft: my Nieces being there at No. 6 of the very Victoria Terrace where *you* have stayed. But "Metz" has been added to, so as to block out the Sea from some of the houses. I thought of *you* many times.



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Almost the only Books I had with me there were Sainte Beuve's *Causeries*, which I read for the second time with as much pleasure as the first. I do not think you know much of them: but I do not know a Book that you would like more: both on account of the Reviewer himself, and of the Books—or People—whom he reviews. I feel an Appetite for Montaigne again: though he was not one of those whom I had been reading of in S.B.

If you have returned to Cambridge, you will have found Omar the Third, in a far finer flight than I think becomes him—that is, if Quaritch has sent you such a Copy as he sent me. I suppose he did so; for I see that he prices the Book 7.6(!) in a Catalogue he also sent me. I cannot at all understand this: but I suppose it is that he expects to sell only a few; and those few to a few who do not mind giving for one hundred such Quatrains what they might buy all Tennyson for.

Which reminds me that Tennyson's last Idyll of Arthur<sup>1</sup> is spoken of in the Athenaeum as forthcoming. Which is all I know to say of it.

Ever yours and Elizabeth's

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "Gareth and Lynette."

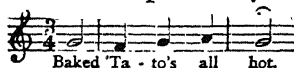
To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge

October 21, [1872]

*My dear Pollock,*

Once more in England you—and once more in Woodbridge I—and once more the Boy with a Tin Can passes my window as I write, crying—



Which shows, if there were nothing else to show, that we are got into Winter Quarters. Up to this time, however, we have little of Winter's cold: warm Wet, rather; not very healthy, I suppose: but better than Snow and Frost to most men's feelings, and to those of the Poor especially.

By this time you have been to see Mr. Irving in King Charles, I predict, and the low Comedian in *Crummles*,<sup>1</sup> as W.M.T. called him. What would Gurlyle have said twenty years ago? Now, I suppose, will hardly hear of it at all. Is he back in his Tub at Chelsea?

The Athenaeum, which tells me all this news, tells me there is to be

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another "Old Masters' " this Winter. Do you remember a small Picture of a Breaking Wave at my Chateau, which I wanted you to admire? By my old Friend Nursey. Do you think Boxall would put it in? No: if only because I recommend it. He would look, and sniff, and say, "There is really something nice about it—but you know," etc., and put in some sham Crome instead. Still, I don't mean that he is worse than the rest—but not much better. Why won't People see that I know best? Yet you persist in thinking I misjudge Morton's Letters.

My friend Edwards, the Artist, and his Wife are at my Chateau, and he goes out daubing from poor Nature every day—all wrong in process, and upshot; but he is a fine, courageous, generous, and very sensible Man notwithstanding. He has had a Stockbroker with him, who is a Man of Virtu also; etches himself, and has four hundred China Plates all of different patterns, I am told. What a new Phase of Stockbroking is this!

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> George Belmore played Oliver Cromwell to Henry Irving's Charles the First in a drama of that title by W. G. Wills. The play had opened at the Lyceum September 29.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
November 1, [1872]

*My dear Pollock,*

Thank you for the two Newspapers. The Spectator, as also the Athenaeum, somewhat over-praise Gareth, I think: but I am glad they do so rather than set up Browning & Co. instead. The Poem seems to me scarce more worthy of what AT was born to do than the other Idylls; but you will almost think it out of contradiction that I like it better—except, of course, the original Morte. The story of this young Knight, who can submit and conquer and do all the Devoir of Chivalry, interests me much more than the Enids, Lily Maids, etc., of former Volumes. But Time *is*—Time *was*—to have done with the whole Concern: pure and noble as all is, and in parts more beautiful than any one else can do.

I was so far interested in this Gareth that I looked back to the

previous Idylls to see if I might not have judged too hastily of them. But I saw nothing to alter my opinion.

Now, in return for your Papers, I post you a Work which I bought because of some Extracts I read from it in the Athenaeum, which, however, did not admire them.

Now then again—you shall send me back Morton,<sup>1</sup> which I declare you are not worthy of. And (if you can lay hands on it) a still more precious Volume than that which I once sent to you: the *Valentine Verses* of the Rev. Richard Cobbold, illustrated by himself.<sup>2</sup> You wrote to me some considerable while ago that you had this precious Volume: I want it now for Edwards who hunts up all Suffolk Curiosities. And this is not one of the least. However, do not be at trouble in hunting for it: no matter if it never turns up to Light again: if it should come to hand easily, send it by Train along with Morton—of which I declare you are not worthy, as I lately observed.

Rain—Rain—Rain! What will become of poor Italy? I think we ought to subscribe for her. Did you read of one French Caricature of the Pope leaving Rome with the Holy Ghost in a Bird Cage? I have bought a Copy of *Regnard*,<sup>3</sup> of Molière's time and kidney. Edwards here has been introduced to

*Athanasius Gasker*

and is worthy of his Acquaintance. I think I must take the "Observer" which I remember very kindly as lying on my Mother's Table on other London Sundays. The Reviews of Plays, Poems, etc., seemed to me rather good in the "Specimen" you sent me: though AT was treated rather too jauntily. Cannot they get Gurlyle himself to enact Cromwell in lieu of Belmore? I shall write to him my yearly Letter about Xmas, and tell him that the Naseby Stone will get set up in 1873—whether I, or my Executors, do it.

Pray let Spedding see his Bacon in the Drama I send you: and believe me his and yours always

E.F.G.

What an impudent piece of Stuffing is my Namesake's "Lives of Kembles."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The transcript of letters to EFG from Savile Morton.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Cobbold, *Valentine Verses*, 1827.

<sup>3</sup> Jean François Regnard (1655-1709), French comic dramatist.

<sup>4</sup> By Percy H. Fitzgerald.

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To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
November [1, 1872]

Dear Wright,

Imprimis—Green—my Evergreen—came all safe, thank you. I wanted him for an Artist who is now at my Chateau—who has also been made known to *Athanasius Gasker*—who, I hear from Pollock, has been publicly quoted in a Speech by Lord Houghton. If they would only read that Athanasian Creed in our Churches! Can you propose it in Jerusalem Chamber?

Secundo—in re. Tyger<sup>1</sup>—on looking back to a half legible C.P. Book, I find reference to at least *three* several Voyages in a Ship of that name: beside that one you mention.

1. "A second" (I don't see about the *first*) "Voyage made by Maister *Tourson* or

William *Tourson*" (I can't read my own MS) "to the Coast of Guinea and the Castle of Mina with the Tiger of London of 60 tunnes, and a Pinnesse of 16 Tunnes." 1556.

2. 1577 The third and last Voyage of the same to the same with 1. The Minion, Admiral of the Fleet: 2. The Christopher, Vice Admiral: 3. *The Tyger*: 4. A Pinnesse called the Unicorn. On this Voyage it is that the Tiger comes to wreck. "The 24 Day" (of August, I suppose) "the Master of the Tyger came aboard us and told us that his men were so weake and the Shippe so leake that he was not able to keepe her above the Water: but we intrested him to take pains with her awhile and we put a French Carpenter into her to see if [he] could find the leake"—"The 3<sup>rd</sup> day of Sept<sup>r</sup> I went aboard the Tyger with the Master and Marchants with me to view the Shippe and Men, and we found the Shippe very leake and only 6 labouring men in her, whereof one was the Master Gunner: so that wee, seeing they were not able to keepe the Ship, agreed to take in the Men, and of the Goods what we could save, and then to put the Ship away—The fift Day we went to discharge the Tyger. The Eight day, having taken out the Artillory, Goods, Victuals, Gold out of the Tyger, we gave her up—25 Degrees by North the Line."

4. Then comes your Tripolis Voyage in 1583. But are you correct in calling Fitch *Captain*? I find in my C.P., "In the yeare of our Lord 1583 I, Ralph Fitch of London, *Marchant*, being desirous to see the Countreys of the East India, in companie of Master John Newberie,

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Marchant (which had been at Ormus once before) of William Leedes, Jeweller, James Story, Painter," etc., "did ship myself in a Ship of London called the Tyger wherein we went for Tripolis in Syria, and from thence we took the way for Aleppo, which we went in 7 days with the Carouan."

5. The Tyger, "of 7 score tunnes" is one of the Ships sent out to Virginia under Sir W.R. in 1585?

6. "The fifth of December 1586, me, John Evesham Gentleman departed from Gravesend in the Tyger of London, wherein was Master under God," etc. (Here C.P. loses itself entirely) My references are to Vol. II of Hakluyt, Edition 1809, and must be verified if wanted.

Polonius missed the post of Hamlet—Montaigne<sup>2</sup> but he is yours sincerely

E.FG.

I guessed that the Boy's head from the Skull must be modern:<sup>3</sup> of the *Goethe* sort. But I like Gareth better than the others—except the *Morte*. I like the young Knight better than the Enids, Elaines, etc.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Wright, July 31.

<sup>2</sup> EFG had promised to send a copy of *Polonius* in July.

<sup>3</sup> The monster-knight, the fourth to oppose Gareth on his quest, proves to be a youth when Gareth cleaves his helmet.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Nov. 20, [1872]

My dear Pollock,

I am glad the Rogers Verses gratified you.<sup>1</sup> I forget where I saw them quoted—some ten years ago—but as I had long wished for them myself, and thought others might wish for them also, I got them reprinted here in the form I sent you. I had forgot about it all till some little while ago; when, in turning over a Drawer, I found a little packet of Copies. I can send you two or three more if you wish.

I have no compunction at all in reviving this Satire upon the old Banker, whom it is only paying off in his own Coin. Spedding (of course) used to deny that R. deserved his ill Reputation: but I never heard any one else deny it. All his little malignities (unless the Epigram on Ward be his) are dead along with his little sentimentali-

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ties; while Byron's Scourge hangs over his Memory. The only one who, so far as I have seen, has given any idea of his little cavilling style, is Mrs. Trench in her Letters; her excellent Letters, so far as I can see and judge, next best to Walpole and Cowper in our Language. Yet they never sold well, I suppose; for I see them offered at 2.6 in Catalogues. Some one told me that Venables thought them snobbish; which did [not] exalt my notion of his Discernment in that respect.

I suppose you don't see Staunton's Emendations to Shakespeare in the Athenaeum: where we are bidden to read

"Making the green *Zone* red."

and to reconsider the owl that "gives the *eternst* Good Night."<sup>2</sup>

I have bought *Regnard*, of the old Molière times—very good; and (what is always odd to me) as French as the French of Today—I mean, in point of Language.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Byron's satire, "On Sam Rogers." See letter to Donne, [Jan., 1865].

<sup>2</sup> Howard Staunton, "Unsuspected Corruptions of Shakespeare's Text," *Athenaeum*, Nov. 16, 1872, pp. 635-36. Staunton's emendations are for Shakespeare's "making the green one red" (*Macbeth*, II.2.63) and "gives the stern'st good-night" (II.2.4).

To Alfred Tennyson

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 22, 1872

My dear Alfred,

I write my yearly letter to yourself this time, because I have a word to say about *Gareth* which your Publisher sent me as from the Author. I don't think it is mere perversity that makes me like it better than all its predecessors, save and except (of course) the old "Morte." The subject—the young Knight who can endure and conquer—interests me more than all the Heroines of the first Volume. I do not know if I admire more *separate* passages in this Idyll than in the others: for I have admired many in all. But I *do* admire several here very much: as

The Journey to Camelot: [pp.] 13-14  
Entrance to it—21-22  
All Gareth's Vassalage—31-34

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Departure with Lynette—42

Sitting at Table with the Baron—54

Phantom of Past Life—71

and many other passages, and Expressions “*quae nunc perscribere longum est.*”<sup>1</sup> Some of the *Thought*, and some of the *Language*, seems to me too modern for the Antique Mould in which the rest is cast: and in some cases you seem to me to have gone out of your way for phrases that are less happy than those which grow by the Wayside. I have made note of several of these, and could tell you in case you should care to be told. Otherwise, it is a little presumptuous to *write* them. If I were over a Pipe with you, you know how bold I should be. Well: this Gareth seems to be the chief thing I have to write about; but I doubt that Mrs. A.T. will have to let me know how you, all of you, are. I suppose, got back to your Island by this time. Your Eldest Boy at Cambridge too!

I won't write any more, in mercy to your Eyes as well as mine. But I am yours, and Wife's, always

E.FG.

I think the Browning—Morris—Rossetti—mania is cooling: and A.T. is taking his proper place again—not to be forfeited again.

<sup>1</sup> “But it is tedious to write fully about them now.”

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 22, [1872]

*My dear Cowell,*

Allenby looked in on me two or three days ago; talked of you and Elizabeth, as you may imagine: and said he thought that you liked to hear from me now and then. I do not doubt this at all, except that it in some measure obliges you to answer. But you may defer all your obligation to Holyday time, if you choose: perhaps, indeed, you may be coming in person to Ipswich, and then you can pay off all your Debts by coming over to see me.

I have nothing to tell of myself, except that viz., I was for near a Month at Lowestoft: and have since then had my Artist Friends, the Edwardses, at my Chateau here. They departed for London a week

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ago; so now I am left to myself as usual. My Eyes let me read a little by day, and I am to begin with a new Reader tonight: my last having left Woodbridge. Tennyson's Publisher sent me "Gareth" "from the Author" and I am able to tell the Author that I like Gareth better than any of the Idylls—except the original *Morte*. The Story of the Young Knight who could submit and conquer is more interesting to me than Enid, Elaine, Vivien, or Guinevere, or even the Heroes of the Holy Grail. But none of these will add, I think, to the Reputation earned in 1842. I think I see symptoms, however, of the Critical Newspapers repenting of their Admiration of Browning & Co. and returning to their better worship of one who is always noble, pure, and distinct.

I shall one day, I suppose, get a sight of Forster's Dickens, about which, however, I have no great Curiosity.

What are you doing? Anything, except the Drudgery to which you will condemn yourself? Here is a Question, I see: but you need not answer it till the Drudgery relax for a time. Meanwhile, believe me yours and Elizabeth's always

E.FG.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]

[November, 1872]

*My dear Pollock,*

In a late Box of books which I had from Mudie were Macmillan and Fraser, for 1869-1870. And in one of these—I am nearly sure, *Macmillan*—is an Article called "Objects of Art"<sup>1</sup> which treats very well, I think, on the subject you and I talked of at Whitsun. I had meant to send for the Number which contained this Paper: but unfortunately sent back the Books without making a Note of it. Pray do look this out in the Index of the Volumes, which probably are at your Club, and certainly are at the London Library. I venture asking you to take so much trouble inasmuch as I think you will be pleased with the Article I speak of (perhaps you wrote it) and I shall be much obliged to you if you will let me know what Number it is in, that I may try to buy it. I say, I am nearly sure it is in Macmillan.

My new Reader, who is the Son of a rather drunken *Bird-stuffer* here, has been reading to me Fields' "Yesterdays with Authors"<sup>2</sup>—



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Hawthorne, Dickens, Thackeray. The latter seems to me a Caricature: the Dickens has one wonderful bit about Macready in 1869<sup>3</sup> which ought not to have been printed during his Life, but which I will copy out for you if you have not seen it. Hawthorne seems to me the most of a Man of Genius America has produced in the way of Imagination: yet I have never found an Appetite for his Books. Frederick Tennyson sent me Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," which he admires, I suppose; but I can't get up an Appetite for neither. I think the Scenes being laid in the Channel Islands may have something to do with old Frederick's Liking.

Mrs. Thompson tells me that the Master is far from well; suffering from Rheumatism a great deal. They propose going to Falmouth for the Winter holydays, as the Sea seems to have done him good heretofore.

The Daily News only tells me of Crises in France, Floods in Italy, Insubordination of London Policemen, and Desertion from the British Army. So I take refuge in other Topics. Do look for "Objects of Art" among them, and believe me ever yours

E.FG.

Which are you for

Noi leggiavamo	} un giorno per diletto? <sup>1</sup>
or	
Noi leggevamo	

<sup>1</sup> "Objects of Art," [i.e., objectives], *Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1870, pp. 667-76.

<sup>2</sup> By the Boston publisher, James T. Fields; issued in 1871.

<sup>3</sup> The passage about "M——," p. 197 of the Houghton Mifflin 1900 edition of *Yesterdays with Authors*.

<sup>4</sup> "One day for our delight we read" [of Lancelot]. (From the story of Francesca da Rimini in Dante's *Inferno*, Canto V, 127.)

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Nov. 28, [1872]

"Multae Epistolae pertransibunt et augebitur Scientia."<sup>1</sup> Our one Man of Books down here, Brooke, had told me that the old Editions on the whole favoured "leggiavamo."<sup>2</sup> Now I shall tell him that the Germans have decided on "leggevamo." But Brooke quotes one Copy (1502) which reads "leggevam," which I had also wished for, to get

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rid of a fifth (and superfluous) *o* in the line. I suppose such a plural is as allowable as

Noi andavam per lo solingo Piano, etc.

What is all this erudite Enquiry about? I was talking with Edwards one night of this passage, and of this line in particular, which came into my head as a motto for a Device we were talking of; and hence all this precious fuss.

But I want to tell you what I forgot in my last letter; what Dickens himself says of his "Holyday Romance" in a letter to Fields.

July 25, 1867

I hope the Americans will see the joke of Holyday Romance. The writing seems to me so much like Children's, that dull folk (on *any* side of *any* water) might perhaps rate it accordingly. I should like to be beside you when you read it, and particularly when you read the Pirate's Story. It made me laugh to that extent that my people here thought I was out of my wits, until I gave it to them to read, when they did likewise.

One thinks, what a delightful thing to be such an Author! Yet he died of his work, I suppose. And we who "leggiavamo per diletto," etc.—oh Dem!

E.FG.

I long to send you the Macready Story. But you can read it in print, if you have not read it already. It is very Tragic.

<sup>1</sup> "Many letters will be exchanged and knowledge will be increased."

<sup>2</sup> EFG discusses textual differences in the story of Francesca da Rimini.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 10/72

Dear Wright,

Looking into a little "Pocket" Volume of Aphorisms from Montaigne, 1783, I happened on—"Les arondelles que nous voyons au retour du Printemps fureter tous les *coins de nos maisons*, cherchent-elles sans jugement," etc.

This made me think of the Macbeth passage. I suppose it is from the R. Sebonde Apology,<sup>1</sup> spelt "coigne" in the old French, and very

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likely so used and spelt in Florio, whom the Divine Williams “fureted” (ferreted!), as you may doubtless have heard before now. I have a Florio—a very clean Copy, too—for which I gave Quaritch thirty-six Shillings.<sup>2</sup> But I have not Eyes to look for the passage, even if it were worth looking for. These are trifles indeed—and would be the veriest if concerning any one but Williams. But one can’t help pausing to look for any print of his Footstep. And as I know you think this also, I send you this note about it: with the proviso that it needs no sort of Answer or Acknowledgement.

I have Carlyle’s yearly (dictated, but self-signed) Letter, telling me that he is much as before—perhaps even “a shade better,” and I think his Letter shows more vivacity than for the last three or four years. He also posts me a “Deseret” Newspaper (of 1871) with a real Sermon of Brigham Young in it:<sup>3</sup> very good, I think, in something of the Cobbett vein. Also, a Book of Irish Atrocities (“A Jar of Irish Sarpints,” he calls it) by a Mr. FitzPatrick, who politely sends Carlyle a copy, and gets called a Blockhead for his pains. I am ordered to read, or light Pipes with, the Book—anything but return it to Chelsea. All this shows Richard himself again.

I have a new Reader who reads me the first Volume of Forster’s Dickens. Pollock and others told me the book was *faulted* (Suffolk, you know) by some for being all Forster that was not Dickens. This may be so: but I suppose that (as far as Volume I goes) Dickens did tell Forster of all he did; and I find the Book written unaffectedly and justly. And (as far as Volume I) I *love* Dickens—how unspoilt by all the American homage, at *Aetat.* 30!

Yours truly  
E.FG.

I may as well wish you a Happy Christmas, by the by.

What do you think has made me blubber by myself this morning?  
The last Scenes of Henry the Fifth!

<sup>1</sup> True, *Essais*, II, 12. EFG relates the passage to that alluding to martlets nesting on the walls of Dunsinane (*Macbeth*, I.6.3-10).

<sup>2</sup> John Florio’s English translation of the essays, folio, 1603.

<sup>3</sup> *Deseret Evening News*, Salt Lake City.

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To Mrs. Tennyson

[Woodbridge]

[December, 1872]

*Dear Mrs. Tennyson,*

I am always half sorry that you have the trouble of answering my Letters at all—so much as you have to do, I fancy, in that line. I am very glad to find that you have not delayed writing from any Illness, in yourself, or those of your Family.

I remember Franklin Lushington<sup>1</sup> perfectly—at Farringford in 1854: almost the last Visit I paid anywhere: and as pleasant as any, after, or before. I have still some Sketches I made of the place; “Maud, Maud, Maud,” etc. was then read to me and has rung in my Ears ever after. Mr. Lushington, I remember, sketched also. If he be with you still, please tell him that I hope his Remembrance of me is as pleasant as mine of him.

I think I told you that Frederick came here in August, having (of course) missed you on his way. The Mistress of Trinity wrote to me some little while ago, telling me, among other things, that she, and others, were much pleased with your Son Hallam, whom they thought to be like the Paltry Poet—poor fellow.

The Paltry one’s Portrait is put in a frame and hung up at my Chateau, where I talk to it sometimes, and every one likes to see it. It is clumsy enough, to be sure: but it still recalls the old Man to me better than the bearded portraits which are now the fashion.

But oughtn’t your Hallam to have it over his Mantelpiece at Trinity?

The first Volume of Forster’s Dickens has been read to me of a night: making me love him, up to thirty years of age at any rate: till then, quite unspoilt, even by his American Triumphs, and full of Good Humour, Generosity, and Energy. I wonder if Alfred remembers dining at his house with Thackeray and me—me, taken there by Thackeray. I remember thinking Dickens then quite unaffected, and seeming to wish any one to show off rather than himself. In the evening we had a round Game at Cards and mulled Claret. Does AT remember?

I have had my yearly Letter from Carlyle, who writes of himself as better than last year. He sends me a Mormon Newspaper, with a very sensible sermon in it from the lips of Brigham Young: as also the account of a Visit to a Gentleman of Utah with eleven Wives and near forty Children, all of whom were very happy together. I am just

going to send the Paper to Archdeacon Allen to show him how they manage these things over the Atlantic.

About Omar I must say that *all* the Changes made in the last Copy are not to be attributed to my own perverseness; the same thought being constantly repeated with variations, whether by Omar or others, in the 500 Quatrains going under his name. I had not Eyes, nor indeed any further Appetite, to refer to the Original, or even to the French Translation; but altered about the "Dawn of Nothing," etc., as AT pointed out its likeness to his better Property.<sup>2</sup> I really didn't, and don't, think it matters what changes are made in that Immortal Work which is to last about five years longer. I believe it is the strong-minded American Ladies who have chiefly taken it up: but they will soon have something wickeder to digest, I dare say.

I am going to write out for Alfred a few lines from a Finnish Poem which I find quoted in Lowell's *Among My Books*<sup>3</sup>—which I think a good Book. But I must let my Eyes rest now.

Believe me yours and Alfred's always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Brother of Edmund Lushington who had married Tennyson's sister Cecilia.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to A. Tennyson, April 7, 1872.

<sup>3</sup> Cited by Lowell from the Finnish epic *Kalevala* in his essay "Witchcraft."

### To Alfred Tennyson (Fragment)<sup>1</sup>

[Woodbridge]  
[December, 1872]

"Spate" I did not know the meaning of till I found it in Jamieson's Scotch Dictionary,<sup>2</sup> "A Flood; Gaelic, perhaps from *spe*, froth" and so connected, I suppose, with *spit*, oyster-*spat* (spawn) and some other words. Perhaps you knew the word in your Lincolnshire (and it is very likely in the old Legend). But it is not at all known thus far South; and, as it is not a word that carries its meaning along with it, I venture to ask if you might not furnish it with some epithet that *would* imply its character, and such as *you* can supply—something I mean like foaming, roaring, etc. which, beside explaining the word, would (I think) make a better line of it, at the expense of the "shaft" of the Pine.

December 1872

"Gazed at the (something) Spate. A slender Pine" etc.<sup>3</sup>

I doubt all this is poor Tomfoolery, but, if it be not too troublesome to you to read, it may amuse you—as Old Fitz's Nuts to crack at Christmas. Anyhow, "No Answer is required."

<sup>1</sup> This fragment is probably an item in the list of "miseries" mentioned in the following letter to Pollock and described by EFG as "audacious remarks" in his letter to Tennyson, December 30.

<sup>2</sup> John Jamieson, *Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, 2 vols., Edinburgh, 1808-09; supplement, 2 vols., 1825.

<sup>3</sup> EFG proposes a revision (not adopted) of the opening lines of *Gareth and Lynette*.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]

[December, 1872]

*My dear Pollock,*

Two or three years ago I had three or four of my Masterpieces done up together for admiring Friends. It has occurred to me to send you one [of] these instead of the single Dialogue which I was looking in the Box for. I think you have seen, or had, all the things but the last,<sup>1</sup> which is the most impudent of all. It was, however, not meant for Scholars: mainly for Mrs. Kemble: but as I can't read myself, nor expect others of my age to read a long MS, I had it printed by a cheap friend<sup>2</sup> (to the bane of other Friends), and here it is. You will see by the notice that Aeschylus is left "nowhere," and why; a modest proviso. Still I think the Story is well compacted: the Dialogue good (with one single little originality; of riding into Rhyme as Passion grows) and the Choruses (mostly "rot" quoad Poetry) still serving to carry on the subject of the Story in the way of Inter-act. Try one or two Women with a dose of it one day—not Lady Pollock, who knows better. But such as Miss Bateman. When I look over the little Prose Dialogue, I see lots that might be weeded. I wonder at one word which is already crossed—"Emergency." "An Emergency!" I think Blake could have made a Picture of it as he did of the Flea. Something of the same disgusting Shape too.

Paullo Majora. I told AT of some miseries in his Gareth—among them—

Damsel, the Task  
To an abounding Pleasure—

for one, which I told him was what a City Apprentice would say to his Partner at an East End Hop when she asked for a Glass of Negus.<sup>3</sup> But I suppose he won't mind "Old Fitz's Crotchets." I have seen his Dedication to the Queen<sup>4</sup> quoted in a Newspaper: with a few good Lines, but enough to show that the old High Mettled Racer is run out: as I think he was near forty years ago.

Blake seems to me to have fine things: but as by random, like those of a Child, or a Madman, of Genius. Is there one good *whole* Piece of ever so few lines?

Somehow, I don't believe in your Holman Hunt, with his Picture of near four years parturition<sup>5</sup>—in a moveable Workshop—in Jerusalem, etc. The Sistine Madonna didn't take that time nor trouble.

What do you think of a French saying quoted by Heine—that when "Le Bon Dieu" gets rather bored in Heaven, he opens the windows, and takes a look at the Boulevards? Heine's account of the Cholera in France is wonderful.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

N.B. Don't feel bound to say anything of the Book I send. None of the things, nor anything else I have done would have been printed by me if Magazines would have taken them. Parker wouldn't have the Persians when he asked me to do something for Fraser. So, "S'Death. I must shame the Fools."

<sup>1</sup> *Agamemnon*, privately printed, April, 1869.

<sup>2</sup> Childs of Bungay, so described to account for the blue paper covers of the book.

<sup>3</sup> EFG misquotes Gareth's words to Lynette after he overthrows the first of the four knights who oppose him:

Damsel, thy charge  
Is an abounding pleasure to me.

<sup>4</sup> The epilogue to the *Idylls of the King*, first published in 1872.

<sup>5</sup> Pollock had probably seen Holman Hunt's "*Shadow of Death*," painted between 1868 and 1872, and commented on it in a letter to EFG. The picture was not exhibited publicly until November, 1873. See letter to Pollock, [Nov. 30, 1873].

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## To Alfred Tennyson

Woodbridge

Dec. 30/72

To make amends for the audacious remarks I made at Christmas, I transcribe what poor Morton<sup>1</sup> wrote to me.

*Plymouth, March 1845*

†(Note)

When I look into Alfred's poems, I am astonished at the size of the Words and the Thoughts. No man clothes an Idea in Language at once so apt, and so full of Strength, Music and Dignity. Were a Poet to be judged by single Lines, I am not sure he would not deserve the First Place among them all. How many of the Lines of Locksley Hall are perfect as a Sicilian Tetradrachm, which is esteemed the most beautiful of all Coins, so round, so chisell'd, and of the purest Metal. Virgil's Georgicks have also the same voluble perfection:

Sin Alfea rotis prolati flumina Piso<sup>2</sup>

I have not seen that line for twenty years: yet I am sure it is Virgil's. Like Alfred's, his Lines coil themselves up in the Mind.

I am satisfied that Goethe wanted the burning Impressions of Imagery on the mind, which raps the Poet into the Lyrical Heaven. He was rarely impassioned; his Nature was for most part a cold, classifying, methodical one, fitter for a philosopher than a Poet; and it was only when old G. got well drunk somehow that he broke through his scientific trammels so inconsistent with the Freedom of Sweep and large Movement of the Poetic Flight.

† [Note—A Paltry Poet of that Day.] Editor

There, Sir, is something for Wife and Son to read and *keep*, if they please. I lit upon it the other day in an MS Volume of Quotations from Morton's Letters—all so good, that I have wanted to get someone to put them in some Magazine, but, of course, no one will do as I ask. And what I have retained and copied of his Letters is only the refuse: all the best parts were cut out carefully by me, and offered by Thackeray to Blackwood, when poor Morton would have been glad of £10. Thackeray was not then quite a Great Man, so Blackwood simply lost the MS.



December 1872

I have had half a mind to send you what I yet have of these Letters—but MS—especially my MS—is hard reading; and perhaps would not repay you, after all. I am only quite sure it is much better than what stuff the Magazines now [publish].

I think I send you as pretty a New Year's Gift as any you will have: and I dare say you have many. Do not think necessary to acknowledge mine: still less, let Mrs. T. be at the trouble. But believe me hers and yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Savile Morton.

<sup>2</sup> Morton misquotes Virgil's allusion to the chariot races at the Olympic games  
Sin . . .  
Aut Alpheia rotis praelabi flumina Pisae  
*Georgics*, III. 179-80

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Dec. 31/72

*My dear Cowell,*

I will have a pair of Chickens for Dinner here on Friday, and shall be happy to see you and Elizabeth to eat them. Only, don't feel bound to come if the weather be outrageous, or any other reason makes you wish to keep at home, or go elsewhere. If you know any such Cause or Impediment the day before, write me a line to say so; if you only discover such on Friday itself, you can, you know, telegram to me. And if even *that* be impracticable, why, the Fowls will do cold another day.

I was very glad to have Arthur here; only sorry he had so short a Holyday. It is a pity he can't be found some work in the Country: I don't think he will ever do for a Clerk: and I believe that very little would content him if there were but Fields and Streams to disport in after Duty was over. But this we can talk of, among other things, if you come.

Please to give my very kind Remembrances of the Past, and good Wishes for the Future, to all your Party: and believe me

Yours always  
E.FG.

January 1873

To E. B. Cowell  
(Fragment)

[Woodbridge]  
January 4, 1873

. . . If you care to carry it away with you, pray do so: it cost but 2.6 and I can get another for the same *if I want it*, which I do not much. . . .

Do ask the Chorus if he has got the Life—Autobiography—of Silas Told,<sup>1</sup> one of John Wesley's Ministers who devoted himself much to attending the condemned convicts at Newgate.

Your, and Elizabeth's, visit here has been very pleasant indeed to me, and I hope you were neither the worse for it. You know I should be very glad to have you over again: but I do not expect you, inso-much as I doubt not that your Family do not care to spare you.

Pray remember me very kindly to them all: and believe me

Yours always  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Silas Told*. Told (1711-79), after serving in turn as seaman, teacher, and bricklayer, became a follower of John Wesley, who persuaded him to resume teaching in a school for charity pupils. For the last 21 years of his life Told also served as self-appointed chaplain for prisoners at Newgate and always rode in one of the carts when condemned felons were taken to Tyburn to be hanged.



To W. F. Pollock  
To be read *ad Libitum*.

Woodbridge  
Jan. 5/73

*My dear Pollock,*

I don't know that I have anything to tell you, except a Story which I have already written to Donne and to Mrs. Kemble—all the way to Rome, out of a French Book.<sup>1</sup> I just now forget the name, and it is gone back to Mudie. About 1783, or a little later, a young *Danseur* of the French Opera falls in love with a young *Danseuse* of the same. She, however, takes up with a "Militaire," who indeed commands the Guard who are on Service at the Opera. The poor *Danseur* gets mad with jealousy: attacks the Militaire on his post; who just bids his Sol-

diers tie the poor Lad to a Column, without further Injury. The Lad, though otherwise unhurt, falls ill of Shame and Jealousy; and dies, after bequeathing his Skeleton to the Doctor attached to the Opera, with an understanding that the said Skeleton is to be kept in the Doctor's Room at the Opera. Somehow, this Skeleton keeps its place through Revolutions, and Changes of Dynasty: and re-appears on the Scene when some Diablerie is on foot, as in Freischütz; where says the Book, it still produces a certain effect. I forgot to say that the *Subject* wished to be in that Doctor's Room in order that he might still be near his Beloved when she danced.

Now, is not this a capital piece of French all over?

In Sophie Gay's "Salons de Paris"<sup>2</sup> I read that when Mad<sup>lle</sup> Contat (the Predecessor of Mars)<sup>3</sup> was learning under Prévillle and his Wife for the Stage, she gesticulated too much, as Novices do. So the Prévilles confined her Arms like "*une Momie*" she says, and then set her off with a Scene. So long as no great Passion, or Business, was needed, she felt pretty comfortable, she says: but when the Dialogue grew hot, then she could not help trying to get her hands free; and *that*, as the Prévilles told her, sufficiently told her when Action should begin—and not till then, whether in Grave or Comic. This anecdote (told by Contat herself) has almost an exact counterpart in Mrs. Siddons' practice: who recited even Lear's Curse with her hands and arms close to her side like an Egyptian Figure,<sup>4</sup> and Sir Walter Scott, who heard her, said nothing could be more terrible.

Now, you see, if I read a lot of Trash, I am able to tell you some little bit of good in it for London use, without your having to waste your time further. But I don't know if my writing mends the matter.

The Egyptian Mummy reminds me of a clever, dashing, Book we are reading on the subject, by Mr. Zincke, Vicar of a Village near Ipswich.<sup>5</sup> Did you know, or do you believe, that the Mummy was wrapt up into its Chrysalis Shape as an Emblem of Future Existence; wrapt up, too, in bandages all inscribed with ritualistic directions for its intermediate stage, which was not one of total Sleep? I supposed that this might be a piece of ingenious Fancy: but Cowell, who has been over to see me, says it is probable.

I have brought my Eyes by careful nursing into sufficient strength to read Molière, and Montaigne, and two or three more of my old "Standards" with all my old Relish. But I must not presume on this; and ought to spare your Eyes as well as my own in respect of this Letter.

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Donne wrote me word that he met Spedding at Malkin's lately, and he, and all there, thought him grave and sad. When you next write pray tell me about him: which will be better than all my French Gossip.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Nestor Roqueplan, *La Vie Parisienne*, Paris, 1853 (Wright's note).

<sup>2</sup> Marie Sophie Gay (1776-1852), French novelist and dramatist; *Salons Célèbres*, 2 vols., Paris, 1837.

<sup>3</sup> Louise Contat (1760-1813) and Anne Mars-Boutet (1779-1847), comedienues.

<sup>1</sup> Described in the *Quarterly Review*, June, 1826, p. 216, in a review of *Reminiscences of Michael Kelly*.

<sup>2</sup> See following letter to Pollock, n.1.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Jan./73

*My dear Pollock,*

I have not been reading so much of my Gossip lately, to send you a good little Bit of, which I think may do you a good turn now and then. Give a look at "Egypt of the Pharaohs" by Zincke, Vicar of a Parish near Woodbridge; the Book is written in a light, dashing (but not Cockney pert) way, easily looked over. There is a supposed Soliloquy of an English Labourer (called "Hodge") as contrasted with the Arab, which is capital.<sup>1</sup>

Do you know Taschereau's<sup>2</sup> Life of Molière? I have only got that prefixed to a common Edition of 1730. But even this is a delightful serio-comic Drama. I see that H. Heine says the French are all born Actors: which always makes me wonder why they care so for the Theatre. Heine too, I find, speaks of V. Hugo's Worship of Ugliness—of which I find so much in Browning and other modern Artists, Literary, Musical, or Graphic. Cowell, who came to see me here a fortnight ago, tells me that Browning begins to be less talked of at Cambridge. Which I am glad of; not that I have any Spite whatsoever against The Man, whom I have scarce ever seen; but I want the World to come back to its better Sense in such matters.

What, you tell me, Palgrave said about me,<sup>3</sup> I should have thought none but a very partial Friend, like Donne, would ever have thought

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of saying. But I'll say no more on that head. Only that, as regards the little Dialogue, I think it is a very pretty thing in Form, and with some very pretty parts in it. But when I read it two or three years ago, there was, I am sure, some over-smart writing, and some clumsy wording; insomuch that, really liking the rest, I cut out about a sheet, and substituted another, and made a few corrections with a Pen in what remained, though plenty more might be made, little as the Book is. Well; as you like this little Fellow, and I think he is worth liking—up to a Point—I shall send you a Copy of these amended Sheets.

You did not say in your Letter how Spedding was. Perhaps you had not seen him. Laurence tells me he has two Sitters, I think, beside Venables. He has also had Donne: so I hope he is a little better off this Season. But his Wife has been very ill, he says.

I read about Gilbert's new Play;<sup>1</sup> I dare say it is pleasantly written, but the Interest must be feeble. He seems an ingenious Writer: but I should think would not strike deep enough to endure—in any Direction.

Yours always  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "Achmed Tried in the Balance with Hodge," Chapter XLV of *Egypt under the Pharaohs, and of the Khedivé*, 1871, by Foster B. Zincke, Vicar of Wherstead. The passage consists of Hodge's reflections while at work in the sodden fields on a winter's day. "It is one of my few recital pieces," EFG wrote to C. E. Norton.

<sup>2</sup> Jules Antoine Taschereau (1801-74).

<sup>3</sup> F. T. Palgrave, who admired *Euphranor*, EFG's "dialogue on youth."

<sup>4</sup> William Schwenck Gilbert's *Wicked World*, produced in January. See March letter to Donne, n.l.

To Anna Biddell

Markethill

Tuesday [January 28, 1873]

Dear Miss Biddell,

"Thanks!"—as the Saying is<sup>1</sup>—for the Ipswich News, with its Dead Emperor.<sup>2</sup> How careworn the Living Face—How calm the Dead!

Where the wicked cease from troubling,

And the Weary are at rest.<sup>3</sup>

If the Prince Imp<sup>4</sup> be like this Portrait, he won't cause much trouble, I think, in the Wide World. The Russian Scene is, as you say, un-

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comfortable enough; and you should not admire the Ferrywomen at all.

Lord Lytton I never knew.<sup>5</sup> I thought he used to have light hair: to which he had better have stuck when he set up a Wig: which, however, I don't blame him for. What a poor Head, compared to the Build of Thackeray! More like Dickens, perhaps. Not one word of his clever Books do I remember, or ever wish to return to: and in fifty years hence I believe Posterity will be even more ignorant of him than I. So I don't think they should have laid him in Westminster Abbey, though he be quite as worthy as half the People there. I say one hundred years should elapse before those beautiful Walls are made the Records of men: if their "Works have followed them" and are known a hundred years after, there then is a strong presumption for their being known another—and perhaps another—hundred.

I suppose the Northfleet Tragedy<sup>6</sup> has supplanted Napoleon's Death and Obsequies for a time in England. I have not read, nor heard read, of it: for one reason, my Reader laid up with a Cold. So I handed the Papers to Father Howe. Come and see Ugolino<sup>7</sup> one day, won't you? He is *here*, remember.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

I have had a Letter from Mrs. Edwards. All well.  
I return Carlyle Vol. II.

<sup>1</sup> During a call on EFG, a nephew recorded, "Uncle very kindly asked me if I should like some claret. Like an idiot, I said, 'Thanks.' . . . He gravely declined my answer thus: 'Thanks, Thank you, I thank you.'"

<sup>2</sup> Napoleon III, deposed in 1870 during the Franco-Prussian War, had died in exile at Chislehurst, Kent, January 9.

<sup>3</sup> Job III:17, from memory.

<sup>4</sup> Eugene Louis, son of Napoleon III, called the Prince Imperial. EFG's "Imp" may be an abbreviation. After attending the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, the Prince was killed in action in South Africa in 1879.

<sup>5</sup> Edward Bulwer-Lytton, author and politician, had died January 18.

<sup>6</sup> While at anchor off Dungeness the night of January 22, the emigrant ship *Northfleet*, en route to Tasmania, was run down by an unidentified vessel and sank within an hour. Only 85 of the 400 on board were saved.

<sup>7</sup> An engraving of Ugolino della Gherardescha (d. 1289), Guelph leader at Pisa during the closing years of his life. The original portrait was included in the Royal Academy exhibition of Old Masters in London at the time.

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To Alfred Smith

Woodbridge

Friday, [February, 1873]

Dear Alfred,

I forgot to ask you yesterday where, and how, Posh had better look out for a Purchaser for his mare: and about what money he should ask, or take, for her. (I am sorry to trouble you about it: but I should be glad to put him in the way of making the best of her, poor Fellow.)

Yours always

E.F.G.

Tell me if you should ever have recognized either of the enclosed,<sup>1</sup> had I not sent them to you. I should not; nor should even have known that both of them were meant for the same Person. If you think you would have recognized either; or if you would even wish you could recognize either; keep it; for you never saw, nor ever will see, to such advantage

Yours truly

E.F.G.

Only—whether you keep or not—please to show the Photo to nobody: and even mention it to nobody. It has only been done for about half a Dozen persons—a month ago.

<sup>1</sup> Photographs of EFG taken by Alfred Cade of Ipswich in January. See letter to Pollock, March 30.

To Frederick Spalding

26 Portland Terrace,

Regents' Park, London N.W.

[February 23, 1873]

Dear Mr. Spalding,

I will write to you for one bad reason—that I have no Book to read this Sunday morning, when all the good folks are gone to Church. In the Afternoon I am going to see Mr. Rowe, if he chooses to see me: and I may perhaps keep this Letter open till I have done so.

I got up here in wretched weather on Friday: but found two most comfortable little rooms and a most kind Hostess to receive me. Poor Marietta Nursey, however, has really been pulled down by attending

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on her Brother, and now wants rest, fresh Air, and Good Living, to restore her.

I went yesterday to a Sale at Christies' where were indifferent English Pictures going for much more money than worth: there was one little head by Ostade<sup>1</sup> which I bid £10 for, but did not get it—or want it. I also saw the “Old Masters”—which, whether from my being in a happy humour, or the Pictures, seemed to me very fine indeed—Vandyke, Rubens, and Titian, whose “Cornaro Family” seemed to me worth all the rest. One very fine small-life Sir Joshua: beautiful Romneys: middling Gainsboros: two capital Turners: and two ditto Cromes of F. Maitland: an Oaken Avenue with Deer: and Slate Quarries in the Mountains: quite as good as Velasquez Landscapes and very like. Also, the Yarmouth Regatta—with one bad *Sail* in it. Count Ugolino is not so good as the Engraving, I think: the Count himself a strong Likeness of Mr. Kettle here.

[No signature]

<sup>1</sup> Either Adrian or Isaac van Ostade, brothers, 17th-century artists of the Dutch School.

To Herman Biddell

[Woodbridge]

[March, 1873]<sup>1</sup>

Dear Biddell,

Do not let your Sister Anna persuade you tomorrow that I want Stubbs home yet,<sup>2</sup> because I was talking to her yesterday of its goodness, and good condition, as compared with that I have just seen at the Old Masters'. She says you scarce think that one can be genuine: indeed, it looked to me more like one of Gilpin's,<sup>3</sup> both for Horse and Man. They should certainly have had a good Specimen: as they should at the National Gallery. There are better than what you now have: Barlow's, in some respects: but the Condition of yours is of the very best: and I was saying to Anna that that condition would be preserved by being kept dry, but not hot; not in any strong Sunlight; and with no friction, or rubbing, of any sort—no *grooming*—by anything but a light feather brush; or a very slight wisp of a Silk handkerchief now and then, not to be administered by any Servant's hand.

The Picture is of no great value, having cost me fifty shillings: the Drawing of the Horse is faulty: but the Colour is really capital: and



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that Colour depends much on the preservation of it from the necessity of any cleaning or new varnish. There is just the right Gloss of the latter now upon it.

I should not have written but that I was afraid Anna might give you an idea I wanted the Picture now back—which I don't—only to keep it as it is, wherever it be.

I was amazed at the Old Masters, so fine as some seemed to me: the Titians, and a Raffaele, above all. Ugolino, I think with you, is better in Print.<sup>4</sup>

Yours always  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Misdated by Wright, [May, 1874].

<sup>2</sup> A picture by George Stubbs (1724-1806) described as "the greatest master of horse painting in English art" (David Livingstone-Learmonth, *The Horse in Art*, 1952, Plate 29).

<sup>3</sup> Sawrey Gilpin (1733-1807), like Stubbs, known for his pictures of race horses.

<sup>4</sup> See letter to Anna Biddell, [Jan. 28, 1873], n.7.

To W. B. Donne

[Woodbridge]  
[March, 1873]

*My dear Donne,*

After many years solicitation from Nieces, Crabbes, and two or three other old Friends, I got myself Photo'ed at the Beginning of this Year. And I don't like not to send a Copy to you, one of my very oldest and dearest Friends. The Artist always does three of every Sitter: but my bad Eyes blinked so (I suppose) in the Full face, turned toward the Machine, that we only took Copies of the two which turn away: and here they are for you to choose from—as also for Mowbray, if he likes. They are so unexpectedly complimentary, that I should not know either was meant for me: but also I must say I should not send them to my Friends if they were not so complimentary. For I think one should only hand over a presentable Likeness of oneself to those who have a Regard for one: and they, as well as I, must believe in the Likeness, though they wouldn't know it, inasmuch as Phoebus Apollo struck it off; and he should be the God of Truth. I shall send Pollock one, if you and yours will tell me which is best. I call one *The Statesman*: and the other, *The Philosopher*.

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I have read in the Papers of your Censorship Bothers: in which I see the Knavery of the Managers. I suppose your hide is sufficiently thick by this time not to mind Newspaper pelting.<sup>1</sup>

I was in London three weeks ago, and saw the old Masters, and heard part of a delicious Opera of Mozart, which was in Music what Titian and Raffaele were in Painting. I saw no one but poor Mr. Rowe whom I mainly went up to see; and have no more to say than I have said so many times before as to my not looking for you. If I went to see any one, depend upon it I should not wait for any other occasion than the simple one of going up expressly to see you, and one or two others, who I know never fail in wishing me so to do.

I do not like to trouble you to write, you having so much else to do with your Time, and Pen. But you will feel bound to thank me for these Photos: and then I shall be very glad to hear about you and yours. I have nothing more to tell of myself than you know from other years; for one thing (I hope you believe) that I am yours as ever

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *The Happy Land*, a satiric burlesque in which members of the government, including Gladstone, were caricatured, delighted audiences when it opened at the Court Theater March 3. Portions "were frantically encoored again and again." Editorials severely censured the licenser for laxity. However, investigation disclosed that the prompter's script did not correspond to that sent to Donne; and the license was suspended until the producers agreed to conform to the text submitted. The producer later announced publication of the satire "as originally played . . . with the interdicted portions printed in capital letters."

The play, by F. Latour Tomline and Gilbert A'Beckett, was a parody of W. S. Gilbert's *Wicked World*, produced in January. "Tomline" proved to be none other than Gilbert himself.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]

[March, 1873]

*My dear Pollock,*

7¼ p.m. After a stroll in mine own Garden, under the moon—shoes kicked off—Slippers and Dressing Gown on—a Pinch of Snuff—and hey for a Letter—to my only London Correspondent.

And to London have I been since my last Letter: and have seen the Old Masters; and finished them off by such a Symphony as was worthy of the best of them, two Acts of Mozart's "Così."<sup>1</sup> You wrote me that

you had "assisted" at that also: the Singing, as you know, was inferior: but the Music itself! Between the Acts a Man sang a song of Verdi's: which was a strange Contrast, to be sure: one of Verdi's heavy Airs, however: for he has a true Genius of his own, though not Mozart's. Well: I did not like even Mozart's two Bravuras for the Ladies: a bad Despina<sup>2</sup> for one: but the rest was fit for—Raffaele, whose Christ in the Garden<sup>3</sup> I had been looking at a little before. I had thought Titian's Cornaro, and a Man in Black by a Column, worth nearly all the rest of the Gallery till I saw the Raffaele: and I couldn't let that go with the others. All Lord Radnor's Pictures were new to me, and nearly all very fine. The Vandykes delightful: Rubens' Daniel,<sup>4</sup> though all by his own hand, not half so good as a Return from Hunting, which perhaps was not: the Sir Joshuas not first rate, I think, except a small life Figure of a Sir W. Molesworth in Uniform: the Gainsboro's scratchy and superficial, I thought: the Romneys better, I thought. Two fine Cromes: Ditto Turners: and—I will make an End of my Catalogue Raisonnée.

Our friend Donne, I see, has got into a Row, along with his Chiefs of the Chamberlain Office. The Managers acted as Knaves, no doubt: but they will help to do away with the Censorship; and things won't mend by that.

I suppose you never read Béranger's Letters:<sup>5</sup> there are four thick Volumes of these, of which I have as yet only seen the Second and Third: and they are well worth reading. They make one love Béranger: partly because (odd enough) he is so little of a Frenchman in Character, French as his Works are. He hated Paris, Plays, Novels, Journals, Critics, etc., hated being monstereed himself as a Great Man, as he proved by flying from it; seems to me to take a just measure of himself and others, and to be moderate in his Political as well as Literary Opinions.

I am hoping for Forster's second volume of Dickens in Mudie's forthcoming Box. Meanwhile, my Boy (whom I momentarily expect) reads me Trollope's "He knew he was right,"<sup>6</sup> the opening of which I think very fine: but which seems to be trailing off into "longueur" as I fancy Trollope is apt to do. But he "has a world of his own," as Tennyson said of Crabbe.

I shall start up just before the Boy comes: and am yours always  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Mozart's "Così fan tutte" was produced at St. George's Hall the last week of January, 1873.

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<sup>2</sup> Sung by Mlle. Visconti.

<sup>3</sup> "Agony in the Garden."

<sup>4</sup> "Daniel in the Lion's Den."

<sup>5</sup> *Correspondance de Beranger* recueillie par Paul Boiteau, 4 vols., Paris, 1860.

<sup>6</sup> Published 1869.

To Mrs. Cowell

[Woodbridge]

March 15, [1873]

Dear Elizabeth C,

You of you twain are my oldest friend, so I send you the Enclosed Photos of myself: which I think you would not know for such unless I told you. I could not at all recognize them as *me*, or even for the same Person: and I think most of those who know me would be in the same plight. I should not send them to you, or anyone, if I did not think them very complimentary to the Sitter; for I think one's friends should retain the very best aspect one can offer: and if these have transcended my best—Phoebus Apollo must answer for it, and his High Priest, Cade of Ipswich. He always does three; but my Third was pronounced to be nought, because (being full face) I had to look at the luminous Machine, and so blinked. Of the two I send, one I call The Statesman: and the other, The Philosopher; have which you will. I have sent the same two to Trinity Lodge.

Now, don't you say, or write, that neither of them is half lovely enough: as I think you will be tempted to do of many an old Hero of days gone by. Cowell will know better.

And here is enough, and too much, of this business: which I thought never to have engaged in; but as half a dozen People still asked, I went about the Beginning of the Year—and this is the Upshot.

Dear me! It is near three months ago since you were here! I fancy you won't leave Cambridge for the Easter Holyday. Pray is the Mr. Barker who came to see my Titian still at Cambridge?

I have been to London, where I got a vile cold; but I was at my old friend Marietta Nursey's home, who took more care of me than of herself.

What is Cowell lecturing about? Is the Mesnavi in hand? Tell me a little of all this; and believe me, with best Love to both,

Yours always  
E.F.G.

March 1873

Just going to begin Vol. II of Forster's Dickens. The Beginning of the matrimonial Quarrel in Trollope's "He knew he was Right" is wonderfully good. As usual with him, I think, the Interest languishes afterward.

To Bernard Quaritch

[Woodbridge]

[March, 1873]

Dear Sir,

Surely I said it was Edition I of Ray<sup>1</sup> that I wanted, not Edition IV at all? So I must send it back to you with the Carriage paid up and down.

As to Polonius, I did not, and do not advise Advertisement: only sending you that bit of Leader, in case you should ever advertise in any way again. I must now leave it to you to give me what you think it may be worth in time, if you choose to let it drain away or if you knock it off by some sudden *swop*.

Poor old Pol! He would do people more good than harm even at 2<sup>s</sup> cost: but having now let him go I must leave it to your conscience (which has been duly instructed by Omar and other such Worthies) to account for him. If I had had 250 Friends I would have made away all the Copies by way of Gift to them: but having only about a Dozen, I had satisfied them twenty years ago. I suppose your Illness is cold with the hot sun and East wind. This has been an unhealthy Winter hereabouts: but I am expecting to celebrate my 65<sup>th</sup> year on March 31—which is all but April Fool Day, you know: as is yours truly,

E.FG.

I enclose you a Photo of our Great Author: as he appeared under the Sun's Rays three months ago. Nobody knows it: I should not myself know it; it is a Miracle of one favourable Sitting. By such means I, a Sinner, turn out [a] much better man than my Brother, who is a Saint: only he didn't know how to sit for one. Isn't it quite *Beautiful*? Had the Original Omar a more contemplative look—even when drunk? or Polonius, the Original?

By the by I didn't send what Copies I had of Calderon as I saw my Rival Macarthy<sup>2</sup> in your List: and one of us is enough. I hope *he* won't sell!

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<sup>1</sup> John Ray, *A Collection of English Proverbs*, 1670.

<sup>2</sup> Denis Florence MacCarthy.

To E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]

[Late March, 1873]

*My dear Cowell,*

I want you to commit Forgery: So far as to add the Christian Initial to the Address of the enclosed—and so send it, or post it, on. I am convinced you can make something of such an Initial Letter as I make: I think I will here subjoin some of the most likely for you to copy—

J. T. R. W. F. A. C.

I had best go through the Alphabet perhaps: but I somehow fancy my Mr. Barker (if that is the Surname of the Gentleman who came to see me, and lives near you!) owns one of the forewritten Initials.

You must, I doubt, buy a Bottle of Violet Ink, to complete the Forgery: but that is no bad Investment.

I am scratching these lines just before my Lad comes up to finish Volume II of Forster's Dickens; good and true (Dickens) to the last—that is, so far as 1850. I feel quite sorry I did not know all the Man's Goodness the only time I ever was in his Company: that was about 1843—when Thackeray took me to dinner at D's House—and Tennyson. D so quite unaffected, and (after all his American Triumph) seeming to wish anyone to show off sooner than himself.

I see Frederick Tennyson is advertized as contributing to your new "Cantab"—a good Name. But why do they advertize Frederick as being the Laureate's Brother, as if he had no other Title to distinction? I wish he would have let me use the Scissors to whatever Poem he sends: I don't know what it is: but I can guess there is too much of it.

What of the Mesnavi? But don't trouble yourself to answer this, or anything else in my Letter, unless you have done all your Work for this Term. I suppose you stay at Cambridge for the Vacation, and am yours and Elizabeth's

E.FG.

*Mind your Forgeries.*

March 1873

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]

March 30/73

*My dear Pollock,*

At the beginning of this year I submitted to be Photo'd at last—for many Nieces, and a few old Friends. I must think that you are an old Friend as well as a very kind and constant one; and so I don't like not to send you what I have sent others. The Artist who took me, took (as he always does) three several Views of one's Face: but the third View (looking full-faced) got blurred by my blinking at the light: so only these two were reproduced. I shouldn't know that either was meant for [me]: nor, I think, would any one else, if not told: but, the Truth-telling Sun somehow did them; and as he acted so handsomely by me, I take courage to distribute them to those who have a regard for me, and will naturally like to have so favorable a Version of one's Outward Aspect to remember one by. I should not have sent them if they had been otherwise. The up-looking one I call "The Statesman," quite ready to be called to the Helm of Affairs: the Down-looking one I call The Philosopher. Will you take which you like? And when next old Spedding comes your way, give him the other (he won't care which) with my Love. I only don't write to him because my doing so would impose on his Conscience an Answer—which would torment him for some little while. I do not love him the less: and believe all the while that he not the less regards me.

You have never told me how you thought him looking, etc., though you told me that your Boy Maurice went to sit with him. It really reminds me of some happy Athenian lad who was privileged to be with Socrates. Some Plato should put down the Conversation.

I have just finished the second volume of Forster's Dickens: and still have no reason not to rejoice in the Man—Dickens. And surely Forster does his part well; but I can fancy that some other Correspondent but himself should be drawn in as Dickens' Life goes on, and thickens with Acquaintances.

We in the Country are having the best of it just now, I think, in these fine Days, though we have nothing to show so gay as Covent Garden Market. I am thinking of my Boat on the River.

Some ten years ago I bought a Water Colour Drawing by Cotman, for thirty or forty Shillings, and gave it to my friend Churchyard here. At his Death it was bought by a Ruffian of a Dealer named Cox in

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London for £4.10; and he now swears he won't take under £40 for it: having (he swears) given £30.

You say I did not date my last letter: I can date this: for it is my Birthday.<sup>1</sup> This it was that made me resolve to send you the Photos. Hey for my 65th year! I think I shall plunge into a Yellow Scratch Wig to keep my head warm for the Remainder of my days. I think I can promise to remain through them your Sincere Friend

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> And so he did; but to quote EFG, "Trust an Irishman where any confusion is wanted." Whether he was writing on March 30, as he dated, or March 31, his birthday, is a mystery.

## To George Crabbe

[Woodbridge]  
April 1/[73]

*My dear George,*

I was not at all surprized by the Romilly Article in the Echo<sup>1</sup> which you sent me. The Whigs have always been famous for that sort of thing. I suppose not really worse than the Tories, only that they professed Disinterest so much more. I was at school with several Sons of Sir Samuel R.—with much good and clever about them, boys and men I never could get on with: like all the Malkins, their friends.

Ten Years ago I bought of that disagreeable fellow Gillman of Norwich a Water colour Drawing of N. Aylsham, in Norfolk, by Cotman—for thirty of forty Shillings. This I gave to Churchyard. It was sold at his Death to the Ruffian Cox, the Dealer: who now wants £40 for it: swearing that he gave £30 at the Sale aforesaid. Mr. Spalding told me this on the Authority of the Man who wanted to buy it.

Somewhere about the same time, or a little after, I bought an Oil Picture of the old "Bath House" by Crome: which I exchanged with Mr. Churchyard for a Nursey: having given £25 for it. In the last Athenaeum I see that a Crome of the "old Bath House" sold for over £400! Surely it cannot be the same; only there is no knowing where Folly and Fashion, with plenty of Money, will go.

Yesterday I entered on my 65th year.

When are you coming home? Try and call here on your way. I had a letter from Peter telling me that Kate had been bilious again. Gerald here has been breaking out into Drink: which I told him was disgrace-



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ful: he has been here today to exculpate himself; but, like so many of his habits, he can't be relied on for Memory. Poor John<sup>2</sup> has been made unhappy; but his own Stupidity has done all.

I want to know if you still recommend that Beccles Tailor: I can't get good Cloth here; and I don't think Rush of Ipswich gives me as good as of old. Whom do you recommend?

Ever yours  
E.FG.

Also what London Homeopathic Doctor?

<sup>1</sup> London's first modern halfpenny newspaper, founded in 1868.

<sup>2</sup> Peter and John, EFG's brothers; Gerald, John's son.

To Fanny Kemble

[Woodbridge]  
[April, 1873]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

It is scarce fair to assail you on your return to England with another Letter so close on that to which you have only just answered<sup>1</sup>—you who *will* answer! I wish you would consider this Letter of mine an Answer (as it really is) to that last of yours; and before long I will write again and call on you then for a Reply.

What inspires me now is, that, about the time you were writing to me about Burns and Béranger, I was thinking of them “which was the Greater Genius?”—I can't say; but, with all my Admiration for about a Score of the Frenchman's almost perfect Songs, I would give all of them up for a Score of Burns' Couplets, Stanzas, or single Lines scattered among those quite *imperfect* Lyrics of his. Béranger, no doubt, was *The Artist*; which still is not the highest Genius—witness Shakespeare, Dante, Aeschylus, Calderon, to the contrary. Burns assuredly had more *Passion* than the Frenchman; which is not Genius either, but a great Part of the Lyric Poet still. What Béranger might have been, if born and bred among Banks, Braes, and Mountains, I cannot tell: Burns had that advantage over him. And then the Highland Mary to love, amid the heather, as compared to Lise the Grisette in a Parisian Suburb! Some of the old French Virelays and *Vaux-de-vire* come much nearer the Wild Notes of Burns, and go to one's heart like his; Béranger never gets so far as that, I think. One knows he will

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come round to his pretty *refrain* with perfect grace; if he were more Inspired he couldn't.

My Love is like the red, red Rose  
That's newly sprung in June,  
My Love is like the Melody  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

and he will love his Love,

Till a' the Seas gang Dry

Yes—Till a' the Seas gang dry, my Dear. And then comes some weaker stuff about Rocks melting in the Sun. All Imperfect; but that red, red Rose has burned itself into one's silly Soul in spite of all. Do you know that one of Burns' few almost perfect stanzas was perfect till he added two Syllables to each alternate Line to fit it to the lovely Music which almost excuses such a dilution of the Verse.

Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom (so fresh) so fair?  
Ye little Birds how can ye sing,  
And I so (weary) full of care!  
Thou'lt break my heart, thou little Bird,  
That sings (singing so) upon the Thorn:  
Thou minds me of departed days  
That never shall return  
(Departed never to) return.

Now I shall tell you two things which my last Quotation has recalled to me.

Some thirty years ago A. Tennyson went over Burns' Ground in Dumfries. When he was one day by Doon-side—"I can't tell how it was, Fitz, but I fell into a Passion of Tears"—And A. T. not given to the melting mood at all.

No. 2. My friend old Childs of the romantic town of Bungay (if you can believe in it!) told me that one day he started outside the Coach in company with a poor Woman who had just lost Husband or Child. She talked of her Loss and Sorrow with some Resignation: till the Coach happened to pull up by a roadside Inn. A "little Bird" was singing somewhere; the poor Woman then broke into Tears, and said—"I could bear anything but that." I dare say she had never even heard of Burns: but he had heard the little Bird that he knew would go to all Hearts in Sorrow.

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Béranger's Morals are Virtue as compared to what have followed him in France. Yet I am afraid he partly led the way. Burns' very *Passion* half excused him; so far from its being Refinement which Burke thought deprived Vice of half its Mischief!

Here is a Sermon for you, you see, which you did not compound for: nor I neither when I began my Letter. But I think I have told you the two Stories aforesaid which will almost deprive my sermon of half its Dulness. And I am now going to transcribe you a *Vau-de-vire* of old Olivier de Basselin, which will show you something of that which I miss in Béranger. But I think I had better write it on a separate Paper. Till which, what think you of these lines of Clément Marot on the Death of some French Princess who desired to be buried among the Poor?

(P.S.—These also must go on the Fly-leaf: being too long, Alexandrine, for these Pages.)

What a Letter? But if you are still at your Vicarage, you can read it in the Intervals of Church. I was surprised at your coming so early from Italy: the famous Holy Week there is now, I suppose, somewhat shorn of its Glory.—If you were not so sincere I should think you were persiflaging me about the Photo, as applied to myself, and yourself. Some years ago I said—and now say—I wanted one of you; and if this letter were not so long, would tell you a little how to sit. Which you would not attend to; but I should be all the same, your longwinded Friend

E.FG.

[The enclosed Marot lines:]

De Damoysselle Anne de Marle (Marot,<sup>2</sup> "Cimetière," xiv)

Lors sans viser au lieu dont elle vint,  
Et desprisant la gloire que l'on a  
En ce bas monde, icelle Anne ordonna,  
Que son corps fust entre les pauvres mys  
En cette fosse. Or prions, chers amys,  
Que l'ame soit entre les pauvres mise,  
Qui bien heureux sont chantez en l'Eglise.

<sup>1</sup> The letter referred to is missing.

<sup>2</sup> Clément Marot (1496-1544), court poet for Francis I.

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To Fanny Kemble

[Woodbridge]

[April, 1873]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

You must attribute this third Letter to an "*Idée*" that has come into my head relating to those Memoirs of yourself which you say you are at some loss to dispose of. I can easily understand that your Children, born and bred (I think) in another World, would not take so much interest in them as some of your old Friends who make part of your Recollections: as you yourself occupy much of theirs. But then they are *old* Friends; and are not their Children, Executors and Assigns, as little to be depended on as your own Kith and Kin? Well, I bethink me of one of your old Friends' Children whom I could reckon upon for you, as I would for myself: Mowbray Donne: the Son of one who you know loves you of old, and inheriting all his Father's Loyalty to his Father's Friends. I am quite convinced that he is to be perfectly depended upon in all respects for this purpose; for his Love, his Honour, and his Intelligence. I should then make him one day read the Memoirs to me—for I can't be assured of my own Eyes interpreting your MS. without so much difficulty as would disturb one's Enjoyment, or Appreciation, of such a Memoir. Unless indeed you should one day come down yourself to my Château in dull Woodbridge, and there read it over, and talk it over.

Well; this is what I seriously advise, always supposing that you have decided not to print and publish the Memoir during your Life. No doubt you could make money of it, beside "bolting up" such Accident as the Future comprehends. The latter would, I know, be the only recommendation to you.

I don't think you will do at all as I advise you. But I nevertheless advise you as I should myself in case I had such a Record as you have to leave behind me.

Now once more for French Songs. When I was in Paris in 1830, just before that Revolution, I stopped one Evening on the Boulevards by the Madeleine to listen to a Man who was singing to his Barrel-organ. Several passing "Blouses" had stopped also: not only to listen, but to join in the Songs, having bought little "*Libretti*" of the words from the Musician. I bought one too; for, I suppose, the smallest French Coin; and assisted in the Song which the Man called out beforehand (as they do Hymns at Church), and of which I enclose you the poor

little Copy. "*Le Bon Pasteur*, s'il vous plait"—I suppose the Circumstances: the "beau temps," the pleasant Boulevards, the then so amiable People, all contributed to the effect this Song had upon me; anyhow, it has constantly revisited my memory for these forty-three years; and I was thinking, the other day, touched me more than any of Béranger's most beautiful Things. This, however, may be only one of "Old Fitz's Crotchets," as Tennyson and others would call them.

I have been trying again at another Great *Artist's* work which I never could care for at all, Goethe's *Faust*, in Hayward's Prose Translation;<sup>1</sup> Eighth Edition. Hayward quotes from Goethe himself, that, though of course much of the Poem must evaporate in a Prose Translation, yet the Essence must remain. Well; I distinguish as little of that Essential Poetry in the *Faust* now as when I first read it—longer ago than "*Le Bon Pasteur*," and in other subsequent Attempts. I was tempted to think this was some Defect—great Defect—in myself: but a Note at the end of the Volume informs me that a much greater Wit than I was in the same plight—even Coleridge; who admires the perfect German Diction, the Songs, Choruses, etc. (which are such parts as cannot be translated into Prose); he also praises Margaret and Mephistopheles; but thinks *Faust* himself dull, and great part of the Drama flat and tiresome; and the whole Thing not a self-evolving Whole, but an unconnected Series of Scenes: all which are parts that can be judged of from Translation, by Goethe's own Authority. I find a great want of Invention and Imagination both in the Events and Characters.

Gervinus' Theory of Hamlet<sup>2</sup> is very striking. Perhaps Shakespeare himself would have admitted, without ever having expressly designed, it. I always said with regard to the Explanation of Hamlet's Madness or Sanity, that Shakespeare himself might not have known the Truth any more than we understand the seeming Discords we see in People we know best. Shakespeare intuitively imagined, and portrayed, the Man without being able to give a reason—*perhaps*—I believe in Genius doing this: and remain your Inexhaustible Correspondent,

E.FG.

Excuse this very bad writing, which I have gone over "with the pen of Correction," and would have wholly re-written if my Eyes were not be-glared with the Sun on the River. You need only read the first part about Donne.

<sup>1</sup> Abraham Hayward, *Faust*, 1833.

<sup>2</sup> Georg G. Gervinus, *Shakespeare*, Leipzig, 1849.

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Fourteen years had passed since Bernard Quaritch placed the first edition of the *Rubáiyát* on a shelf in his shop in Castle Street; twelve had passed since the poem was "discovered" in the penny box beside the shop door. The second edition, 1868, had been followed by a third which went on sale in August, 1872; but the identity of the translator was still known only to four or five of FitzGerald's most intimate friends in England and to a small circle among the friends of Mrs. Sarah Wister, Fanny Kemble's daughter, in Philadelphia.

A copy of the translation, which Swinburne had given Edward Burne-Jones at the time of discovery, was one of the artist's "precious possessions." His friend John Ruskin was so charmed with the poem when he read the booklet in 1863 that he wrote a note addressed "To the Translator of Omar Khayyám," and left it with the artist to be delivered if the author was ever identified. Charles Eliot Norton, the American scholar and critic, in 1868 also first read the poem in Burne-Jones's copy and learned of the note which Ruskin had written. After an extended residence on the Continent, Norton returned to England in 1872, and Burne-Jones told him of a rumor that had become current—the translator was "a certain Reverend Edward FitzGerald, who lived somewhere in Norfolk and was fond of boating." Subsequently, in the course of a conversation with Carlyle, Norton mentioned the poem and expressed his admiration for it. "He asked me whose work it was," Norton recounted, "and I told him what I had heard. . . . 'The Reverend Edward FitzGerald?' he said in reply. 'Why he's no more reverend than I am! He's an old friend of mine—I'm surprised, if the book be as good as you tell me it is, that my old friend never mentioned it to me.' . . . I told him I would send him the book, and did so the next day. Two or three days later, when we were walking together again, he said, 'I've read that little book you sent me, and I think my old friend FitzGerald might have spent his time to much better purpose than in busying himself with the verses of that old Mohammedan blackguard.'"

In a letter written to Lady Burne-Jones in 1902, Norton assigned Carlyle's identification of the translator to the spring of 1873. During the passage of twenty-nine years his memory had telescoped events of more than four months into a few days. His initial conversation with Carlyle about FitzGerald is not included in the published fragments of his journal. The entry for December 9, 1872, includes: "Carlyle told me that he had known FitzGerald well, though he had not heard of his translation of Omar Khayyám till I mentioned it to him." In Norton's recollection of the sequence of events, he reported his discovery

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to Burne-Jones the day following one of the conversations. However, four months passed before Ruskin's note was delivered. The delay may have resulted from Norton's being ill of pneumonia for five or six weeks during the winter. Another explanation, which experience will induce some readers to accept, could be that Burne-Jones encountered difficulty in locating the note among his papers. Whatever the cause, the message, sent to Norton and forwarded by him to Carlyle April 13, 1873, reached FitzGerald two days later. Carlyle also passed on a covering letter which he had received from Norton:

*I enclose a note which' Ruskin wrote some year or two, or even more, since, addressed to the Translator of Omar Khayyám, that "old Mohammedan blackguard" as you call him. He took a fancy to the productions of the reprobate poet, and left this note with an acquaintance of mine to be forwarded to the translator if ever his name should be discovered.*

*The note has been lying all this while in a desk, and I am asked now to ask you to forward it,—that is to give to it the right address and let it be sent to the post office.*

*Will you have the kindness to do this? unless you think that such a part of the Persian poet blackguard's sins rests upon the shoulders of his translator, as to make him unworthy to be cheered by the knowledge that his work has given pleasure to others no better, if indeed not worse than himself.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Trinity College Library MS.

From Thomas Carlyle

Chelsea  
14 April, 1873

Dear Fitzgerald,

Mr. Norton, the writer of that note,<sup>1</sup> is a distinguished American (co-editor for a long time of the *North American Review*), an extremely amiable, intelligent and worthy man; with whom I have had some pleasant walks, dialogues and other communications, of late months;—in the course of which he brought to my knowledge, for the first time, your notable *Omar Khayyám*, and insisted on giving me a copy from the third edition, which I now possess, and duly prize. From him too, by careful cross-questioning, I identified, beyond dispute, the hidden "Fitzgerald," the Translator;—and indeed found that

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his complete silence, and unique modesty in regard to said meritorious and successful performance, was simply a feature of my own *Edward F.*! The translation is excellent; the Book itself a kind of jewel in its way. I do Norton's mission without the least delay, as you perceive. Ruskin's message to you passes through my hands sealed. I am ever your affectionate

T. Carlyle

<sup>1</sup> The covering letter sent with the Ruskin note. "I was amused," Norton told Lady Burne-Jones, "that Carlyle had let his phrase about the 'old Mohammedan blackguard' reach FitzGerald's eyes."

From John Ruskin

2<sup>nd</sup> September, 1863

*My dear & very dear Sir*

I do not know in the least who you are, but I do with all my soul pray you to find and translate some more of Omar Khayyám for us: I never did—till this day—read anything so glorious, to my mind as this poem (10<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> pages if one were to choose)<sup>1</sup>—and that, & this, is all I can say about it—More—more—please more—& that I am ever gratefully & respectfully yours.

J. Ruskin

The Translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar

<sup>1</sup> Quatrains 44-58, first edition. The tenor of Ruskin's selection is expressed in 45:

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me  
The Quarrel of the Universe let be;  
And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,  
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

The quatrain appeared only in 1859 and, with 37, was probably deleted because there is no close parallel to either in EFG's MS sources. Swinburne, who praised the *Rubáiyát* as "that most exquisite English translation, sovereignly faultless in form and colour of verse," regretted the omission from subsequent editions of a "crowning stanza which is the core or kernel of the whole." Stanza 45 is referred to; 37 does not qualify as a "core" stanza and is less akin to Swinburne's temper. Swinburne also refers to quatrain 58 (81 in editions III and IV) as "the crowning stanza" in his essay, "Social Verse." However, that quatrain, which concludes:

For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd, Man's forgiveness give—and take!

appears in all versions.



April 1873

To Thomas Carlyle

[Woodbridge]  
[April 15, 1873]

*My dear Carlyle,*

Thank you for enclosing Mr. Norton's Letter: and will you thank him for his enclosure of Mr. Ruskin's? It is lucky for both R. and me that you did not read his Note; a sudden fit of Fancy, I suppose, which he is subject to. But as it was kindly meant on his part, I have written to thank him. Rather late in the Day; for his Letter (which Mr. Norton thinks may have lain a year or two in his Friend's Desk) is dated September 1863.

Which makes me think of our old Naseby Plans, so long talked of, and undone. I have made one more effort since I last wrote to you; by writing to the Lawyer, as well as to the Agent, of the Estate; to intercede with the Trustees thereof, whose permission seems to be necessary. But neither Agent nor Lawyer have yet answered. I feel sure that you believe that I do honestly wish this thing to be done; the plan of the Stone, and Inscription, both settled: the exact site ascertained by some who were with me when I dug for you: so as we can even specify the so many "yards to the rear" which you stipulated for: only I believe we must write "to the East—or Eastward"—in lieu of "to the rear." But for this Change we must have your Permission as well as from the Trustees theirs.

I am glad to hear from Mr. Norton's Letter to you that you hold well, through all the Wet and Cold we have had for the last six months. Our Church Bell here has been tolling for one and another of us very constantly. I get out on the River in my Boat, and dabble about my five acres of Ground just outside the Town. Sometimes I have thought you might come to my pleasant home, where I never live, but where you should be treated with better fare than you had at Farlingay: where I did not like to disturb the Hostess' Economy. But I may say this: you would not come; nor could I press you to do so. But I remain yours sincerely, I assure you,

E.FG.

P.S. Perhaps I had better write a word of thanks to Mr. Norton myself: which I will do. I suppose he may be found at the address he gives.

April 1873

To C. E. Norton

Woodbridge  
April 17/73

Dear Sir,

Two days ago Mr. Carlyle sent me your Note, enclosing one from Mr. Ruskin "to the Translator of Omar Khayyám." You will be a little surprized to hear that Mr. Ruskin's Note is dated *September 1863*: all but ten years ago! I dare say he has forgotten all about it long before this: however, I write him a Note of Thanks for the good—too good—message he sent me—better late than never, supposing that he will not be startled and bored by my Acknowledgments of a forgotten Favor rather than gratified. It is really a funny little Episode in the Ten years' Dream.

I had asked Carlyle to thank you also for such trouble as you have taken in the matter. But, as your Note to him carries your Address, I think I may as well thank you for myself.

I am very glad to gather from your Note that Carlyle is well, and able to walk, as well as talk, with a congenial Companion. Indeed, he speaks of such agreeable conversation with you in the Message he appends to your Letter. For which thanking you once more, allow me to write myself yours sincerely

Edward FitzGerald

Thomas Carlyle to C. E. Norton  
(Fragment)

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,  
18 April 1873

Dear Norton,

It is possible Fitzgerald may have written to you; but whether or not I will send you his letter to myself, as a slight emblem and memorial of the peaceable, affectionate, and ultra modest man, and his innocent *far niente* life,—and the connexion (were there nothing more) of Omar, the Mahometan Blackguard, and Oliver Cromwell, the English Puritan!—discharging you completely, at the same time, from ever returning me this letter, or taking any notice of it, except a small silent one.

April 1873

From John Ruskin

Brantwood,  
Coniston, Lancashire  
18<sup>th</sup> April, [1873]

*My dear Sir*

I hope the address you gave is enough—for I want to say how glad I am of your letter—though I have time to say no more than that I am

Most truly yours,  
J. Ruskin

To James Read

[Woodbridge]  
[April, 1873]

*Dear Sir,*

I think the 5 Vols. octavo *A. Nights* (with Smirke's Plates)<sup>1</sup> is nearest to what I want, though not quite what I wanted: which was, an earlier 4 Vol. (I think) more literally translated from Galland.<sup>2</sup> But what does this 5 Vol. cost?

Cowell, I think, asked you about Silas Told,<sup>3</sup> whom I wish to get hold of.

I will keep the one Vol. *Clarissa*; and return you the others which I may not want by Green, or by Mr. Spalding: who would have told you the contents of this Letter if he had gone to Ipswich Market.

Do you know of any Volumes, or Numbers (still better) of Blackwood's Magazine from 1820 to 1830?

Yours  
E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Robert Smirke (1752-1845), R.A. and illustrator. His *Arabian Nights* was published in 1811.

<sup>2</sup> Antoine Galland (1646-1715), French Orientalist and first European translator of the *Arabian Nights*, 12 vols., 1704-17.

<sup>3</sup> See note, letter to Cowell, Jan. 4, 1873.

April 1873

To James Read

Woodbridge  
April, [1873]

Dear Sir,

The *Smirke* Arabian Nights will do me well; you can send the remaining Vols. any Day by Carrier.

Mr. Spalding shall carry back the single Vol. of the other Edn. Unless you want it at once—in which case the Carrier shall bring it to you.

Any news of Silas Told?

Yours truly,  
E.F.G.

To Fanny Kemble

[Woodbridge]  
April 22, [1873]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

One last word about what you call my “Half-invitation” to Woodbridge. In one sense it is so; but not in the sense you imagine.

I never do invite any of my oldest Friends to come and see me, am almost distressed at their proposing to do so. If they take me in their way to, or from, elsewhere (as Donne in his Norfolk Circuit) it is another matter.

But I have built a pleasant house just outside the Town, where I never live myself, but keep it mainly for some Nieces who come there for two or three months in the Summer: and, when they are not there, for any Friends who like to come, for the Benefit of fresh Air and Verdure, *plus* the company of their Host. An Artist and his Wife<sup>1</sup> have stayed there for some weeks for the last two years; and Donne and Valentia were to have come, but that they went abroad instead.

And so, while I should even deprecate a Lady like you coming thus far only for my sake, who ought rather to go and ask Admission at your Door, I should be glad if you liked to come to my house for the double purpose aforesaid.

My Nieces have hitherto come to me from July to September or October. Since I wrote to you, they have proposed to come on May 21; though it may be somewhat later, as suits the health of the Invalid<sup>2</sup>—who lives on small means with her elder Sister, who is her Guardian

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Angel. I am sure that no friend of mine—and least of all you—would dissent from my making them my first consideration. I never ask them in Winter, when I think they are better in a Town: which Town has, since their Father's Death, been Lowestoft, where I see them from time to time. Their other six sisters (one only married) live elsewhere: all loving one another, notwithstanding.

Well: I have told you all I meant by my "Half-Invitation." These N.E. winds are less inviting than I to these parts; but I and my House would be very glad to entertain you to our best up to the End of May, if you really liked to see Woodbridge as well as yours always truly

E.FG.

P.S.—You tell me that, once returned to America, you think you will not return ever again to England. But you will—if only to revisit those at Kenilworth—yes, and the blind Lady<sup>3</sup> you are soon going to see in Ireland—and two or three more in England beside—yes, and old England itself, "with all her faults."

By the by:—Some while ago Carlyle sent me a Letter from an American gentleman named Norton (once of the N. American Review, C. says, and a most amiable, intelligent Gentleman)—whose Letter enclosed one from Ruskin, which had been entrusted to another American Gentleman named Burne Jones<sup>4</sup>—who kept it in a Desk ten years, and at last forwarded it as aforesaid—to me! The Note (of Ruskin's) is about one of the Persian Translations: almost childish, as that Man of Genius is apt to be in his Likes as well as Dislikes. I dare say he has forgotten all about Translator and Original long before this. I wrote to thank Mr. Norton for

[Letter unfinished]

<sup>1</sup> Edwin Edwards and his wife.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, the invalid, and Annie Kerrich.

<sup>3</sup> Harriet St. Leger.

<sup>4</sup> Norton had identified Burne-Jones as "an acquaintance of mine."

To Fanny Kemble

Woodbridge  
May 1, [1873]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

I am very glad that you will be Photographed: though not by the Ipswich Man who did me. There are no doubt much better in London.

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Of course the whole Figure is best, if it can be artistically arranged. But certainly the safe plan is to venture as little as possible when an Artist's hand cannot harmonize the Lines and the Lights, as in a Picture. And as the Face is the Chief Object, I say the safest thing is to sit for the Face, neck, and Shoulders only. By this, one not only avoids any conflict about Arms and Hands (which generally disturb the Photo), but also the Lines and Lights of Chair, Table, etc.

For the same reason, I vote for nothing but a plain Background, like a Curtain, or sobercoloured Wall.

I think also that there should be no White in the Dress, which is apt to be too positive for the Face. Nothing nearer White than such material as (I think) Brussels Lace (?) of a yellowish or even dirty hue; of which there may be a Fringe between Dress and Skin. I have advised Men Friends to sit in a—dirty Shirt!

I think a three-quarter face is better than a Full; for one reason, that I think the Sitter feels more at ease looking somewhat away, rather than direct at the luminous Machine. This will suit you, who have a finely turned Head, which is finely placed on Neck and Shoulders. But, as your Eyes are fine also, don't let them be turned too much aside, nor at all downcast: but simply looking as to a Door or Window a little on one side.

Lastly (!) I advise sitting in a lightly clouded Day; not in a bright Sunlight at all.

You will think that I am preaching my own Photo to you. And it is true that, though I did not sit with any one of those rules in my head; but just as I got out of a Cab, etc., yet the success of the Thing made me consider afterward why it succeeded; and I have now read you my Lecture on the Subject. Pray do not forgo your Intention—nay, your Promise, as I regard it—to sit, and send me the result.

Here has been a bevy of Letters, and long ones, from me, you see. I don't know if it is reasonable that one should feel it so much easier to write to a Friend in England than to the same Friend abroad; but so it is, with me at least. I suppose that a Letter directed to Stoneleigh<sup>1</sup> will find you before you leave—for America!—and even after that. But I shall not feel the same confidence and ease in transcribing for you pretty Norman Songs, or gossiping about them as I have done when my Letters were only to travel to Kenilworth: which very place—which very name of a Place—makes the English world akin. I suppose you have been at Stratford before this—an event in one's Life. It was not the Town itself—or even the Church—that touched me

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most: but the old Footpaths over the Fields which He must have crossed three Centuries ago.

Spedding tells me he is nearing Land with his Bacon. And one begins to think Macready a Great Man amid the Dwarfs that now occupy his Place.

Ever yours sincerely,  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> The home of her daughter Frances, Mrs. James Leigh, near Kenilworth.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
May 5, [1873]

*Dear Pollock,*

Which of us wrote last to the other I do not know—nor care. I rather think you have scarce braced yourself up to tell me all your Parisian experiences—but never mind them. On the other hand, don't write till you are well disposed to do so, and have nothing more important to do.

I see that you were one of those who were at Macready's Funeral.<sup>1</sup> I, too, feel as if I had lost a Friend, though I scarce knew him but on the Stage. But there I knew him as Virginius very well, when I was a Boy (about 1821), and when Miss Foote was his Daughter. Jackson's Drawing of him in that Character is among the best of such Portraits, surely. I think I shall have a word about M. from Mrs. Kemble, with whom I have been corresponding a little since her return to England. She has lately been staying with her Son-in-law, Mr. Leigh (?) at Stoneleigh Vicarage, near Kenilworth. In the Autumn she says she will go to America, never to return to England. But I tell her she *will* return. She is to sit for her Photo at my express Desire, and I have given her Instructions *how* to sit, derived from my own successful Experience. One rule is, to sit—in a dirty Shirt (to avoid dangerous White) and another is, not to sit on a Sunshiny Day: which we must leave to the Young.

By the by, I sent old Spedding my one lovely Photo (the Statesman), which he has acknowledged in Autograph. He tells me that he begins to "smell Land" with his Bacon.

Then—an odd thing—Carlyle sent me a Note from an American Gentleman, Mr. Norton: which Note enclosed one from—whom do

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you think!—*Ruskin*—addressed *ten years ago* to the redoubtable Translator of what Carlyle calls the “Blackguard old Mohammedan”—which Note *Ruskin* had entrusted to another American, who kept [it] in his Desk till now. *Ruskin’s* Note is—childish—“My very dear Sir,” etc., to one he never knew, and whom he doubtless has forgot all about long long ago. One of his innumerable whimsies of the Moment. I however (late in the Day as it is) wrote him a few words of Acknowledgment for what was generously said on his part.

Carlyle seems well. I am really vexed that I have as yet got no farther with his Naseby Stone, after writing to Estate Agents, Estate Lawyers, etc., all in vain, for permission to erect the Stone. The estate Lawyer told me that there were three Trustees of the Estate, all living in different parts of England, who *might* meet after this last Easter, and then agree Yes, or No. But I have not yet heard their Verdict.

My Eyes have been leaving me in the lurch again: partly perhaps from taxing them with a little more Reading: partly from going on the Water, and straining after our River Beacons, in hot Sun and East Wind; partly also, and *main partly* I doubt, from growing so much older and the worse for wear. I am afraid this very Letter will be troublesome to you to read: but I must write at a Gallop if at all. I do write by Eyes this Night of May 5, and I believe I shall have a Letter from you before this of mine is posted Tomorrow, or, I should hear if I didn’t expect. Anyhow, believe me Lady Pollock’s and yours always sincerely

E.FG.

Another ugly Poem from Browning?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> May 3. Pollock, long a friend of the actor’s, was one of his executors and edited his *Reminiscences*.

<sup>2</sup> *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*, dedicated to Anne Thackeray.

To Fanny Kemble

[Woodbridge]  
[June, 1873]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

Had you but written your Dublin Address in full, I should have caught you before you left. As you did not, I follow your Directions, and enclose to Coutts.

You see which of the three Photos I prefer—and very much prefer



—by the two which I return: I am very much obliged to you indeed for taking all the Trouble; and the Photo I have retained is very satisfactory to me in every respect: as I believe you will find it to be to such other Friends as you would give a Copy to. I can fancy that this Photo is a fair one; I mean, a fair Likeness: one of the full Faces was nearly as good to me, but for the darkness of the Lips—that common default in these things—but the other dark Full face is very unfair indeed. You must give Copies to dear old Donne, and to one or two others, and I should like to hear from you [before you] leave England which they prefer.

It was indeed so unlike your obstinate habit of Reply—this last exception—that I thought you must be ill; and I was really thinking of writing to Mr. Leigh to ask about you. I have been ailing myself with some form of Rheumatism—whether Lumbago, Sciatica, or what not—which has made my rising up and sitting down especially uncomfortable; Country Doctor quite incompetent, etc. But the Heavenly Doctor, Phoebus, seems more efficient—especially now he has brought the Wind out of N.E.

I meant to send you the Air of the Bon Pasteur when I sent the words: I never heard it but that once, but I find that the version you send me is almost identical with my Recollection of it. There is little merit in the Tune, except the pleasant resort to the Major at the two last Verses. I can now hear the Organist's *burr* at the closing "Benira."

I happened the other day on some poor little Verses which poor Haydon found of his poor Wife's writing<sup>1</sup> in the midst of the Distress from which he extricated himself so suddenly. And I felt how these poor Verses touched me far more than any of Béranger's—though scarcely more than many of Burns'. I know that the Story which they involve appeals more to one's heart than the Frenchman does; but I am also sure that his perfect *Art* injures, and not assists, the utterance of Nature. I transcribe these poor Verses for you, as you may not have the Book at hand, and yet I think you will thank me for recalling them to you. I find them in a MS Book I have which I call "Half Hours with the Worst Authors,"<sup>2</sup> and if People would believe that I know what is good for them in these matters, the Book would make a very good one for the Public. But if People don't see as I do by themselves, they wouldn't any the more for my telling them, not having any Name to bid their Attention. So my Bad Authors must be left to my Heirs and Assigns; as your Good Memoirs!

On Second Thoughts, I shall (in spite of your Directions) keep two of the Photos: returning you only the hateful dark one. That is, I shall

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keep the twain, unless you desire me to return you one of them. Anyhow, do write to me before you go quite away, and believe me always yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Haydon (1786-1846), historical painter, committed suicide after a life plagued by disappointment and debt. A few weeks before his death he wrote in his diary: "The struggle is severe; for myself I care not, but for her so dear to me I feel. It presses on her mind; and in a moment of pain she wrote the following simple bit of feeling to Frederic, who is in South America, on board the Grecian—a Middy." Lines "To an Absent Child" read in part:

II.

Oh! tarry thou in sunny isles,  
Where winds and waves have borne thee;  
And return no more, to thy native shore,  
Where the care of years has worn thee.

III.

There is a pain upon thy brow,  
And thy face is pale with care;  
Then come no more to thy native shore,  
For trial awaits thee there.

VI.

Oh! could I waft me to those bright isles,  
And dwell with thee, so dear!  
Should I sigh for this land of oppression and toil,  
Where each morn is expected with fear?

EFG copied into a commonplace book, five of seven stanzas with the title, "A Poor Mother's Verses."

<sup>2</sup> One of EFG's "Works," as he wryly termed them, now in Trinity College Library; a sequel, as it were, to the popular *Half Hours with the Best Authors* edited by the publisher Charles Knight, 4 vols., 1847-48. "Le Bon Pasteur" is one of the selections. See second April letter to Fanny Kemble.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]

[June, 1873]

My dear Pollock,

Your last Letter's imaginary Prospectus of Browning's next Poem on the Tichborne Claimant [was so good] that I couldn't help quoting it to Frederick Tennyson. He used to know B. and Mrs. B. at Florence; and he liked them both very much indeed; but he never could

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relish B.'s Poetry, though he thought I was too incredulous of it: but he has gradually come to be of the same Opinion—as I think People are gradually coming to be. I have not yet heard from him in reply: but I know he must have been grimly satisfied with your Squib.

I have had Mowbray Donne paying me such a Visit as you paid me last year: only that he brought his Wife, which you did not; I lodged them both at the "Bull Hotel," and took them drives in the green Country. I like him always very much indeed; and *she* has some Humour, as well as other good Feminine Qualities.

This is Sunday Night: 10 p.m. And what is the Evening Service which I have been listening to? The "Eustace Diamonds"<sup>1</sup>—which interests me almost as much as Tichborne. I really give the best proof I can of the Interest I take in Trollope's Novels, by constantly breaking out into Argument with the Reader (who never replies) about what is said and done by the People in the several Novels. I say "No—no! She must have known she was lying!" "He couldn't have been such a Fool!" etc.

I'll bet £500 that Mr. Trollope doesn't believe in Browning. And yet, if he is his Friend, he may.

When you next write, tell me what you think of Annie Thackeray's "Old Kensington." I could not get on with it: but Mrs. M. Donne tells me she was very pleased with it.

You will have to tell me, before you leave London for your Holy-day, where you are going to spend it. Abroad—or at Home?

Ever yours  
E.FG.

I have "weft off" my Rheumatis for the while, D.G.

<sup>1</sup> Trollope's novel, *The Eustace Diamonds*, 3 vols., 1873.

To E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]  
[July 1, 1873]

My dear Cowell,

What will you think of my having spent three or four hours in Cambridge—having passed by the entrance of Fitzwilliam Street—having, as I really believe, seen Elizabeth coming out into the Street (about 2 P.M. last Thursday). What will you think? Think anything but that I did not *wish*—very much—to find you both, and spend one

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Evening with you! I was greatly tempted: I saw Cambridge was empty: I knew that scarce one—if one at all—of any other Friends was up: but I felt it would be wrong to take advantage of this, and so I went on into Northamptonshire after seeing a few of the old and New Things at Cambridge. To Northamptonshire—and next day to Naseby: to authenticate the spot where I dug for Carlyle thirty years ago, and where I am to put up a Stone if we get leave so to do. I took Advantage of the Agricultural Show here to get away from it, and to do *my* part in the Naseby Transaction. Perhaps you would have gone with me (I thought) if I had called on you: yet I would not: and I have told you the Truth why.

I looked into Trinity Hall<sup>1</sup>—which seemed *well* done up: and into the Chapel which seemed to me in the way to be *ill* done up. Newton, who used to have the Anti Chapel to himself now looks small in Company of Barrow, Bacon, and—Macaulay! What does Spedding say to such an Assemblage?

I came back here on Saturday when all the Show was over. I had wished to know about Arthur, and should have written to him had I not forgot his Address. Yesterday he wrote me a nice Letter: and I reply to him at once telling him I hope he is the same good *Boy* as before, and that he will long remain so. I hope he will come and see me here whenever he can.

Tichborne and Trollope's Eustace Diamonds are my Evening Entertainment just now. Tell Elizabeth not to *swear* at my obstinate revolt from your Door: I am the sufferer, I assure you: and am always hers and yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Trinity College dining hall had recently been renovated.

To E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]  
[July, 1873]

*My dear Cowell,*

You will have had a Letter from me before this present one reaches you. It is very pleasant to me that you should write again so soon: I never wish you to write when you are busy, or ought to be abroad: but I am very glad when you have leisure and inclination to revive other Days. I thought of them much as I passed through Bramford, which is as pretty and unchanged as ever; I thought of our walks

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along the winding River side, and of our returns to the pleasant little Home. I think you understand why I did not call for you at Cambridge: you must believe that I longed so to do. But I did not think it right so to do, when I have so long left so many Friends uncalled upon. It is too late to begin again.

I have a Letter dictated by Carlyle, in which he approves of my Naseby Journey, but insists still on as near a specification as possible of the number of Yards where the Dead may be supposed to be buried. I tell him that he would only believe in *one* Grave when I had opened it: why should he believe in other Graves from Tradition? But he won't alter, you know.

Pollock has sent me a Fraser which has a second Lecture of Max Müller on Darwin in it. Do you know if he, Darwin, or any of these Enquirers, have noticed Bacon's observation (in his Sylva) that Apes, Monkeys, with organs of Speech so like Man's, yet have never spoken an Articulate word; while Parrots and Starlings, with Organs so *unlike* Man's, have been taught very distinctly? This is Experiment 238 in his Cent: III. I love this Book of Bacon's; especially his Experiments in the fields, with Flowers, etc.; one seems to be there with him, quite away from the World and its Ambitions. I love his mention of the same old Flowers among the Corn that we still know: he calls the Pimpernel, "Wincopipe." I think you would like to look over this Book. The preface by Rawley is very touching.

I am very glad that you are sending Háfiz to Macmillan: I shall doubtless see it advertized, and will get it—and scrape it to the Backbone with my Critical knife. (Here you laugh aloud.) You would be amused to see what Carlyle wrote, or dictated, to me about *Omar* some months ago when he enclosed a foolish Note of Ruskin. I don't know where it is now, or I would enclose it to you.

You see what a Flood of Talk you have opened by this second little Letter of yours. I know you would write as of old if (as were better for me) I wanted to learn as of old. Now you have got Wright, you say, to take up my dropt sword. I still wish you would erect some durable Memorial of yourself rather than be always getting Stones and Sticks and Bricks for Everybody else. You will write to me about your Welsh Journey; perhaps I shall see you when you return from it. Believe me always yours

E.FG.

I have written to Arthur, and have told him to come here when he can. I will always pay his Expenses. I wish we could get him into the

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Country: but I have never said any more of that since Elizabeth told me he must stick to London. I am positively looking over Wesley's Journal again! Another half Sheet! Why, the old Days are returned. It is Vacation-time, anyhow, with you, and I think you will like some of my Gossip. I must send you the little Wincopipe bit, which you will see (such is Bacon's unworldly Music) runs of itself into Verse, with but one syllable wanted in the third Line: I transcribe exactly from Tegg's Edition.

There is a small Red flower in the Stubblefields  
which Country people call the Wincopipe,  
which, if it open in the morning, (^)  
You may be sure of a fine Day to follow.

You, EBC, must get this Book which has heaps of more delightful things than this. One feels with him in the fields at Gorhambury<sup>1</sup> in his Country jerkin, as represented in a Picture belonging to the Family in Norfolk. I should like to give you the Book: the thin old Folio is to be got anywhere for a few Shillings, but I am *no where*, you know.

What do you think of Wesley's "They who will bear sound Doctrine only from me must still believe a Lie." One Day you must see my marked Copy of The Journal: which is one of my *Works*.

Read Bacon's grave account of the Jugglers' trick with an Oat-straw Cent. V. 494. one seems to see him watching it. So much of this Book is

"Bacon en Pantouffes."

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's estate near St. Albans, to which he retired after being deprived of his offices and dismissed from court.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[July, 1873]

*My dear Pollock,*

Thank you for the Fraser, and your Paper<sup>1</sup> in it: which I relished very much for its Humour, Discrimination, and easy style; like all you write. Perhaps I should not agree with you about all the Pictures: but you do not give me any great desire to put that to the test.

Max Müller's Darwin Paper<sup>2</sup> reminded me of an Observation in Bacon's Sylva; that Apes and Monkeys, with Organs of Speech so

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much like Man's, have never been taught to speak an Articulate word: whereas Parrots and Starlings, with organs so unlike Man's, are easily taught to do so. Do you know if Darwin, or any of his Followers, or Antagonists, advert to this?

I have been a wonderful Journey—for me—even to Naseby in Northamptonshire—to authenticate the spot where I dug up some bones of those slain there—for Gurlyle thirty years ago. We are to put up a Stone there to record the fact, if we can get leave of the present Owners of the Field; a permission, one would think, easy enough to obtain; but I have been more than a Year trying to obtain it, notwithstanding; and do not know that I am nearer the point after all. The Owner is a Minor: and three Trustees must sanction the thing for him; and these three Trustees are all great People, all living in different parts of England; and, I suppose, forgetful of such a little matter, though their Estate-agent, and Lawyer, represented it to them long ago.

I stayed at Cambridge some three hours on my way, so as to look at some of the Old, and New, Buildings, which I had not seen these dozen years and more. The Hall of Trinity looked to me very fine; and Sir Joshua's Duke of Gloucester the most beautiful thing in it. I looked into the Chapel, where they were at work: the Roof seemed to me being overdone: and Roubiliac's Newton is now *nowhere*, between the Statues of Bacon and Barrow which are executed on a larger scale. And what does Spedding say to Macaulay in that Company? I never saw Cambridge so empty, but not the less pleasant.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

When do you go abroad?—And whither?

<sup>1</sup> "The Royal Academy Exhibition," *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1873, pp. 74-85.

<sup>2</sup> The second of three "Lectures on Mr. Darwin's Philosophy and Language" given at the Royal Institution, March 29; published in *Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1873, pp. 659-78.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Juillet 22/73

"Que diable! Ce vieux Fitz métamorphose en Français?"<sup>1</sup> C'est ce que vous fredonnez entre vos dents, mon cher Pollock, en effleurant ma Lettre. Attendez donc; je vais vous en rendre compte.

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Mon Ami Edwards—à mon avis bon graveur, Peintre déplorable—d'ailleurs brave homme—vient me faire visite avec un sien Ami, Journaliste Parisien et Critique dans les Beaux Arts. Celui-ci veut s'apurer de ses propres yeux du pays de Crome et Constable, dont les Parisiens (vous le savez) s'entêtent furieusement à présent. Eh bien! Pour s'instruire là-dessus il fait un Voyage de deux Jours en Norfolk et Suffolk; ce qui doit tout à fait suffire à un Français et à ses compatriotes qu'il prétend éclairir sur son sujet. Enfin, il arrive ici avec Edwards; je les promène au bord de notre Rivière, autour de la Ville; je leur donne à souper à l'Hotel du Taureau ou vous vous souvenez d'être logé l'année passée (pourquoi pas cette année-ci?) Nous mangeons, nous buvons du "Scotch Ale" et du vin de Champagne jusqu'à Minuit. Cependant, quoique nous causons et nous rions gaiement toujours, le Journaliste ne parle aucun mot d'Anglais ni l'entend: moi, qui lis le Français et l'entend parler assez bien, je le parle assez mal; mais le Vin de Champagne (comme dit la Sainte Ecriture au sujet de la Charité) a voilé force buveurs de chaque coté.

Le lendemain les deux Amis se mettent encore en Voyage tous deux enchantés (vous n'en pouvez douter) de Woodbridge et ses Habitants.

Mais depuis leur départ le Journaliste m'écrit un lettre à laquelle il faut absolument que je fasse Réponse. Mais si je parle assez mal le Français, comment donc l'écrire? Je trouve mon petit Dictionnaire, je cherche des mots, des idiomes mêmes; enfin, soit bien soit mal, j'achève ma lettre et la voilà en route à Paris.

Eh bien! Ce petit essai m'amusait un peu, de sorte que je pris envie d'écrire une autre telle lettre au pauvre garçon George Crabbe, et maintenant je me décide d'aborder le pauvre Sir W.F.P. du même coté. Et j'ose entreprendre cette aventure me souvenant bien de que dit Montaigne; qu'il n'y a "rien de plus sot qu'un Veiller d'Abécédaire" et sachant bien que je me mette à l'épreuve auprès d'un vrai connoisseur en Français; un habitué de la Comédie Française et de son Foyer même.

J'achève de lire les "Eustace Diamonds" qui m'intéressait presque autant que Tichborne, lequel, je pense, ne s'achèverai jamais.

Je voudrais bien avoir assisté à la Représentation de la Médée de Cherubini; mais voila déjà les dernières Affiches de l'Opéra et la Médée ne s'y trouve pas.

Vous ne me dites pas où vous determinez votre Voyage cet été un peu plus tard que d'ordinaire n'est-ce pas!

Pour moi, je pars de l' . . .<sup>2</sup> même pour Aldbro, petite Ville sur la



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mer—le “Borough” de Crabbe, vous savez. Mais je Reviendrai après très peu de jours.

Toujours à vous.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Although EFG read French with ease and keen understanding, he rarely spoke or wrote it. His two dozen extant French letters were written in a spirit of fun to very close friends. He made no effort to polish or correct his French and sometimes put a subjunctive in the wrong place or used the wrong tense. His meaning, however, is clear.

<sup>2</sup> One or two words are illegible.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
Sunday [July 27, 1873]

*My dear Donne,*

Which of us last wrote (before your last) I know not: I know that I do not write to you oftener because my writing compels you to answer: and you are too busy a Man with your pen for that.

Is Ascot then the limit of your Trail this year? I always wish you could get abroad, and so change Scene and Air more thoroughly. But I doubt not you have some most selfish reason for going no farther.

I found a most pleasant Letter from Mowbray lying on my Table when I returned from Aldbro last night. He dates from Andermatt: *which* I don't know where Andermatt is; nor whether he is to stay there till a Letter might reach him in case I learned. All I know is that I heartily wish you—and Blanche, if she wish it too—were there along with him; so delightful does he find it.

I expect from Pollock some droll response to a Letter which I wrote him (with great trouble) in French. Which I did, after having to write (with great trouble) a Letter to a French Journalist who came down here with Edwards three weeks ago. This Journalist writes on the “Beaux Arts”—especially on Painting, etc., and he came down to see the Country of Crome and Constable whom his Compatriots are just now mad about. All this Country he saw (of course) in two days; ending with a Supper which I gave him at the Bull. He was a sensible, undemonstrative Man; not overclean, I thought: which set me at ease directly. Well, having had to write him a French letter, I wrote one to

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Pollock: of which this is a free Translation which as you know is my "*Specialité*"—there you go again!

I had hoped your own Tacitus was forthcoming, till Mowbray told me, not. But I shall be glad of any Crumb from your Table.

And so—with "*Mille Compléments à Mademoiselle*," believe me hers and yours always

E.FG.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]

[August, 1873]

*My dear Pollock,*

I am wondering in what Idiom you will one day answer my last. Meanwhile, I have to thank you for Lady Pollock's Article on American Literature:<sup>1</sup> which I like, as all of hers. Only, I cannot understand her Admiration of Emerson's "Humble Bee"—which, without her Comment, I should have taken for a Burlesque on Barry Cornwall, or some of that London School. Surely, that "Animated Torrid Zone" without which "All is Martyrdom," etc., is rather out of Proportion. I wish she had been able to tell us that ten copies of Crabbe sold in America for one in England: rather than Philip of Artevelde. Perhaps Crabbe does too. What do you and Miladi think of these two Lines of his which returned to me the other day? Talking of poor Vagrants, etc.,

Whom Law condemns, and Justice with a Sigh  
Pursuing, shakes her Sword, and passes by.<sup>2</sup>

There are heaps of such things lying hid in the tangle of Crabbe's careless verse: and yet such things, you know, are not the best of him, the distressing Old Man! Who would expect such a Prettyness as this of him?

As of fair Virgins dancing in a round,  
Each binds the others, and herself is bound—

so the several Callings and Duties of Men in Civilized Life, etc. Come! If Lady Pollock will write the Reason of all this, I will supply her with a Lot of it without her having the trouble of looking through all the eight volumes for it. I really can do little more than like, or

dislike, Dr. Fell, without a further Reason: which is none at all, though it may be a very good one. So I distinguish *Phil*-osophers, and *Fell*-osophers; which is rather a small piece of Wit. And I don't like the Humble Bee; and won't like the Humble Bee, in spite of all the good reasons Miladi gives why I should; and so tell her: and tell her to forgive hers and yours always

E.F.G.

I have heard from Donne—who gets no further for his Holyday than Ascot, because Blanche can't travel. And where are you going? And when? And what of Dr. Kenealy?<sup>3</sup> Do you like the Doctor?

P.S. I must (now I am in for Quotation) transcribe for you a sentence from the Speech of a sanctimonious Dissenting Parson who got himself made Trustee of the Seckford School, and then delivered himself about it the other day:

"What could be really done with a Body of *precious* Youths if they felt no pleasure in being taught, and learned only *because they were obliged to*?"

I showed you this Seckford School, built by order of Sir W. Wood out of a Charity for the Poor<sup>4</sup> in order to benefit them by drawing the rich to Woodbridge: since which time the Rich have been steadily leaving the Town, with no new-comers to supply their places.

Which leads me on to say that yesterday I went (as you and I last year) in a Two-horse Trap to see the old House which the same Sir W.W., now Lord Hatherly, has hired for his County Seat.<sup>5</sup> I had not been in it these fifty years, and wished to see a Gainsboro' (which Lord H. told me of) before his Lordship (good Fellow) came down—which is to be—Today. The Gainsboro' is an early one, before G. had become himself: there was also one early Portrait of his—cleaned, repainted, and spoiled. But the Housekeeper showed us "My Lady's" Boudoir and "My Lord's" Study, where he prayed "beautiful Extempore Prayers" for himself and his before he went a Journey, etc. I dread your Pious Chancellors.

<sup>1</sup> "Imaginative Literature of America," *Contemporary Review*, Aug., 1873, pp. 347-71.

<sup>2</sup> "The Family of Love," *Posthumous Tales*, 1834.

<sup>3</sup> Edward Vaughan Kenealy, called "Doctor," counselor of Arthur Orton, the Tichborne Claimant, in his trial for perjury. Kenealy's methods and conduct in court evoked severe rebukes from the bench and induced the jury to state "their opinion that the charges of bribery, conspiracy, and undue influence brought against the prosecution . . . are entirely devoid of foundation; and they regret exceedingly the violent language and demeanor of the leading counsellor for the

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defendant" (*Annual Register*, 1874, "Chronicle," p. 192). Kenealy's conduct subsequent to, as well as during, the trial resulted in his disbarment on December 2 by the benchers of Gray's Inn.

<sup>4</sup> Since its establishment in 1585, income from the endowment for the Seckford Almshouse in Woodbridge had far exceeded the needs of the charity. Under an order of the Court of Chancery in 1861, those funds and the meager endowment of the Woodbridge Grammar School were amalgamated. The action made possible the erection and expansion of the modern Woodbridge school.

<sup>5</sup> Bealings House, Great Bealings, the former home of Lord Hatherley's father-in-law and EFC's friend, Major Edward Moor.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
August 11/73

*My dear Pollock,*

After my French Vagary, here comes another, you will think. But I write in such Ink as I can dilute for the nonce. And why, when you are in all your Wedding Fever?<sup>1</sup> Why, for that very reason. Though I scarce know your son, what I do know of him is good: and he is *your* Son whom I have known some while, to some purpose. You told me of his Engagement some while ago: but I thought you spoke of its Fulfilment as far off. Else, I should have prepared some little Wedding Gift for the occasion. Since your Letter which I had on Friday, I have been casting about for this: we have nowhere to choose from here (as you may remember) but that China Shop; and I was about going to Ipswich to a Friend of mine who has often quaint and pretty Things in his Stores; but I was told he was gone to Holland: to be back this week. You know it is difficult to choose on these occasions: so many People giving the same thing; and I was about to send you a little Cheque so as you might employ it as you saw best. As, however, the time is so close that you will scarce find any to bestow on such little matters now, I shall wait till my Broker Man is back (for, to say Truth, I want to lay out a little with him, if I can), and my offering must be delayed till after the Wedding—which may be as well. If I find nothing I like at my Broker's, I shall ask you to buy for me in London, or in Paris: which may supply as well as Ipswich or even Woodbridge. And if you know in the meanwhile what sort of Thing is suitable and agreeable, do let me know—after the Wedding, but before you leave Town.

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I am really sorry to trouble you with this scrawl on the very Eve of such a Business. You will not doubt my sincere Good Wishes, as regards you all—Father, Mother, Son, and Bride—whose name you must tell me when next you write. Do not trouble yourself about that: but believe me yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Frederick, Pollock's eldest son and Georgina Harriet, daughter of John Deffell of Calcutta, were married August 13.

To W. B. Donne

*Alde Cottage, Aldeburgh*  
*August 18, [1873]*

*My dear Donne,*

There being a change of servants in Market Hill, Woodbridge, I came here for a week, bringing Tacitus<sup>1</sup> in my Pocket. You know I don't pretend to judge of History: I can only say that you tell the Story of Tacitus' own Life, and of what he has to tell of others, very readably indeed to my Thinking: and so far I think my Thinking is to be relied on. Some of the Translations from T. by your other hands read so well also that I have wished to get at the original. But I really want an Edition such as you promised to begin upon. Thirty years ago I thought I could make out these Latins and Greeks sufficiently well for my own purpose; I do not think so now; and want good help of other men's Scholarship, and also of better Eyes than my own.

I am not sure if you were ever at this place: I fancy you once were. It is duller even than it used to be: because of even the Fishing having almost died away. But the Sea and the Shore remain the same; as to Nero, in that famous passage I remember you pointed out to me: not quite so sad to me as to him, but not very lively.<sup>2</sup> I have brought a volume or two of Walpole's Letters by way of amusement. I wish you were here; and I will wait here if you care to come. Might not the Sea Air do you good?

I had meant to answer your second Letter from Ascot: but was not quite sure of the Address. Since then Mowbray has written me of his return from a successful Swiss Trip. The Mistress of Trinity did not report so well of their Swiss Experience; on account of the Crowds

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at Inns, etc. They were coming home again before their holiday was fairly out.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

Tell Mowbray, if you see him, that his coloured Print, or whatever it is—will be going off to him—at last!

<sup>1</sup> Donne's *Tacitus*, in Blackwood's *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, 1873, a brief biography and an appraisal of the historian's works.

<sup>2</sup> Agrippina, Nero's mother, a powerful and ambitious woman, had devoted her life to making her son emperor, only to be murdered by him for her pains. The murder was committed at her villa after an earlier, ingenious attempt at sea had failed. Nero became fearful of the consequences of his act and, wrote Tacitus, "because the features of a landscape change less obligingly than the looks of men, and because there was always protruded on his gaze the grim prospect of that sea and those shores . . . he withdrew to Naples" (*Annals*, XIV.10).

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Aug. 29, [1873]

*My dear Cowell,*

I was glad to have your Letter (as you may judge by this swift reply). I had begun to think you thought me not worth writing to, as I had not *thought you worth visiting!* But that you know is not so: I never was more sorely tempted than to stay the night at Cambridge along with you.<sup>1</sup> But, as I sometimes (though very rarely) go to London, and do not look for Donne, Pollock, etc., though almost passing their Doors, I did not think proper to make an exception: very much as I wished to do so.

No, I did not go inside the Fitzwilliam:<sup>2</sup> only passed the outside.

Some ten days ago I had a Letter from Mrs. Thompson: Switzerland: but they were coming home. Thompson had been better for his Trip till a few days before Mrs. T's Letter: when he became unwell, from the heat, I think.

We have had no rain (one may say) till the last few days: so as my Grass and Garden were pretty well burnt up. Now the Year seems to have taken a turn, at last: I suppose Summer is gone.

I am afraid I shall have to leave this Lodging, where I have been thirteen years; the Landlord wants all the house for himself and a Family whom he is mating household with. I am very sorry: and

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know not where to find any such Lodging in Woodbridge. As to my own house, you know I keep it for my nieces. They have been there these three months: and will continue, I suppose, till the latter part of October.

Won't you come this way? You know I am under no ban against those who take the trouble to come to me.

Thank Elizabeth for her Note: I should write more to you both perhaps, but that I am not sure of the Address you write.

Ever yours—both of you  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> On his trip to Naseby in June.

<sup>2</sup> The Art Museum.

To Thomas Carlyle

Woodbridge  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 8/73

*My dear Carlyle,*

Enclosed is the Naseby Lawyer's answer on behalf of the Naseby Trustees. I think it will seem marvellous in your Eyes, as it does in mine.

You will see that I had suggested whether moving the Obelisk—the "foolish obelisk"<sup>1</sup>—might not be accomplished in case the Stone were rejected. You see also that my Lawyer offers his mediation in the matter if wished. I cannot believe the Trustees would listen to this scheme any more than to the other. Nor do I suppose you would be satisfied with the foolish Obelisk's Inscription, which warns Kings not to exceed their just Prerogative, nor Subjects their lawful obedience, etc., but does not say that it stands on the very spot where the Ashes of the Dead told of the final Struggle.

I say, I do not suppose any good will come of this second Application. The Trouble is nothing to me: but I will not trouble this Lawyer, Agent, etc., till I hear from you that you wish me to do so. I suppose you are now away from Chelsea; I hope among your own old places in the North. For I think, and I find, that as one grows old one returns to one's old haunts. However, my letter will reach you sooner or later, I dare say; and, if one may judge from what has passed, there will be no hurry in any future Decision of the "Three Incomprehensibles."<sup>2</sup>

I have nothing to tell of myself; having been nowhere but to that

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Naseby. I *am* among my old haunts: so have not to travel. But I shall be very glad to hear that you are the better for having done so; and remain your ancient Bedesman

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The monument erected by FitzGerald's parents on the highest elevation of the battlefield. It is two miles from the grave EFG opened.

<sup>2</sup> The trustees, the lawyer, and the agent involved in the Naseby negotiations. Aldis Wright, in a note, attributes the term to William Hone in his pamphlet, *The Sinecurist's Creed*, a satiric parody of the church creed, published in 1817. Hone links Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and Nicholas Vansittart, dubbing them "The Doctor," "Derry-Down Triangle," and "Old Bags."

From Thomas Carlyle

*The Hill, Dumfries, N.B.*  
13 Sep., 1873

*Dear FitzGerald,*

There is something at once pathetic and ridiculous and altogether miserable and contemptible in the fact you at last announce that by one caprice and another of human folly perversity and general length of ear, our poor little enterprise is definitively forbidden to us. Alas, our poor little "inscription," so far as I remember it, was not more criminal than that of a number on a milestone; in fact the whole adventure was like that of setting up an authentic *milestone* in a tract of country (spiritual and physical) mournfully in want of measurement; that was *our* highly innocent offer had the unfortunate Rulers of the Element in that quarter been able to perceive it at all! Well; since they haven't, one thing at least is clear, that our attempt is finished, and that from this hour we will devoutly give it up. That of shifting the now existing pyramid from Naseby village and rebuilding it on Broadmoor seems to me entirely inadmissible;—and in fact unless you yourself should resolve, which I don't counsel, on marking, by way of foot-note, on the now existing pyramid, accurately how many yards off and in what direction the real battle ground lies from it, there is nothing visible to me which can without ridiculous impropriety be done.

The trouble and bother you have had with all this, which I know are very great, cannot be repaid you, dear old friend, except by my pious thankfulness, which I can well assure you shall not be wanting. But actual *money*, much or little, which the surrounding blockheads



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connected with this matter have first and last cost you, this I do request that you will accurately sum up that I may pay the half of it, as is my clear debt and right. This I do still expect from you; after which *Finis* upon this matter for ever and a day. . . .<sup>1</sup>

Good be ever with you, dear FitzGerald,

I am and remain Yours truly  
T. Carlyle

<sup>1</sup> MS missing.

To Thomas Carlyle

*Woodbridge*  
*Sept. 17, [1873]*

*My dear Carlyle,*

You give me too much thanks for the little Trouble I have taken in this Naseby matter. And, as to your halving my Expenses! Which have been simply so many sheets of Letter paper, so many Postage Stamps, employed in the Correspondence which has thus ended: and a very pleasant Journey to Naseby itself this summer, which really did me good, if only for shaking one out of one's nest. This is positively all; and I think you would not care for *me* to insist on repaying you if you had done all this for me instead of me for you—and for myself to boot.

You make your old complaints about being away from home: "Thirty years have I been grieved," etc., but I do think you dictate as if you were well and strong: and I am sure you dictate very kindly toward yours always truly

Edward FitzGerald

To Fanny Kemble

*[Woodbridge]*  
*September 18/73*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

I have not forgotten you at all, all these months—What a Consolation to you! But I felt I had nothing to send among the Alps after you: I have been nowhere but for two Days to the Field of Naseby in Northamptonshire, where I went to identify the spot where I dug up

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the Dead for Carlyle thirty years ago. I went; saw; made sure; and now—the Trustees of the Estate won't let us put up the Memorial stone we proposed to put up; they approve (we hear) neither of the Stone, nor the Inscription; both as plain and innocent as a Milestone, says Carlyle, and indeed much of the same Nature. This Decision of the foolish Trustees I only had some ten days ago: posted it to Carlyle who answered from Dumfries; and his Answer shows that he is in full Vigour, though (as ever since I have known him) he protests that Travelling has utterly discomfited him, and he will move no more. But it is very silly of these Trustees.

And, as I have been nowhere, I have seen no one; nor read anything but the Tichborne Trial, and some of my old Books—among them Walpole, Wesley, and Johnson (Boswell, I mean), three very different men whose Lives extend over the same times, and whose diverse ways of looking at the world they lived in make a curious study. I wish some one would write a good Paper on this subject; I don't mean to hint that I am the man; on the contrary, I couldn't at all; but I could supply some [one] else with some material that he would not care to hunt up in the Books perhaps.

Well: all this being all, I had no heart to write—to the Alps! And now I remember well you told me you [were] coming back to England—for a little while—a little while—and then to the New World for ever—which I don't believe! Oh no! you will come back in spite of yourself, depend upon it—and yet I doubt that my saying so will be one little reason why you will not! But do let me hear of you first: and believe me ever yours

E.F.G.

To W. B. Donne

[Woodbridge]

[September 18, 1873]

*My dear Donne,*

Mrs. Kemble said she would be back from Switzerland in September: and then would go to America for the remainder of her Life. Which I don't believe, as I have told her in the enclosed. When she is abroad, I have to send through Coutts: now I think she is in or near London I trouble you: but don't take the additional trouble of writing

to me in reply: I have purposely taken this shabby half sheet to exempt you from that.

The half sheet will however suffice to tell you the little that is to be told of myself—which is, as usual, next to Nothing. Except those three days to Naseby (which have ended in smoke) I have been nowhere but for a few days at the Sea; reading my old Friends Walpole, Wesley, and Johnson: and hearing read Tichborne and Trollope of an Evening. Your own Tacitus I read with my own Eyes, and (as I think I told you) with pleasure, if too late for profit now. I could not admire Emerson's "Humble Bee" so praised by Lady Pollock in a "Contemporary" they sent me: I told them plainly I should have thought it meant as a Burlesque on the Cockney School had she not given such aesthetic reasons otherwise. She tells me that two Copies of P van Artevelde are sold in America for one in England; I would rather have heard this of Crabbe—whom I was reading this morning at 6½ A.M.

I might as well have taken a decent whole sheet, it appears, after all. What leads me on to this second half is, only to tell you the failure of our Naseby Memorial. After a year's consideration the Trustees of the Estate decide that they do *not* approve either of the Stone itself, or the Inscription (Carlyle's) both as innocent (he says) as a Milestone, and meant, to serve for much the same purpose. He dictates his Answer to my Letter from Dumfries: but was soon to rush home to Chelsea by the fastest express, finding that foreign Travel only shakes his nerves to pieces—as he has said ever since I knew him. All the while, he writes—dictates—with his old Vigour. He must now look very like one of Dante's men—in H-II, I think: venting Indignation, etc.

I am afraid you will feel bound to acknowledge this Letter. If you do (Jesuitical!) tell me if old Spedding be among you. Arthur Malkin, who was here for a few days, says it's all stuff about his not going out, etc., as the Pollocks say—Miladi chooses to think so, says A.M. I am looking out to make a Wedding Present to the newly married son—for the Father's sake.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

September 1873

To E. B. Cowell  
(Fragment)

[Woodbridge]  
[September, 1873]

. . . I don't think I told you that the Naseby Trustees decided not to approve of either the Stone or the Inscription, which we proposed putting up. I wrote this to Carlyle: and I inclose you his dictated Answer—which please to return me.

One day I will send you what he wrote about Omar if I light upon it.<sup>1</sup> An American had given it to him. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Probably the April 14 note.

To Horace Basham<sup>1</sup>

Woodbridge  
Oct. 2/73

*Dear Horace,*

(With which as you are young, I will content myself.)

Your hamper, with eight dozen Herring arrived last Evening, have been tried this morning, and found first rate. They will last me, and a Friend or two, for a long, long, while: and indeed you must not send me any more for the long, long, while to come. I am not able to eat so many of them (well as I like them) as I used to do when only twice as old as you.

Tomorrow, or Saturday, I am going to Lowestoft till Sunday Afternoon, or Monday morning. If you care to come over and see the Place you can take a Return Ticket, and you will find me at

12 Marine Terrace

which is up what they call London Road (that is, *not* over the Bridge) about three minutes walk, on the right hand as you go up from the Railroad: a Row of white houses, with a Statue or two in front. There I can give you Bed and Board, and you can see the Place, and some of what Fishing goes on. And you will be very welcome to yours truly

E.FG.

I will telegram to you tomorrow before noon if I do *not* go to Lowestoft: I shall, if weather be fine.

<sup>1</sup> Horace Basham of Aldeburgh, described by Anne Thackeray as "a fisherman

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and a fishmonger, whose father was a gentleman," was nineteen years old in 1873 when EFG appears to have made his acquaintance. He was the son of George Basham of Staple Inn, London, and a nephew of an eminent London surgeon. He is said to have attended the University of Cambridge; but he did not take a degree: his name is not included in *Alumni Cantabrigienses*. Anne Thackeray was apt to be more impulsive than accurate in supplying information. There is no evidence that Basham was a fishmonger; and it is impossible to determine from the correspondence whether his on-shore fishing was a vocation or an avocation. For the most part, EFG's letters to him acknowledge gifts of fish; propose visits to EFG at Lowestoft or Little Grange; and request Basham to make weekly payments, from sums enclosed, to James Fisher, an old Adleburgh acquaintance who became one of EFG's pensioners.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge

Friday, [October, 1873]

*My dear Cowell,*

Though I suppose Term is begun again, and you are once more in harness, you must really send me a line to tell me how you got out of Wales. I think you must have had Rain all the time. I myself have been nowhere but a few days to Lowestoft and Aldbro'.

When I was looking into my Crabbe—my Eternal Crabbe—the other day, I found a scrap of Paper; and on it written "The Osprey, Quebec, July." I then remembered writing such a memorandum one day when I was out in the Scandal, and saw a Ship which desired to have her arrival off the Coast notified to those ashore. This was in 1869 or 1870. Were you with me? Only, don't mention it, for fear I should be subpoenaed with a "Duces Tecum" to the Tichborne Trial, which is now assuming even more alarming proportions.

I forgot (I think) to say in my last how sorry I was to have blundered about poor Arthur's coming down here for his Bank Holyday. He had written to me he could get but one Day: which I took for granted was the Sunday only: whereas he had Monday also and (as I suppose he wrote you) had but a troubled Holyday at Brighton. It is purely for his sake that I advised him not to spend so much time in coming here and going back, only for one day (as I thought). For my own sake, I wished him to be here, as he is so simple-hearted, good, pleasant, and gives no trouble.

Yes, I am really conning over my old Crabbe again, and should like to tell you some of the fine things which you won't find for yourself.

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I think I shall have Laurence copy me the Portrait that used to be at Bradford.

My nieces are still at my home here, but will, I suppose, go to Lowestoft by November. I mean, the two eldest. Elizabeth K. told me that Wright's Father was dead.<sup>1</sup> Write me ever so few lines.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Aldis Wright's father died at Beccles, October 7, 1873.

To Herman Biddell

Woodbridge  
October 30, [1873]

Dear Biddell,

Thank you for the Partridges, which I believe I should have devoured myself had not my neighbour, Miss Bland, been unwell and "off her feed," so I have sent them to her.

I never see and never hear of you now, unless when a Partridge falls from the Skies. And there is Anna parading about among the mountains and Torrents of Scotland, and not proposing to be back here for another month, her Sister tells me. She (Anna) is to bring me home a twig of one of Sir Walter's own oaks from Abbotsford: and I propose going to see the Place next year: as I have proposed doing for these twenty years past. In these Pilgrimage Days, I think *that* is one to be done.

The Naseby Trustees won't let us put up the Stone there: neither it nor the Inscription thereof are *florid* enough, Edmund Barlow tells me: Carlyle's conditions being that both should be as plain as possible. The Asses!

Well—are you painting *Hosses*? And what do you think of Defendants in general?

Yours sincerely  
E.FG.  
Illustrious Initials

November 1873

To Alfred Tennyson

Woodbridge

Nov<sup>r</sup> 2/73

*My dear Alfred,*

My annual Letter gets under way rather sooner this year than formerly, I fancy: I cannot very well tell why: certainly rather to hear about you and yours than to tell you of me and mine: which last is simply nothing.

If you go to London, call at Laurence's, 6 Wells Street, Oxford Street: where you will see a Portrait of Crabbe the Poet, which Laurence is to copy for me. It has long been known to me, as it belonged to my old Friend the Poet's Son, and now to his Grandson. I think it gives a great deal of the Man which the common Portrait (by Phillips) does not. But Laurence says it can't do Justice, etc.

I keep reading Crabbe from time to time: nobody else does, unless it be another "paltry Poet" whom I know. The Editions only sell at a Shilling a Volume—second hand. I don't wonder at young People and Women (I mean no disparagement at all) not relishing even the good parts: and certainly there is plenty of *bad* for all Readers. But I do wonder that *Men* don't resort to him—yes, and study him. I remember the only time I ever dined with Dickens at his own house—you and Thackeray—and old Judas<sup>1</sup>—being of the company, we talked of Crabbe.

I sometimes think *we* are at about the time and condition of Life that Crabbe describes as of the Year's Decline—a Quiet before the Winter Storms come on. Do you remember?

(I quote from Memory)

A Day there was ere yet the Autumn closed  
When Earth before her Winter's Wars reposed  
When from our Garden as we look'd above  
No Cloud was seen, and nothing seem'd to move;  
When the broad River was a Silver Sheet,  
And upon Ocean slept the unanchor'd fleet;  
When the wing'd Insect settled in our sight,  
And waited Wind to recommence her flight, etc.<sup>2</sup>

I think these two last lines (which sound slightly contradictory to lines 3 and 4) are somewhat worthier of remark than those about the "Humble Bee" by Emerson, which Lady Pollock has been giving very

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fine aesthetic reasons for admiring in some late Magazine. I positively should have thought the Poem a Burlesque on our old Cockneys;<sup>3</sup> calling the Bee (because of its summer association)

“Thou animated Torrid Zone!”

to be without which is “Martyrdom” (rhyming to *hum* no doubt)

If you have the last eight-volume Edition of Crabbe, see how often his *first* MS is better than what he published. He was a little frightened when he spoke too strongly. What a fine couplet he threw away from one of his dark Stories—

The shapeless purpose of a Soul that feels,  
And half suppresses Wrath, and half reveals.

I doubt I shall only disgust you a little instead of propitiating, by my Fingerpost Directions. Pray read (if you have not lately read) Stanzas 28-29 of “The World of Dreams”—which like Sir Eustace Grey was the result of *Opium*, and strangely like the “Opium-Eater’s”—especially in that terrible sensation of *Ages of Time* passed.

Is all this a Great Bore? I did not begin my Letter with any such Design: and now won’t add more on any other Subject. I am just as usual. Don’t write, or cause to be written, till convenient: just tell me how you all are: and believe me your old Truepenny,

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Probably Spedding, perhaps Savile Morton. In other references to the party EFG mentions only Tennyson and Thackeray as fellow guests.

<sup>2</sup> EFG’s poetic gift overpowered his memory. A comparison of his lines with Crabbe’s exposes his creative mind at work while at rest. In “The Maid’s Story,” *Tales of the Hall*, the lines, plus two that EFG ignored, read:

There was a day, ere yet the autumn closed,  
When, ere her wintry wars, the earth reposed;  
When from the yellow weed the feathery crown,  
Light as the curling smoke, fell slowly down;  
When the wing’d insect settled in our sight,  
And waited wind to recommence her flight;  
When the wide river was a silver sheet,  
And on the ocean slept th’ unanchor’d fleet;  
When from our garden, as we look’d above,  
There was no cloud, and nothing seem’d to move.

EFG often revised but rarely marred.

<sup>3</sup> Leigh Hunt and his literary colleagues, branded by critic John Lockhart, “the Cockney School of Poetry.” EFG chose to add Browning to the school.



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To Anna Biddell

Markethill, Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 4, [1873]

Dear Miss Biddell,

After a calm contemplation of the subject: after looking at an Apple every Day, and then eating it (in the same way as Alphabets used to be taught with Gingerbread Letters)—I come to the Conclusion that the very pretty Fruit you sent me is still *not* the Golden Pippin. I really can't *swear* I ever myself eat the Golden Fruit; or only heard People talk of it till I suppose I eat it: I believe I did: and either remember, or believe in, an Apple of a different Shape, Colour, and Flavour. The nearest Approach was on a Tree of Mills of S. Sutton.

What you sent me were really beautiful little Fellows; cherubic looking Apple-lets; it seemed a pity to eat them: and I don't think they were *quite* so good as handsome.

Yesterday I was seeing plant some Fruit trees on the great Estate I have bought in the ugliest part of Woodbridge; except, of course, where the new School is. But Mr. Woods tells me *Apples* won't do with me; they will recoil from a wet sand that they soon light upon. So I am to try Pears: and a Medlar, it is supposed, may have a fair chance.

When Summer comes, you must come one Day and see this wonderful Place: and also sail in my Ship, which has been new coppered. So we shall all live happily ever after

Yours very truly  
Edward FitzGerald

To W. B. Donne

Lowestoft  
Thursday, [November 13, 1873]

My dear Donne,

Your Sunday's Letter only reached me here today: and bad as my writing implements are, I must send you a few lines to thank you for writing me so long a letter with your own hand. Mowbray had told me of your being unwell after returning from Wales (is it?) and I thought it better to trouble him than you for a report of the amend-

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ment which your letter itself tells of. I am sure that you do not need to be told my wishes.

No. I have long known I never could make anything of History, and so have long since given it up: unless it be very like Fiction, I suppose. Mowbray tells me of a good Book about Richelieu, which I shall buy from Mudie.

... With your letter comes one from Frederick Tennyson. His eldest son Julius married a Scotch Lady some while ago—his eldest—I think eldest—daughter is about to marry a Scotchman.

I have written my annual or biennial letter to Alfred, but as yet have not heard from him. When I get home to Woodbridge, I shall be thinking of an Epistle to Mrs. Kemble. I don't know why one finds it so much harder to make up a letter to any such distance as America. One ought to have more to tell; I have not that, and so have the less heart to make up a letter of the Nothings which would do very well if only directed to the next County. I know a little of Venables: remember him very well; I always heard he was a man of more tender heart than he cared to show. The strength of his head one could not doubt; but I should judge rather to argue a given case than with insight into which case is the right.

But I may be all wrong: and no matter whether wrong or right.

Only I am, I know, yours ever

E.FG.

To George Crabbe

[Woodbridge]

[November, 1873]

*Mon cher Georges,*

Depuis quelque temps j'attends votre adresse à Brighton, sans laquelle je n'osais confier à la Poste la lettre ci-incluse. Vous manderez, n'est-ce pas? soit à moi, soit à Laurence lui-même, tout ce que vous voudriez qu'il fasse avec votre Portrait. Je me souviens qu'à Bredfield même le Tableau me semblait manquer de vernis; et voilà à peu près vingt ans écoulées depuis! Si vous décidez qu'on doit le nettoyer et revernir, soyez sûr que le petit Laurence y mettra la main tout soigneusement et de pur bon gré. Je lui dis, selon son avis, de faire sa copie de la même largeur que l'original.

Mon bon ami Donne a été très malade; il l'est encore. Mowbray,

qui m'a mandé de ses nouvelles, désignait seulement un Rhume violent, qui l'a laissé dans une faiblesse épouvantable. Mais je soupçonne que cette faiblesse est la Maladie même, l'assoupissement enfin d'un système qui a tant travaillé pour les autres, tant souffert en lui-même. J'attends assez impatiemment le résultat. Les Médecins craignent toujours l'effet de quelque *Relaps* sur un système si affaibli.

Madame Edwards aussi me mande hier que son Mari tombait encore malade, des frémissements subites, des spasmes de Poitrine: voilà l'effet du Travail, et de la *Pipe*, perpétuel: point de tir; point d'exercice—sur un homme fort et sain qui doit vivre jusqu'à quatre-vingts ans.

Depuis peu, mon Lecteur s'enrhumait: je lui donne de votre Aconite; il guérit. Hier je me trouvais moi même enrhumant; je prends votre Aconite; et me voilà beaucoup mieux (si j'ose le dire) aujourd'hui.

Le vieux Berry tousse toujours: mais je ne lui conseille pas votre Aconite: ni à sa Veuve qui s'est retirée chez elle avec un peu de *Bronchitis*. Plut à Dieu qu'elle tombât dans un affaiblissement bien plus mortel que mon pauvre Donne! Déjà elle chasse la petite Servante que vous avez vue ici. Elle veut tyranniser tout: moi entre autres; c'est comme Madame MacKenzie dans le Roman des "Newcomes"—et je suis trop paresseux pour faire une maison hantée par un pareil démon. Peut-être qu'elle me chassera.

On dit que Mons<sup>r</sup> Gissing se retire de sa pratique bientôt; il souffre toujours, plus ou moins, d'un "Rheumatisme Intercostal" (selon son Vocabulaire). Alors le doux et niais Monsieur Hughes sera son successeur; et alors—en effet, je me mettrai encore dans les mains du bon Jones! En attendant, voilà deux maisons à louer vis-à-vis de mes fenêtres, à savoir, celle de M. Bays, chapelier défunt, l'autre de M. Kent, coiffeur vivant, qui déménage de là à Church Street Vous aurez lu peut-être dans l'Ipswich Journal qu'un de nos Grands Seigneurs est mort; M. Hart, père; on l'enterra hier avec grande cérémonie et suivi d'un grand cortège, au son des cloches assourdies. Monsieur Allen confiait à M. Spalding que le total des frais de ces funérailles devait monter au moins à cent Louis: trop de dépense (selon son avis) pour les Pompes et Vanités du méchant Monde, le corps, et le Diable. M. Spalding me racont cela hier au soir, tout en contrefaisant la voix sèche de l'orateur. Ce qui vous amusera un peu, je pense.

Enfin, faites mes compliments Respectueux à Madame votre Tante, et croyez-moi toujours

Votre ami sincère  
E.FG.

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## To Fanny Kemble

*Woodbridge*

*Nov<sup>r</sup> 18/73*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

I should have written to you before, but that I was waiting for some account, for better or worse, of our friend Donne; who has been seriously ill this Fortnight and more. I don't know what his original Ailment was,<sup>1</sup> unless a Cold; but the Effect has been to leave him so weak, that even now the Doctor fears for any Relapse which he might not be strong enough to bear. He had been for a Visit to friends in the West of England: and became ill directly he returned to London. You may think it odd I don't know what was his Illness; but Mowbray, who has told me all I know, did not tell me that: and so I did not ask, as I could do no good by knowing. Perhaps it is simply a Decay, or Collapse, of Body, or Nerves—or even Mind:—a Catastrophe which I never thought unlikely with Donne, who has toiled and suffered so much, for others rather than for himself; and keeping all his Suffering to himself. He wrote me a letter about himself a week ago; cheerful, and telling me of Books he read: so as no one would guess he was so ill; but a Letter from Mowbray by the same Post told me he was still in a precarious Condition. I had wished to tell you that he was better, if not well: but I may wait some time for that: and so I will write now:—with the Promise that I will write again directly there is anything else to tell.

Here my Reader comes to give me an Installment of Tichborne: so I shall shut up, perhaps till To-morrow.

The Lord Chief Justice and Co. have just decided to adjourn the Trial for ten Days, till Witnesses arrive from your side of the Atlantic. My Reader has just adjourned to some Cake and Porter—I tell him not to hurry—while I go on with this Letter. To tell you that, I might almost have well adjourned writing “sine die” (can you construe?), for I don't think I have more to tell you now. Only that I am reading—Crabbe! And I want you to tell me if he is read on that side of the Atlantic from which we are expecting Tichborne Witnesses.

(Reader finishes Cake and Porter: and we now adjourn to “All the Year Round.”)

10 P.M. “All the Year Round” read—part of it—and Reader departed.

Pray do tell me if any one reads Crabbe in America; nobody does

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here, you know, but myself; who bore about it. Does Mrs. Wister, who reads many things? Does Mrs. Kemble, now she has the Atlantic between her and the old Country?

Over the Forth I look to the North,  
But what is the North and its Hielands to me?  
The North and the East gie small ease to my breast,  
The far foreign land and the wide rolling Sea.<sup>2</sup>

I think that last line will bring the Tears into Mrs. Kemble's Eyes—which I can't find in the Photograph she sent me. Yet they are not extinguisht, surely?

I read in some *Athenaeum* that A. Tennyson was changing his Publisher again: and some one told me that it was in consequence of the resigning Publisher having lost money by his contract with the Poet; which was, to pay him £1000 per Quarter for the exclusive sale of his Poems. It was a Woodbridge *Literati* who told me this, having read it in a Paper called "The Publisher." More I know not.

A little more such stuff I might write: but I think here is enough of it. For this Night, anyhow: so I shall lick the Ink from my Pen; and smoke one Pipe, not forgetting you while I do so; and if nothing turns up To-morrow, here is my Letter done, and I remaining yours always sincerely

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Donne had overtaxed his heart walking while on a visit to North Wales in June. He never fully regained his health.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Burns, "Out over the Forth."

### To Bernard Quaritch

*Markethill, Woodbridge*  
*November 18, [1873]*

*Dear Sir,*

I forgot to write yesterday and tell you of two dozen Copies of *Salámán* which [I] had sent you. I forget if I told them to pay the carriage: which you must let me know: else, you may be a year or two before the Books repay you *that*.

You are welcome to them: it would be absurd to make any terms about such a thing. I have kept half a dozen copies for myself: so do

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what you please with the rest which are your own. I suppose they are scarce worth your putting in your Catalogue: but, at any rate, here is a little (yes, and very well done) Oriental Translation to add to your large stock.

I can't write more with a steel pen: and this enough—

from yours truly

E. FitzGerald

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge

Nov. 19/73

Dear Wright,

This present Letter is not written to exhort another from you: but to thank you for that which you wrote me when I think your mind was full of your Father. He was really a beautiful old Man: I thought, the last time I saw him, how the Soul really seemed to shine through the Body.

But the immediate cause of this second Letter is the enclosed Advertisement. I know nothing of the Book, which may be rubbish: but I thought I might spend a Penny Stamp in forwarding it to you, who know all about it, I dare say. Perhaps Mr. Skeat might care for it. So, I thought I might as well send you a few lines along with it.

The Tempest? I suppose that is the Play you are busy about for the "Select"<sup>1</sup>—is it? I wish I could help you if you want help: but I suppose you thought I might from my Queries about *Trysails*. But there I stop.

As to Crabbe, I go on reading—and cutting out—with occasionally (for my own use only) a word or two to connect: which I do not feel to be so impious with so careless a Writer—for my own use.

I remember when you were here you thought perhaps that I had [taken] some such liberties with Tennyson; only to cut out—never to add or alter, I assure you. I remembered afterwards that there was an altered Version of the dropt first Stanza of the Miller's Daughter: but that was a suggestion of Tennyson's own to me one night, by way of getting out of Christopher North's objection to "Line and Rod" instead of "Rod and Line"—as also the rather ludicrous Ivytod Owl<sup>2</sup> that rhymed to it. Tennyson, I believe, has not used his amended Stanza

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in any subsequent Edition, but I think decidedly it is better not lost.  
Voilà toute l'histoire.

Yours truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare: Select Plays*, edited for the Clarendon Press.

<sup>2</sup> EFG alludes to his notes in copies of Tennyson's 1830 and 1833 volumes now in Trinity College Library. "Owl" here means foolishness or stupidity. Elsewhere in the letters it is used for wiseacre or dunce.

To Fanny Kemble

Woodbridge  
Nov. 24, [1873]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

A note from Mowbray to-day says "I think I can report the Father really on the road to recovery."

So, as I think you will be as glad to know this as I am, I write again over the Atlantic.<sup>1</sup> And, after all, you mayn't be over the Atlantic, but in London itself! Donne would have told me: but I don't like to trouble him with Questions, or writing of any sort. If you be in London, you will hear somehow of all this matter: if in America, my Letter won't go in vain.

Mowbray wrote me some while ago of the Death of your Sister's Son in the Hunting-field.<sup>2</sup> Mowbray said, aged thirty, I think: I had no idea, so old: born when I was with Thackeray in Coram Street—(*Jorum* Street, he called it) where I remember Mrs. Sartoris coming in her Brougham to bid him to Dinner, 1843.

I wrote to Annie Thackeray yesterday: politely telling her I couldn't relish her Old Kensington a quarter as much as her Village on the Cliff: which, however, I doat on. I still purpose to read Miss Evans:<sup>3</sup> but my Instincts are against her—I mean, her Books.

What have you done with your Memoirs? Pollock is about to edit Macready's. And Chorley<sup>4</sup>—have you read him? I shall devour him in time—that is, when Mudie will let me.

I wonder if there are Water-cresses in America, as there are on my tea-table while I write?

What do you think of these two lines which Crabbe didn't print?

The shapeless purpose of a Soul that feels,  
And half suppresses Wrath, and half reveals.

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My little bit of Good News about our Friend is the only reason and  
Apology for this Letter from

Yours ever and always  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Fanny had returned to Philadelphia in October.

<sup>2</sup> Greville Sartoris was killed in a fall from his horse, October 23.

<sup>3</sup> George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, 1872.

<sup>4</sup> *Henry Fothergill Chorley: Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters*, Henry G. Hewlett, ed., 2 vols., 1873.

To Mrs. Tennyson

[Woodbridge]  
[November, 1873]

Dear Mrs. Tennyson,

I must thank you for your Letter, though I dare say you would rather I left it alone; as you have enough to read as well as to write, I doubt not.

I am very glad of what you tell me about Spedding, that he looks well and cheerful. I heard that he had lately lost some Kinswoman.

Tell Alfred I think he should go and see old Carlyle, if he have not lately done so. I was to have done him a little service he had set his heart on any time these thirty years; namely, to set up a plain Stone on the spot where I dug up for him some Remains of the Slain at Naseby Fight. Stone and Inscription (which Carlyle wrote) were as plain as possible—too plain, both, it appears, for the present owners of the Field, who would not allow it to be put up. The only Trip I have made this year was to the Field, just to make sure of the exact spot.

So Aldworth doesn't do? It is a comfort to find that others miscalculate as well as oneself, you know. I have however at last learned to let even *tolerable* alone; and stop on in this Lodging, where much goes on amiss now, rather than move—perhaps to worse—till turned out.

Frederick tells me of his Prophet *Melvil* (I think) whom any Child might see—from F's own account—to be a Charlatan.<sup>1</sup> One can't help admiring—almost adoring—this blind Faith in the otherwise strong Intellect—so easy for any puny Whipster to ridicule or pity. He tells me of his Jersey Bank failing, too: even that with majestic forbearance. I do feel a real *Love* for Frederick.



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Ask the paltry Laureate if there be not two rather good Lines<sup>2</sup> spoken by the "Muse of the Mad, the Foolish, and the Poor," as our paltry Suffolk Poet calls it. He is speaking of Vagrants, petty Pilferers, etc.

Whom Law condemns, and Justice, with a sigh  
Pursuing, shakes her Sword, and passes by.

That seems to me a fine Image, and Poetry: though written by "Pope in worsted Stockings"<sup>3</sup> when seventy—among other things as—bad.

I want Alfred also to look at the "Old Bachelor's"<sup>4</sup> account of his proposing to his Whig Father, to marry the Daughter of a Tory Squire: then, the Tory Mother of the Girl. I have heard Alfred tell something of the same of old Lincolnshire Families.

I believe I am becoming a Bore with my eternal Crabbe; and I believe my recommendation will set Alfred against him.

Anyhow, you see this Letter is not meant to be answered; it is in fact (as I said) only an acknowledgment of yours—only a very roundabout one, to be sure.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

What we beheld in Love's perspective glass  
Has pass'd away—one Sigh! and let it pass.<sup>5</sup>

Pretty Lines of the worsted Stocking Man.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Pollock, [Aug. 6, 1872].

<sup>2</sup> From the original opening lines of "Adventures of Richard Concluded," *Tales of the Hall*, deleted by Crabbe in revision.

<sup>3</sup> Horace Smith's epithet, oft repeated, applied to Crabbe in a note for the preface to "The Theatre," the Crabbe parody in *Rejected Addresses* (1812), burlesques of contemporary writers by Horace and his brother James.

<sup>4</sup> *Tales of the Hall*.

<sup>5</sup> "The Natural Death of Love," *Tales of the Hall*.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[November 30, 1873]

My dear Pollock,

You are to have the first fruits of a new Pen (Goose) and of a fresh Bottle of Ink—Black. You will think I come upon you for a Letter:

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but I don't: I know you will write when the Spirit moves you, and Something to tell: so I am always assured of your friendly Remembrance. I really don't wish you to make an Effort when there is no need. I have nothing to ask Answer for now; I have heard of you—from—Mrs. A.T. who is glad to tell me how well you—and Spedding—are. Also Venables, of whom I don't know nearly so much. Then Mowbray Donne told me of his Father's Illness; and, a week ago, that he was believed to be well on the road to Recovery.

And A.T. in London!—instead of at either of his Country houses. What! does he wish for a little Odour of Popularity—like the Brownings, etc. No—no, says Mrs. Candour. Which makes me think of the more than 400<sup>th</sup> Representation of "The School."<sup>1</sup> I am very shy of "the Greatest Poem," The Greatest Picture, Symphony, etc., but one single thing I always was assured of: that "The School" was the best Comedy in the English Language. Not wittier than Congreve, etc., but with Human Character that one likes in it—Charles, both Teazles, Sir Oliver, etc. Whereas the Congreve School inspires no sympathy with the People: who are Manners, not Men, you know. Voilà de suffisamment péroré à ce sujet-là.

I see awful Accounts of H. Hunt's Great Picture<sup>2</sup>—the Greatest, no doubt, of modern times. The Idea of it seems good at any rate.

I set my Reader last night on beginning *The Mill on the Floss*. I couldn't take to it more than to others I have tried by the Greatest Novelist of the Day: but I will go on a little further. Oh for some more brave Trollope; who I am sure conceals a much profounder observation than these Dreadful *Denners* of Romance under his lightsome and sketchy touch—as Gainsboro compared to Denner.<sup>3</sup>

Frederick Tennyson wrote me how painful a task was *Middlemarch*. His Jersey Bank has, for the present, left him some £700 in the lurch: which he bears in his majestic way, though he has a married Son, and Daughter about to marry, to provide from it. He is also, I see, helping to edit the Revelation of his Prophet Melvil:<sup>4</sup> who, any Fool could see, was a Quack. And Frederick is only a great Babe of Genius—as Mrs. Carlyle called C.

This letter has certainly been written as calamocurrentically as Trollope's Novels: one subject leading to another as each came up. But you see I have nothing to tell you: only that—I am studying Crabbe, which is news to you.

The Wedding Present still weighs upon my mind. Mr. Spalding looked about London six weeks ago; he is to look again when he goes up in a week. I think I may have to go for a Day one day or

other: but what can one do in that Time? A set of old Silver Castors—that is, Silver-topt Cruet in a Silver Boat—were brought me to look at: but I did not think this shabby Antiquity was retrieved by good Looks. I am half a mind to send a huge and handsome China Charger on a Stand—for the reception of Cards, Letters, etc. It is a Charger that would hold the heart of a Cyclops. Can you tell me where beaux Inkstands are to be seen? There is a Question for you to answer: and I remain Yours and Miladi's always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Candour in *The School for Scandal*. Sheridan's comedy had completed a run of more than four hundred performances at the Vaudeville Theater February 1. A week later John Buckstone began production of the play at the Haymarket.

<sup>2</sup> William Holman Hunt's "The Shadow of Death," the "chief art sensation of 1873," shown privately November 28 and 29. After a prolonged public exhibition in New Bond Street, the picture was taken on tour. Hunt was paid £11,000 for the picture.

<sup>3</sup> Balthazar Denner (1685-1747), German artist whose pictures are marked by precision painting and "toilsome" finish.

<sup>4</sup> Melville. See letter to Pollock, [Aug. 6, 1872], n.2.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[December, 1873]

My dear Pollock,

I can only say (without further Enquiry, which I believe would add little to what I now say) that the Portrait<sup>1</sup> belonged to a Mr. Rouse (who lived in a village hereby), who had some share in old Vauxhall,<sup>2</sup> where this portrait hung, as of one of the Worthies of the Time. I suppose Pitt was in the next Box (where, as Sir C. H. Williams<sup>3</sup> said, Happiness was always to be found) for the Adoration of the Tory Party. As I never cared much about Fox, I did not care if the Portrait were of him; but it might doubtless add some [value] to it in the Eyes of others. I wish you would have the Portrait (if you care to do so) home to your house in order that others may judge of the *Likeness*. I don't want their opinion of the Painting, which I know is very good in a second-rate way. It looks alive: I say, the best sort of Sign-painting—except, I suppose, Correggio's. I was as ignorant of any blemish on Fox's face as you; no sign of it, I think, in the boyish Portrait by Sir

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Joshua which we saw at the "Old Masters." And surely, as you say, the Caricaturists would not have forgotten it, had it there been. But the Features—the Eyebrows especially (*vide Claimant*)—resembled the man: and also (*vide Claimant* again) those falling shoulders which are very apt to run into *Belly*—both of which, I think, one sees in the later portraits of Fox.

Well, all this you can amuse yourself with if you care to have the Portrait to your house. I can send the Frame so as to hang it up. But if you don't wish, let me know. Anyhow, it can stay at Holder's next week; and you can show Mr. Scharf, or any one else, if you think worth while.

If you did not observe my Laureate Crabbe's Portrait at the "Portrait Gallery," go and see it at Laurence's, who is copying it for me. Phillips's Portrait is the Man in company, a little "doucereux," as Moore defined him: but Pickersgill's is *The Man*, I fancy: and his Son, my old Friend of Bredfield, so thought of it, I believe.

My China dish is already on a stand, for the reception of Waifs and Strays—Letters, Cards, Gloves, etc., thrown into it. I find such a Bason very handy on my own Table, though I don't want so big an one as that which I propose to you. I doubt if the China is *recherché* enough to be emblazoned as a picture on a Wall. But I will send your son the Plate (if you tell me his Address), and then he can have the Stand (rosewood) if he thinks better (as I should) to make use of it. The making Pictures of China Plates is surely on[ly] a Fashion—which goes along with ranking Browning for a Poet.

And Spedding has finished his forty years' task!<sup>4</sup>—"In White-washendo Bacone." And the Echo won't come home to him at least.<sup>5</sup>

Ever yours  
E.FG.

If the mole mark do not look like a mole mark, it were surely as well painted out, whether Fox or not. I thought it was a wound in the canvas. Let Mr. Scharf judge.

I will enquire further as to the external Evidence. But the Face ought to speak for itself.

<sup>1</sup>A portrait EFG had bought as one of C. J. Fox, political rival of the younger Pitt. He had removed the canvas and sent it to William Holder, a London picture restorer, to be cleaned.

<sup>2</sup>According to one early London guide, "The most celebrated public gardens in Europe," which closed its gates in 1859 after providing a varied program of popular entertainment for more than a century.

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<sup>3</sup> Charles Hanbury Williams (1705-59), diplomat and satirical writer.

<sup>4</sup> Volume VII, the conclusion of *The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, was published in 1874. Volume I had appeared in 1861; the first volume of *The Works of Francis Bacon* had been published in 1857.

<sup>5</sup> Aldis Wright noted, "Erasmi Colloquia: Echo.—Ju. Decem jam annos aetatem trivi in Cicerone. . . . Ec. 'Ove.'"

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[December, 1873]

*My dear Pollock,*

Dish and Dish-tray are gone off: Dish in a Box; Tray wrapped and bandaged so as we hope it will escape Fracture. If so, the young Couple can use it or not as they please. I hope they will like the whole concern; and long may they live to like it. Your Son will, I dare say, write to let me know of the Concern's arrival; you can tell him that I want little more than that simple Notice; I am sure he thanks me more than enough.

My Enquiries about the Portrait don't increase my Faith in the name that was at first given me. I can't get the Vauxhall part authenticated: people who once could tell, dead, gone away, etc. I bought the Picture simply for the Painting. I dare say there were many Englishmen with much such a Face: resolute and courageous; not very refined. There once lived near here a Squire Arcedeckne (Father of poor "Archy," lately dead) who my Father used to say was the image of Pitt<sup>1</sup>—so I could see, in all the Features but the Eyes, which are the one good feature in the better Portraits of Pitt (as Hoppner's). And yet Mrs. Piozzi says that Pitt's Eyes fell far short of Lord Chatham's.

Well, I will send up the Frame (no very fine one), and you can hang up whether on your own Staircase or at your *Cosmop*.<sup>2</sup> It may amuse some People to speculate on the Likeness. I only hope the Cleaning has not taken away the *Reynoldsy* colour of Shirt and Waistcoat.

Somebody sent me a Prospectus of some new Shakespeare Society, under Mr. Furnivall's Auspices,<sup>3</sup> and with the *Hope* of the Poet Laureate as Patron. But I think enough has been done about Shakespeare; and I don't believe that Messrs. F. and Stanton are the men to do much more.

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P.S. Oh, I must not forget to tell you that I have stupidly sent the Frame for Fox to your house, instead of to Holder's, who might have put the Picture in, and sent it all to you, if you cared to have it; or to your *Cosmop*. I will write to Holder to send you the Picture, or take away the Frame, as you decide. This is very stupid of me, to give you all this trouble about such a thing; but now the mischief is done, you may at least be spared opening the case in which the Frame is, if you don't want. I only found out I had ordered this after the first part of my Letter was written, when I had to go out.

I have today a long and cheerful Letter from Donne; I gather from what he tells me of his medical treatment that the Heart is affected; the general story now. May one have no worse to complain of! Also I have written a scrap to old Spedding with a vulgar Joke about Bacon, which I scarce meant for Joke neither: but it must sound so. But he won't mind me.

I say again, this is a shameful Letter of mine: so much and so ill-written Ado about next to Nothing. Excuse it and believe me

Ever yours  
E.FG.

The Boxes can be returned as "Empties" if you like—or you may keep them.

<sup>1</sup> William, "the Younger," second son of Lord Chatham, "the Elder Pitt."

<sup>2</sup> The Cosmopolitan Club, formed in 1852 with rooms at 30 Charles Street, Berkeley Square, a studio then recently vacated by George F. Watts, one of the founders. The club had a pronounced Cambridge Apostles complexion. With membership limited to 60, the club was "largely renowned for conversation." Pollock, Spedding, Venables, Milnes, Tom Taylor, and others were members of both groups.

<sup>3</sup> F. J. Furnivall, who initiated formation of the New Shakspeare Society. "Staunton," to whom EFG also refers, was Howard Staunton, an editor of Shakespeare who had vainly attempted to revive the Shakespeare Society of London after its dissolution in 1853 following the exposure of Shakespeare forgeries by J. P. Collier, one of its founders. EFG became a member of the new society in 1878.

To W. F. Pollock

[Woodbridge]  
[December 16, 1873]

You will think I am "embete" with this Portrait, my dear Pollock; beside all these Letters, I find to my horror that the Man who sent

the Frame did not pay its passage. Not that you would mind the money in a good Cause; but to pay for a Friend's unoccupied Frame, not wishing to have it at all! That one drop more would have made Job's Patience boil over—and one mustn't send so many P.O. Stamps to the poor Gentleman who suffers! I wrote to Holder, who I doubt not will relieve you of the Frame as soon as possible. If he had but outed that damned Spot<sup>1</sup> no one would have doubted our Fox.

What do you think I am reading? Voltaire's "Pucelle":<sup>2</sup> the Epic he was fitted for. It is poor in Invention, I think: but wonderful for easy Wit, and the Verse much more agreeable to me than the regularly rhymed Alexandrines. I think Byron was indebted to it in his Vision of Judgment, and Juan: his best works. There are fine things too: as when Grisbourdon suddenly slain tells his Story to the Devils in Hell where he unexpectedly makes his Appearance,

Et tout l'Enfer en rit d'assez bon coeur.

This is nearer the Sublime, I fancy, than anything in the *Henriade*.<sup>3</sup> And one Canto ends:

J'ai dans mon temps possédé des maitresses,  
Et j'aime encore a retrouver mon coeur—

is very pretty in the old Sinner.

But while I am writing the Prince and Princess of Wales are on their road—may be passing through Woodbridge at this moment on their way to shoot at that ugly new Hospital I showed you of Lord Rendlesham.<sup>4</sup> Then there is to be a grand Ball; why then is one Magistrate asked, and not another? I told one who had no Invitation that his Politics were all wrong; but then another whose Politics were all right had been neglected also; and one was asked who was quite sure not to go. These things are marvellous in our Eyes.

I am engaged in preparing to depart from these dear Rooms where I have been thirteen years, and don't know yet where I am going.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The "mole mark" mentioned in the postscript to the first December letter to Pollock. It appears that their rejection of the Fox identification was hasty. In the settlement of EFG's estate, 63 of his pictures were auctioned at Christie's, December 8, 1883. The bidding on Item 9 in the catalogue, "The Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox," closed at £3.

<sup>2</sup> *La Pucelle d'Orleans, ou Jeanne d'Arc*, Louvain, 1775.

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<sup>3</sup> Voltaire's *La Henriade*, 1723, a poem praising Henry IV, Henry of Navarre (1553-1610).

<sup>4</sup> Rendlesham Hall, five miles from Woodbridge. The royal guests arrived Tuesday; returned to London Saturday.

To W. B. Donne

[Woodbridge]

[December. 1873]

*My dear Donne,*

I really do not keep on printing things which nobody will publish—only the enclosed,<sup>1</sup> which Macmillan would not put in two or three years ago when Cowell asked them. I found the MS in clearing away for my most dreaded déménagement from these rooms: and sent it to Loder to print, that I might correct, as I can do best when seen in another Glass than one's own MS. What I send you is a *Revisè*: I should have sent you the Proof, had I then got your Letter which tells me you read History indoors just now. And, as you are so capable of telling me, with very little trouble, and (I really fancy) perhaps a little Amusement to yourself, whether I have made any egregious blunders with the Roman, I post it to you. If it be the least trouble or bore, send it back by return: for I must not keep Monsieur Loder's little Press waiting, while he has Advertisements, etc., to do.

You can't alter one radical Error in Paullus; which is, that my Version is too measured and stilted (I know) for Livy's simple Speech: which Simplicity is its Great Merit! Something must be allowed if one transposes it into Verse: but I might have kept closer.

Well, there it is. You can't re-cast the whole thing for me except in re-writing it; but you may tell me if, as I say, there are other Blunders: which you may, if you like, note in pencil at side or top or bottom.

And, anyhow, please to say nothing about this little skit of mine to anyone. You know you are not bound to admire—you have done that too blindly already.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

(Half frozen fingers.)

P.S. Do suggest a good final line for Paullus.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A revised paraphrase of the speech by the Roman general Paullus, written in 1848. (See letter to Cowell, [c. May 1, 1848], and following text.) A passage in



Sir Charles Napier's *Life and Opinions*, read in 1857, provided the subject for a companion poem. "The Two Generals," which combines both, was rejected by *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1868. The revised Paullus segment, the version included in the *Letters and Literary Remains*, differs markedly from the 1848 draft.

<sup>2</sup> The bald conclusion of the early version,

And now, beside himself, no one survives  
Of the old House of Paullus.

was replaced by EFG, not Donne, with—

And Paullus is the last of all his Name.

The Napier portion closes—

. . . Indus, which at inundation-height  
Beside the Tent we revell'd in, roll'd down  
Audibly growling—"But a hand-breadth higher,  
And whose the land you boast as all your own?"

The two passages employ a device often encountered in EFG's verse, an effective decelerating tempo of lines concluding poems and segments of dialogue—a verbal adaptation of Orsino's "dying fall," perhaps? Cipriano, in *The Mighty Magician* (III.3), closes his confession of conversion asserting that life without Christ is

But dust and ashes, dust and ashes, dust—

And Clotaldo in *Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made Of* (III.1):

. . . and the parts we play'd, [in life]  
Substantial as the shadows of a shade,  
And Dreaming but a dream within a dream!

From the *Rubáiyát*—

. . . turn down an empty Glass!

To W. B. Donne

[Woodbridge]  
[December, 1873]

My dear Donne,

Your Suggestion about the Corneli and Fabii recalled to me at once why I left them out—for no other reason than that their names have scarce a Vowel (!) sonorous enough to impress those who do not know their History, and therefore not enough to make part of the magnificent Tenth Wave with which "A Great Poet" likes to close his Speech. To you the Names seem grand, because you know the History: just as even our poor Word "Sea" grows big in our Ears from what it represents to us. But to common Readers those two great

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Roman Families have scarce a Vowel between them to boast of: so I should let them go. Of such stuff do Poetasters—as I really know myself to be—make up their little robes.

I remember also having translated as you have “engrafted” instead of “adopted” the Sons; whom I think I further called “Scions”; but thought it was departing too much from the simplicity of the Original. And now, after all, *is* it “engrafted”? For I have no Livy.

I had no idea that Groome thought anything of the Lines; I simply sent them to him to learn about some phrases in the Original. And I should have sent them to you for the same purpose, had I not thought you were always being called on for such Advice. And now I have adroitly deferred doing so till you are ordered not to bother yourself with any such things.

I saw Brooke Today—in a Tandem not drawn by the old Greys, however. He looks much younger than ever. I told him you were better: and I really think he has more regard for you than for any one else I know.

So, with thanks for your Letter and its suggestion, I beg you to believe in the “regard” also of

E.FG.

To E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]  
[December 25, 1873]

*My dear Cowell,*

I send you tomorrow Edgar Quinet’s French Revolution,<sup>1</sup> which I think you may like to look over in these Holydays, when I suppose you leave Sanskrit and Pali a little behind you. But do not read the Book if you have no Appetite for it: you may keep it at Ipswich till you come again: or bring, or send it back unread. There is no lack of French Claptrap in it; but it certainly tells me that of the motives and conduct of the Revolution which I had missed in Carlyle and others, if they have it. Whether accurate or not I do not know: at any rate, *probable* to me.

Poor Arthur was to have come to me here could he have got clear till Monday. But they must have him on Saturday; so he of himself decided not to come. I should really have been very happy to have him: the more so as the weather is so fine that he might have got on

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the River and perhaps got a Shot at a Wildfowl. I conclude that he was wanted early on Saturday: otherwise, two clear Days might have been worth his Journey down, poor Lad.

So I have dined all alone, à l'ordinaire; but am going tonight to revel over a Pipe and some one Glass of Grog at Mr. Spalding's.

Oh—Mason sent me a Suffolk Paper with a Notice of your Brother Charles in—nicely, and temperately written, but (I fancied) rather leaving out Hamlet. What they said of Charles losing opportunity, etc., was, I think, to his Praise: viz, not putting himself forward, or spouting, but waiting till wanted. I think this will answer, as it should, in the end. I have no doubt he has excellent Talents for Public Use.

Remember me to him: to your Mother and Sister: and believe me ever yours

E.FG.

I will send the Books to Read's for you to call for.

<sup>1</sup> *Critique de La Révolution*, Paris, 1867.

To E. B. Cowell

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
[December 28, 1873]

Just a Line, my dear Cowell, lest you should have any thought of coming over to Woodbridge this week. I was obliged to leave home on Friday, partly because I was left without a Servant there, and partly because I had some most disagreeable Business here. The Woodbridge Servant is to be back by Wednesday night: but we are in such disorder there—I having shortly to leave—that I do not advise your coming till next week. And, much as I wish to see Elizabeth along with you, I scarcely wish her to come as things are. But I can find Dinner things for you, if you will come: you know I shall be too glad to see you.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

I could be ready for you on Saturday next if you give me a line here. I shall be home by Friday.

I sent the Quinet off—on Friday last, I think.

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## To Posh Fletcher

12 Marine Terrace  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 31, [1873]

Joseph Fletcher,

As you cannot talk with me without confusion, I write a few words to you on the subject of the two grievances which you began about this morning.

1st. As to your being *under* your Father: I said no such thing: but wrote that he was to be *either* Partner, or (with your Mother) constantly employed, and consulted with as to the Boats. It is indeed for *their* sakes, and that of your own Family, that I have come to take all this trouble.

2ndly. As to the Bill of Sale to me. If you could be calm enough, you would see that this would be a Protection *to yourself*. You do not pay your different Creditors *all* their Bill at the Year's end. Now, if any one of these should happen to want *all* his Money, he might, by filing a Bankruptcy against you, seize upon your Nets and everything else you have to pay his Debt.

As to your supposing that *I* should use the Bill of Sale except in the last necessity (which I do not calculate upon) you prove that you can have but little remembrance of what I have hitherto done for you, and am still willing to do for your Family's sake quite as much as for your own.

The Nets were included in the Valuation which Mr. Balls made of the whole Property;<sup>1</sup> which valuation (as you ought to remember) I reduced even lower than Mr. Balls' Valuation; which you yourself thought too low at the time. Therefore (however much the Nets, etc., may have been added to since) surely I have the first claim on them in Justice, if not by the Mortgage. I repeat, however, that I proposed the Bill of Sale quite as much as a Protection to yourself and yours as to myself.

If you cannot see all this on reflection, there is no use my talking or writing more about it. You may ask Mr. Barnard, if you please, or any such competent person; if they object to the Bill of Sale, I shall not insist. But you had better let me know what you decide on before the end of the week when I shall be going home, that I may arrange accordingly.

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> The value of the *Meum and Tuum*, the *Henrietta*, and gear when the partner-

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ship was dissolved in 1870. Mr. Barnard, subsequently mentioned, drew up the legal papers for the transaction.

To George Crabbe

[Woodbridge]  
[December, 1873]

*Mon cher Georges,*

Soyez sûr que personne ne pourrait mieux *épitaphiser* votre vieillard que vous-même: c'est vous précisément qui remplirez cette tâche avec toute la Simplicité and Brévité; et Milord a montré du bon goût en vous la confiant.

J'oubliais de vous renvoyer dans ma dernière un Billet de Poste pour le Livre Sterling que vous aurez dépensé de ma part pour les Mayhew. Et maintenant je ne sais si vous serez déjà à Brighton. Voilà une affaire dont vous ne vous souciez quère; mais ce sont précisément de ces petites Dettes que l'on doit rembourser aussitôt afin de ne pas les oublier tout à fait.

Encore de nouvelles tracasseries du vieux Berry et de sa Veuve pour exiger encore plus de Rentes et je pourrais vous amuser en parlant mais c'en est trop d'écrire en long de pareilles bassesses. L'homme est devenu (s'il ne l'était pas toujours) menteur et coquin; cependant je reste ici pour le coup. Il m'a dit qu'il va se marier pendant l'hiver; ça m'est égal.

Notre bon Donne se trouve mieux; on pourrait dire "convalescent," dit Mowbray. Soit! Soit!

Vous aurais-je mandé que notre vieux Whinup ici est tombé malade? De quelque sorte de Paralyisie, je pense. Il se porte mieux, et debout encore, cependant on ne le voit pas encore dehors.

Vous savez peut-être ce que nous autres—c'est-à-dire nous, les Français—disons à ce sujet?—"Monsieur is malade; Monsieur se porte mieux; Monsieur est mort." En vérité, c'est un cas assez commun.

Je n'ai plus de nouvelles du petit Laurence, who travaille à sa façon—c'est-à-dire, fort lentement. Je vais lui mander tout ce que vous m'avez écrit au sujet de votre Tableau.

Ecris-moi aussitôt que vous serez arrivé à Hastings, ou ailleurs, et croyez-moi toujours à vous

E.FG.

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To E. B. Cowell

*Lowestoft*

*Jan. 4/74*

*My dear Cowell,*

I shall not be home till Wednesday, I doubt: still detained on the unpleasant Business which brought me here: and might have led—and even yet may lead—me into further Perplexity. It all belongs to the same Story you remember here four years ago. I mean, about Fletcher: but I will not say more about it.

I brought with me a Volume of Ste. Beuve—very delightful and soothing. I could read all day if I had Eyes. Not having any Reader here, I have only glanced at Tichborne. You say Kenealy is his worst Advocate: I suppose because of his Violence which makes Enemies of Judge and Jury. But he is ingenious and perhaps makes the best of a desperate case.

I am vexed, as heretofore, at your Life being consumed in work which, it appears, runs to waste. You keep learning yourself, indeed; but the time is come when I want you to put your Learning forward in some more substantial form than University Lectures.

You will not doubt that I am sorry for your Mother's illness—a good Mother to you all, I doubt not; a very kindly friend to me, I am sure.

Do not, I say again, *trouble* yourself to come to me on my account: all I can say is, I shall be very glad indeed to see you: and shall be able to find you a Chop if you come improvviso. I am sure to be either at my Lodging, or at my own House.

Ever yours and Elizabeth's

E.FG.

To Frederick Spalding  
(Fragment)

*Lowestoft*

*Friday, Jan. 9, 1874*

. . . No doubt Berry thinks that his Month's Notice, which was up last Monday, was enough.<sup>1</sup> Against that I have to say, that, after giving that Notice, he told George Moor that I might stay while I pleased; and he drove me away for a week by having no one but his own blind

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Aunt to wait on me. What miserable little things! They do not at all irritate, but only *bore* me. I have seen no more of Fletcher since I wrote, though he called once when I was out. I have left word at his house, that, if he wishes to see me before I go, here am I to be found at tea-time. I only hope he has taken no desperate step. I hope so for his Family's sake, including Father and Mother. People here have asked me if he is not going to give up the Business, etc. Yet there is Greatness about the Man: I believe his want of Conscience in some particulars is to be referred to his *Salvaging* Ethics; and your Cromwells, Caesars, and Napoleons have not been more scrupulous. But I shall part Company with him if I can do so without Injury to his Family. If not, I must let him go on *under some "Surveillance"*: he must wish to get rid of me also, and (I believe, though he says not) of the Boat, if he could better himself.

<sup>1</sup> EFG had known since August that he had to vacate his old rooms.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Jan. 12/74

*My dear Cowell,*

I had your Letter at Noon, having returned yesterday Afternoon.

You know that I can say nothing worth saying to you on this occasion.<sup>1</sup> You know that I am yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Cowell's mother died January 11.

To George Crabbe

[January, 1874]

*Mon cher Georges,*

Votre soeur me dit que vous êtes déjà à Hastings. Voilà donc le Billet de Poste pour la somme que je vous dois. A cause d'un nouveau et fatal fracas, Mons<sup>r</sup> Berry monte à ma chambre en fureur. Sa résolution, dit-il, s'est faite; si je ne déménage d'ici cette semaine même, il mettra dehors tous mes meubles aussi bien que moi-même. Cela je

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savais qu'il ne pourra faire sans Action légale; il s'en avisa lui-même, puisque le jour prochain il me congédie formellement par lettre, à la fin d'un mois. Donc il faut déménager enfin: c'est fort désagréable; mais, en attendant, je m'amuse un très peu méchamment des petits Artifices et rancunes de ces bonnes gens—Berry et sa veuve qui maintenant me tournent le dos assez tragiquement. Cependant je ne me suis pas décidé où me réfugier—peut-être dans le logis voisin, dans lequel il faudra monter par échelle, car escalier n'y est pas. "Voilà de mes misères, Monsieur Wesley."

Laurence me mande que sa copie fait progrès; qu'elle est presque achevée même. Il sera fort content de faire son possible afin que l'original soit tout à fait rétabli.

Je ne m'en souviens pas si je vous ai montré mon soi-disant Portrait de Fox que j'achetai du bon Loder. Eh bien, je l'envoie à Londres chez un nommé Hobbes qui le répare—Laurence dit, très bien. Pollock ne peut s'assurer que c'est le véritable Fox (ni moi non plus, soit dit en passant) mais—Enfin je vous remis sa lettre laquelle peut-être vous amusera. Déchirez-la quand vous l'aurez lue: je n'en ai plus besoin. N.B. Le commencement de la Lettre a rapport à un cadeau que je destine à son fils aîné qui se marie à une demoiselle *Deffill*—drôle de *nom* dont une dame doit se dédommager aussi tôt qu'elle pourrait, pourvu qu'elle ne retient pas la chose.

Mais qu'en dites-vous de ce "Cosmopolitan" dont me parle Pollock?

J'ai vu mon frère Jean hier: il dit qu'il va avec sa troupe à St. Leonard's après Noël. Mais vous savez que ses résolutions ne sont pas celles des Mèdes et des Perses—ni du bonhomme Berry.

Croyez-moi toujours, etc.

E.F.G.

To Posh Fletcher

Woodbridge

Jan. 19/74

I forgot to say, Fletcher, that I shall pay for any work done to my two Boats, in case that you get another Boat to employ the Nets in. That you should get such another Boat, is, I am quite sure, the best plan for you and for me also. As I wrote you before, I shall make over to you all my Right to the Nets on condition that you use them, or change them for others to be used, in the Herring Fishing, in any



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other Boat which you may buy or hire. I certainly shall not let you have the use of my Boats, unless under *some* conditions, *none* of which you seemed resolved to submit to. It will save all trouble if you take the offer I have made you; and the sooner it is settled the better

Edward FitzGerald

To Anne Thackeray

[Woodbridge]

[January, 1874]

Dear Annie Thackeray,

I have so good a Pen that I must thank you for your noble long kind Letter—telling you at the outset that you are not to think of writing any “rebutting” answer. (You read Tichborne?)—Who is one great Comfort of my Life now: I only wish the Trial would go on till my Death.<sup>1</sup> A Lad comes and reads it every night that it is in the Paper. When it is not, we get to some Memoir, Travel, or Novel from Mudie. Last night (when no *Tich*) we had a second shot at the *Mill on the Floss*. I couldn’t stand it any more than Adam Bede: and bid the Lad try Thornbury’s Visit to Spain;<sup>2</sup> which I couldn’t abide either: and then we tried Scott’s last Introduction to Rob Roy, and all seemed well again. I believe *you* can’t read Sir Walter: I think that must be wrong; and I sincerely think I must be wrong in being utterly unable to relish G. Eliot. Now Trollope I can read forever—though I generally forget what I read: but I do think he is much profounder in Character than that dreadful Evans, only he goes along so easily that People think him shallow. I only wish he would write as long as Tichborne ought to last.

I suppose you are all worshipping H. Hunt’s new Picture. I never saw one of his I believed in: nor do I believe now in a Picture which has been seven years painting<sup>3</sup> in some sort of moveable Studio, as I understand. Raffaele, Shikspur, Mozart, Rossini, etc., did not want all that Time and Means. Nor Sir Joshua—who I suppose H.H. would think a very shallow Painter.

Your Mother remembers me! Well do I remember her—in Coram Street. As you have mentioned her to me I say this little. I wonder if you have any Picture or Sketch of her? Your Father must have done many.

I was thinking that I must return to his Books. I don’t like to give

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them to my Reader to spoil for me. I was thinking of Pendennis' Mother dying at Baden—the Evening before she dies—but I must prepare to blubber. One of the grand touches is where the old Major blubbers at the news of Pen's Illness, and Lord Steyne comes up (shooting) and bids him get up into his Trap, and off to the Train; "And you, Sir" (to the Postillion) "drive like Hell!" Such a Blow dashes all George Eliot's little labour to pieces, and it is but one blow out of so many.

The Novels themselves (your Father's) hang up in my Memory like Great Cartoons, I declare: rather terrible, I must say, and I rather think he got to frighten me a little himself latterly. I don't know if that sounds odd to you. I don't mean there was *the least* unkind or unamiable: all grand, generous, and good: but latterly silent and stern with suffering and reflection on the World we live in, I think. I remember almost the last Evening I was at your home: some American Gentleman was there who wanted your Father, not me: but *he* was ill: and so I talked for him after Dinner—he looking at us as if in a Picture, I thought.

What you tell me of Carlyle shows that he is in full vigour still: as indeed I had judged from a Letter I had from him about a Naseby Monument; which has miscarried. I can't admire your Browning, though, I doubt not, a very clever Man.

And I am yours and Sister's always sincerely

E.FG.

You don't give all your Address so I must send through your Publisher, as before.

<sup>1</sup> Orton, found guilty of perjury February 28, was sentenced to 14 years in Dartmoor.

<sup>2</sup> George W. Thornbury, *Life in Spain, Past and Present*, 2 vols., 1859.

<sup>3</sup> EFG errs. Hunt had begun his *Shadow of Death* in Palestine late in 1869. See letter to Pollock, [Nov. 30, 1873].

To William Tate<sup>1</sup>

Grange Farm, Woodbridge  
Jan. 30/74

Dear Sir,

Mr. Spalding told me last night that you were nominated to Bredfield and Petistree. I have written off this really good piece of News

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to my old friend Miss Crabbe, Daughter of the last Vicar before old Dufton; I am sure she will be glad enough to hear of this for the sake of her old Parish: and every one I have met Today seems glad on all Accounts. You must excuse my taking the Liberty of writing to you on this occasion. As I was born and bred in Bredfield, I cannot but feel some Interest in it on that account; but perhaps still more on account of my old friend G. Crabbe, who was as brave and generous a Man as his Successor was a sordid old Hog.

There was no Mrs. Crabbe at Bredfield: but a Miss as good as any Mrs. And she will be glad indeed to hear of such a Mrs. Tate as is now going to fill her Place.

Yours and Mrs. Tate's sincerely  
Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. William Tate, headmaster of Seckford Grammar School, Woodbridge, 1865-74; Vicar of Bredfield, 1874-80.

*The preceding letter is the first to be dated from Grange Farm, as FitzGerald's property in Pytches Road was originally called. He adopted the name Little Grange in April. In 1866, two years after purchase, he added two large rooms, lower and upper, with spacious hallways, at the south end of the cottage. Construction is of brick. During the winter of 1871-72 he built two more rooms at the rear of the former addition. However, the dwelling, with gardens to the south and a small meadow to the east, as attractive today as when completed, failed to lure its owner until he was forced to surrender the cramped quarters on Market Hill. Since August, the gunsmith Berry repeatedly had asked his loyal but then unwelcome tenant to vacate the two rooms he had occupied for fourteen years. About mid-January FitzGerald was compelled to yield.*

*"He has been thrust out of the lodgings . . . and is now constrained to dwell in the very pretty and comfortable house he long since built and furnished for himself," Donne wrote to Fanny Kemble. "This fall from not very commodious or comfortable quarters is, like the fall of man, a woman's work. His landlord, . . . a widower, again rushes into wedlock; and whereas his deceased wife was a thin thread-paper sort of person, he has now taken to himself a widowed giantess . . . stalwart enough to turn E.F.G. out of doors!"<sup>1</sup>*

*F. H. Groome, the Archdeacon's son, preserved FitzGerald's account of the eviction. The new Mrs. Berry, it developed, was too genteel to keep lodgers. "So one day," wrote Groome, "I have heard FitzGerald tell the story, came a timid rap at the door of his sitting room,*

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*a deep, 'Now Berry, be firm;' and a mild 'Yes, my dear;' and Berry appeared on the threshold. Hesitatingly he explained that 'Mrs. Berry, you know, sir—really extremely sorry—but not used, sir,' etc., etc. Then from the rear, a deep 'And you've got to tell him about Old Gooseberry, Berry;' a deprecatory 'Certainly, my love;' and poor Berry stammered forth, 'And I am told, sir, that you said—you said—I had long been old Berry; but now—now you should call me Old Gooseberry.'"*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Donne and Friends*, p. 294.

<sup>2</sup> *Two Suffolk Friends*, p. 91.

To E. B. Cowell

*Grange Farm: Woodbridge  
Feb<sup>r</sup> 1/74*

*My dear Cowell,*

We must wait for Easter then, when you will perhaps be able to find a few hours to come over. But never put yourself or yours to inconvenience. Where will your Sister live hereafter?

On coming here I took up a Volume of Don Quixote, and was glad to find it as delightful as ever. The only Epic I can care for: unless perhaps the Odyssey. One does not want to read all the Episode Stories again: no, nor all the more degrading Adventures of the dear Knight—Sancho's retirement from his Island quite did for me: pray read Chapter 53 of Second Part: which tells of this—only, it will make you leave your Welsh and Sanskrit, to go on with it. Look also at Sancho's Version of "Sleep that knits up,"<sup>1</sup> etc., in Chapter 58 of the same Second Part.<sup>2</sup> How beautiful this sounds too—from Sancho also—"Venturoso aquel a quien el Cielo Dió un pedazo de pan, sin que le quede obligación de agradecerlo a otro que al mismo cielo!"

The pleasure this Book gives me recalled my Obligation to you, however, in teaching me the Language and I feel quite "Venturoso" in confessing it.

And this reminds me of an Advertisement which tempted me in Quaritch's last Catalogue (enclosed) but which I have not yielded to, as I should have yielded a very few years ago. Not that I grudge the money if the Books were of avail at my time of Life: and that I had room to stow them in. I had meant you to keep Lowell's Book if you liked it.

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I remember Tennyson saying to me (thirty years ago) of Clarissa—"I love those great *still* Books"—which may be said pre-eminently of Cervantes. How can people talk of Fielding and Le Sage with him in a Breath! Still less of that dirty Beast Sterne who professed to follow him.

But all this is stupid enough: only you will like to hear that your old Pupil has not forgotten your Lessons. You should do *Mesnavi*, I still say: send me Háfíz—as you will: or tell me where it is printed: and believe me ever yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Macbeth*, II.2.37.

<sup>2</sup> The passage beginning "I only know that while I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, nor trouble nor glory."

To E. B. Cowell

*Lowestoft*  
*Feb' 10/74*

*My dear Cowell,*

I came here last Friday to see Annie K. who is staying with her Sisters—quite the little complete creature of before. She talks of you and Elizabeth with the "Loyalty" that her Mother always observed in her—"Such a loyal little thing!" she said. I do not think she is very strong in Body, however: though not, as I know, ailing anything in particular. But she would scarce tell, if she were: for fear of troubling others.

I don't suppose I should have taken pen to paper to tell you this, had I not been thinking of you while reading a Volume of S. Beuve which I brought with me. I think I once lent you one of his later Volumes for the sake of some one Article in it: but you must not judge him by his later volumes, which treat of later, and living, writers; you really must read his earlier; I know no Book more worth reading; partly for himself, and partly for the Writers he quotes and gives accounts of. His Essay on Frederick the Great seems to tell me more than I gathered from Carlyle. In this same volume is a capital notice of Rousseau; and I think *the true Rabelais*.

I meant to say more of all this, and even to quote some things for you. But my Eyes have had enough in reading them: and my Letter

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won't be worth sending after all. Certainly not worth answering: so do not "make a conscience" of that.

I am told that Easter falls early this year: so that if you and Elizabeth come to Suffolk—and come over to Woodbridge—you may see this dear little Annie, who would be so glad to see you both. She has visits to pay to old Friends about Geldeston as well as her Visit to her Sisters: I think she will not be going home till April at earliest. She wishes to spend a day or two with me at Woodbridge, and I shall take her to London on her way home. I am now going to see her, and shall drop this abortive Letter in the Post as I go: for, thus far written, you shall have it, worthless as it is.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

To Fanny Kemble

*Lowestoft*  
*Feb<sup>r</sup> 10/74*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

A Letter to be written to you from the room I have written to you before in: but my Letter must wait till I return to Woodbridge, where your Address is on record. I have thought several times of writing to you since this Year began; but I have been in a muddle—leaving my old Markethill Lodgings, and vacillating between my own rather lonely Château, and this Place, where some Nieces are. I had wished to tell you what I know of our dear Donne: who Mowbray says gets on still. I suppose he will never be so strong again. Laurence wrote me that he had met him in the Streets, looking thinner (!) with (as it were) keener Eyes. That is a Portrait Painter's observation: probably a just one. Laurence has been painting for me a Copy of Pickersgill's Portrait of Crabbe—but I am afraid has made some muddle of it, according to his wont. I asked for a Sketch: he *will* elaborate—and spoil. Instead of copying the Colours he sees and could simply match on his Palette, he *will* puzzle himself as to whether the Eyebrows were once sandy, though now gray; and wants to compare Pickersgill's Portrait with Phillips'—which I particularly wished to be left out of account. Laurence is a dear little fellow—a Gentleman—Spedding said "made of Nature's very finest Clay." So he is: but the most obstinate little man—"incurrible," Richmond called him; and so he

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wearies out those who wish most to serve and employ him; and so has spoiled his own Fortune.

Do you read in America of Holman Hunt's famous new Picture of "The Shadow of Death," which he has been some seven Years painting—in Jerusalem, and now exhibits under theatrical Lights and accompaniments? This does not induce me to believe in H. Hunt more than heretofore: which is—not at all. Raffaele, Mozart, Shakespeare, did not take all that time about a work, nor brought it forth to the world with so much Pomp and Circumstance.

Do you know Sainte Beuve's *Causeries*? I think one of the most delightful Books—a Volume of which I brought here, and makes me now write of it to you. It is a Book worth having—worth buying—for you can read it more than once, and twice. And I have taken up Don Quixote again: more Evergreen still; in Spanish, as it must be read, I doubt.

Here is a Sheet of Paper already filled, with matters very little worthy of sending over the Atlantic. But you will be glad of the Donne news, at any rate. Do tell me ever so little of yourself in return.

Now my Eyes have had enough of this vile steel pen: and so have yours, I should think: and I will mix a Glass of poor Sherry and Water, and fill a Pipe, and think of you while I smoke it. Think of me sometimes as

Yours always sincerely,  
E.F.G.

P.S.—I shall venture this Letter with no further Address than I remember now.

To Mrs. Cowell

*Lowestoft*  
*Feb<sup>r</sup> 17/74*

*Dear Elizabeth,*

Your Letter duly reached me, and its enclosure duly *Annie*. She is only sorry that you should feel any contrition about not answering her Letters: she knowing how much you have to write and to do. I find her well, though not strong: and with all her bright Intelligence and Humour; though her Sister Fanny tells me she is become rather grave at her home, which she manages while her Elder Sisters are away in Italy. They talk of returning before Summer.

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I told Annie [of] your kind Invitation to Cambridge: no doubt she would like it of all things. But she is conscientiously determined on visiting some old Friends hereabout (to one of whom she went yesterday) and then she will be thinking she ought to return to her home. Besides, I think she fancies that you may overtask your Strength and Spirits in entertaining her, as well as in Letter writing. But I must leave her to settle it: little as she is, there is no moving her from her purpose. She talks very much of you both: not because she thinks it agreeable to me, but because it is very plainly very agreeable to herself. As how should it not be?

Since I have been here she has read to me part of the Tichborne summing up—with her own shrewd and humorous Comments. One wonders at such an Expense of Time and Brains on so plain a Case: but I suppose it is necessary. I think the Chief Justice rather rejoices in his work—of which I dare say you do not read a word.

Well—Annie went away yesterday: and I am going to Woodbridge Today: writing to you with this vile Steel Pen because the rain keeps me in till my hour of Departure. And if you could know what is even now going on at my Behest,<sup>1</sup> you would indeed say “How Sad!” Very mysterious—but let us meet somehow at Easter, and you shall hear at full what I will not write in part. I have asked Arthur if he can’t get an Easter Holyday: it was not my fault he did not come down to me at Christmas. What, is Háfíz in Fraser?<sup>2</sup> I shall see the “Contents” for March, and will order accordingly. Adieu, my dear Lady: pray do not answer, nor even write for Duty’s Sake: but believe me always yours and Husband’s

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Dissolution of the partnership with Posh and sale of the two luggers.

<sup>2</sup> Cowell’s essay, “The Persian Poet Hafiz,” was published in *Macmillan’s Magazine*, July, 1874, pp. 251-58.

To John Allen

*Grange Farm: Woodbridge  
Febr 21/74*

*My dear Allen,*

While I was reading a volume of Ste. Beuve at Lowestoft a Fortnight ago, I wondered if you got on with him; j’avais envie de vous écrire une petite Lettre à ce sujet: but I let it go by. Now your Letter



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comes; and I will write: only a little about S.B. however, only that: the Volume I had with me was Vol. III of my Edition (I don't know if yours is the same), and I thought you [would] like *all* of three Causeries in it: Rousseau, Frederick the Great, and Daguesseau: the rest you might not so much care for: nor I neither.

Hare's Spain<sup>1</sup> was agreeable to hear read: I have forgot all about it. His "Memorials" were insufferably tiresome to me. You don't speak of Tichborne, which I never tire of: only wondering that the Lord Chief Justice sets so much Brains to work against so foolish a Bird. The Spectator on Carlyle<sup>2</sup> is very good, I think. As to Politics I scarce meddle with them. I have been glad to revert to Don Quixote, which I read easily enough in the Spanish: it is so delightful that I don't grudge looking into a Dictionary for the words I forget. It won't do in English; or *has not done* as yet: the English colloquial is not the Spanish ditto. It struck me oddly that—of all things in the world!—Sir Thomas Browne's Language might suit.

They now sell at the Railway Stalls Milnes' Life of Keats for 2.6—as well worth the money as any Book. I will send you a Copy if you liked: as I bought three or four to give away.

You may see that I have changed my Address: obliged to leave the Lodging where I had been thirteen years: and to come here to my own house, while another Lodging is getting ready—which I doubt I shall not inhabit, as it will entail House-keeping on me.<sup>3</sup> But I like to keep my house for my Nieces: it is not my fault they do not make it their home.

Ever yours,  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> A. J. Hare, *Wanderings in Spain*, 1873. "Memorials," see letter to Mrs. Cowell, [Sept., 1872], n.l.

<sup>2</sup> "Mr. Carlyle's Faith," *Spectator*, Jan. 31, 1874, pp. 137-38.

<sup>3</sup> Rooms he never occupied in a house adjacent to his old quarters in Markethill.

To Bernard Quaritch

Grange Farm, Woodbridge  
Febr 24/74

Dear Sir,

Have you Shelton's Don Quixote?<sup>1</sup> Don't send it till you let me know condition and price.

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Were I ten years younger, I should have sent for the old 4<sup>to</sup> Cervantes and the old Edition of Calderon named in the Catalogue you sent me: but 'tis too late now.

Yours truly,  
E. FitzGerald

You see I have changed Quarters having indeed been obliged to leave the Lodging I hired, and to come to the Home I built.

I have a small 8<sup>vo</sup> Erasmus "Moriae Encomium" printed at Basle 1576<sup>2</sup> (so says the Title page—I should have thought the type 100 years later) with Holbein's ugly Illustrations. Is this Book worth anything? And worth what?

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Shelton, first translator of *Don Quixote* into English, Part I, 1612; Part II, probably his work also, 1620.

<sup>2</sup> A note by Quaritch corrects the date to 1676. He valued the book at 7s 6d.

To Samuel Laurence  
(Fragment)

*Grange Farm, Woodbridge*  
*February 26/74*

*My dear Laurence,*

. . . I am not very solicitous about the Likeness as I Might be of some dear Friend; but I was willing to have a Portrait of the Poet whom I am afraid I read more than any other of late and with whose Family (as you know) I am kindly connected. The other Portrait, which you wanted to see, and I hope have not seen, is by Phillips; and just represents what I least wanted, Crabbe's company look; whereas Pickersgill represents the Thinker. So I fancy, at least.

To W. A. Wright

*12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft*  
*March 13/74*

*My dear Wright,*

(Excuse Pencil; which I handle better than Steel pen.)

Will you pay what is necessary for me for this Year's Subscription to your Dialect Society?<sup>1</sup> I paid somebody something last year: and don't know if *that* accounts for the Receipt of "Series B" which

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reached me yesterday: and which would not have reached me (it says) unless I had paid my Subscription in Advance—which this year I have not. (I cut it open with a Saltspoon, in default of Paperknife.)

I might not trouble you about this, but it gives me opportunity to say a few words beside. You need not answer till at leisure.

I have been obliged to leave my Markethill Lodging—but have taken one next door: which I don't believe I shall ever inhabit.<sup>2</sup> Meanwhile, I alternate between my own Chateau and this Place.

You, I suppose, are busy with your Bills Version,<sup>3</sup> and many other matters beside your College Functions. I hope to have a glimpse of Cowell if he comes (as he proposes) to Ipswich this Easter. Pray give my Duty to your Master and Mistress when next you meet.

Papers have been sent me (I know not by whom) about the new Shakespeare Society.<sup>4</sup> But somehow I don't feel drawn to the Editor. I suppose you think him sufficient, as I see your Name as Subscriber: but my inference, I know, is not logical.

What do you, or Mr. Skeat, make of the last word "Arndern" Twilight, or Evening, as one gathers from Drayton's "Sad Arndern shutting in the Light" (or "Day"), though the Suffolk Vocabularies (I think) differ as to this.<sup>5</sup> The word is so good that one wants it back, with some "Raison d'être."

Ever yours  
E.FG.

"Grange Farm" is my Woodbridge Address.

<sup>1</sup> Wright was a charter member of the English Dialect Society founded in 1873 by Walter W. Skeat, Anglo-Saxon and Chaucerian scholar.

<sup>2</sup> He never did.

<sup>3</sup> Possibly a jocular allusion to one of Wright's duties as bursar of Trinity.

<sup>4</sup> See second [Dec., 1873] letter to Pollock, n.2.

<sup>5</sup> Arndern, evening. EFG misquotes Michael Drayton's *The Owle*: "When the sad arndern shutting in the night." Etymologically traced from Old Frisian, the word has applied to various times of the day. It does not appear in standard East Anglian dictionaries.

To E. B. Cowell

*Lowestoft*  
*March 14/74*

Charron, comparing Exact Study with Superficial, likens it to his Master Montaigne's "mouches à miel; qui n'emportent point les fleurs

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comme les bouquetières . . . mais s'asseyant sur elles comme si elles les couvaient, en tirent l'esprit, la force, la vertu, la quintessence, et s'en nourrissent, en font substance, et puis en font de très-bon et doux miel, qui est tout leur: ce n'est plus thym ni marjolaine."<sup>1</sup>

What a Passage! my dear Cowell—read this day in Ste. Beuve by the seaside; and so you must share with me at Cambridge. Don't you like that "naïf" climax of the "bon et doux miel" when a Rhetorician would have wound up his sentence so much more sonorously?

My three Nieces still here: about to change Lodging from where they are to next door to this where I write. Annie stays with them a week in their new "gite"<sup>2</sup> and then wends her way homeward, taking other Friends "en route." Let me know when you come to Ipswich.

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> In Sainte-Beuve's essay, "Charron," *Causeries du Lundi*, Mardi, 2 janvier, 1855. Pierre Charron (1541-1603), religious and philosophical writer, a friend of Montaigne's.

<sup>2</sup> Lodgings.

To Mrs. Cowell

*Lowestoft*

*March 20, [1874]*

*Dear Elizabeth Cowell,*

"Thanks!"—as the very vulgar saying is—for your Letter. Annie also had hers. The little Wretch—I left her last Saturday: and when I returned on Monday, found that she had a sharp Attack of Pleurisy on the night of my departure—would say nothing about it till the Monday, I believe: when her Sisters sent for the Doctor: and she has been in his hands since: though she *would* go out for a little walk in the North wind with me. She is like one of Virgil's Bees<sup>1</sup> (ask Professor) so great a Heart in so little a Body. I think she looks very far from strong: Bowdon doesn't agree with her, but it agrees with her Sisters: which is enough for her. 'Tis a wonderful little Creature, I say who shouldn't. She was telling me two nights ago of what tickled her—the Emperor of Russia, at the Wedding, giving his heavy helmet to be held by one of his Suite (as he thought)—and it was the Princess Somebody of England—who bore it for him during the Ceremony. You see the Humour of this.

She (Annie) tells me she has written: and so has told you of her

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movements. She would be very glad to catch a look of you both. Perhaps you could come over to my house, or she go over to Ipswich.

Which reminds me—I want you and EBC to call on *the women Biddells* who (I am sorry to say) are leaving Woodbridge, and go to live somewhere in Henley Road, Ipswich. You know all about the Family, I am sure: the Eldest Woman is a Widow, Mrs. Everard: the second, an Invalid: (both good and sensible) but the third is *my* friend, Anna Biddell: an original, remarkable, person (very good also) whom I want you both to know—and to help her to like Ipswich. She wants intellectual People—having enough of the Merchant and Farmer Class—not at all disdaining them; but wanting something more. I have been something to her (for what I can tell her of *other's* wisdom and wit) and you two can tell her of your own. Pray do as I ask you—you won't repent—and believe me yours truly

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Book IV of the *Georgics*.

To Mrs. Cowell

*Lowestoft*

*Wednesday, [March 25, 1874]*

*Dear Elizabeth,*

Thank you for your second Letter: you have enough to write, I am sure, without having to take *that* trouble—so I must thank you. Also—if you should write to Annie, be sure not to say anything of her Illness: it makes her quite angry to be made any “fuss” of: insomuch that her Sister Fanny was obliged to warn me, as I am warning you. She now says she is well (it is plain she is not strong) and is going off today to Beccles and Geldeston: her Visits thereabout will last about a Fortnight: and then, if her Sisters here do not need her back, will go to Woodbridge. She is not quite easy at leaving her Sisters a little unsettled, in having just changed Lodgings. I do not think they have bettered themselves: they mainly thought to be *better* by being *cheaper*. They talk of going to my house at the end of May: but, if these present Lodgings don't suit, they must go before.

Meanwhile I have a note from Arthur, who thinks he can have Saturday and Sunday Holyday as well as Good Friday, and wishes to come to me. I write at once to bid him come: whether at Woodbridge, or to this place, which he seems to have a mind to. I myself am return-

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ing home today, and shall see in the course of next week what had best be done. You or EBC will let me know if you have any wish in the matter. I hope poor Arthur will have good weather. And I certainly hope that you and EBC will let me have a sight of you before you leave Ipswich.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

I am now going to see Annie off: but shall say not a word about your Letter.

To E. B. Cowell

*Grange Farm: Woodbridge*  
*Tuesday, [April 7, 1874]*

*My dear Cowell,*

Tomorrow, or Friday, or any day, will suit me; if Tomorrow, you will be regaled on fried Ham and Eggs (which are in the house); if on Friday, with something as good, I dare say. If you get this note this Evening, you can send just one line to say which day.

But remember—even appointing the Day, do not feel bound to come if any other Engagement calls you: or ill health—or vile weather. I shall quite understand that you have good reason for not appearing; and nothing worse will happen than that the old Couple here will eat the Ham, or Chop, prepared for you. Indeed, I feel ashamed that you, or any other of my Friends, should go out of their way to visit me.

Annie Kerrich talks of coming here next Monday (the very day you talk of leaving) but, as she has to go to Boulge also, I do not think she can be sure which of us she will have to take first. It will be a real loss to her, missing you both so narrowly: but I know she cannot come before Monday at earliest.

Arthur came here on Thursday night, and went away this morning. I was no company for him; being somewhat out of sorts myself; but I found a young Pupil of Mr. Spalding, and the two seemed to take to each other, and to manage to amuse themselves. They had some Boating: some Pistol shooting: some Billiards (on a little Table in this house) and yesterday I sent them to spend the day at Aldboro. Arthur still seems to pine for Country Life—or The Sea—but I took care not to encourage him. He would have gone back to his Mother yesterday Evening, but I told him I would take the blame of his making the

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most of his short Holyday. He was not expected at his Office till this Fore-noon.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

To R. M. Milnes

*Markethill: Woodbridge<sup>1</sup>  
April 12, [1874]*

*Dear Lord Houghton,*

I must answer by return of Post, "Pray *do* send me Keats's 1<sup>st</sup> Hyperion,"<sup>2</sup> and so thank you for it, and for your swift and very kind reply to my Letter.

I used to tell Tennyson thirty years ago that he should be a Dragoon, or in some active Employment that would keep his Soul stirring, instead of revolving in itself in idleness and Tobacco smoke. And now he has sunk into Coterie-worship, and (I tremble to say it) in the sympathy of his most Ladylike, gentle, Wife. An old Housekeeper like Molière's would have been far better for him, I think. I can care nothing for his Poems since his two Volumes in 1842—except for the dramatic element in Maud, and a few little bits in it. But I am told this is because I have shut up my mind, etc. So it may be. But surely he has become more Artist than Poet ever since: and if the Artist have not wherewithal to work on? I mourn over him as over a Great Man lost—that is, not risen to the Greatness that was in him—for he has done enough to out-last all others of his time, I think—up to 1842. As to the Princesses, King's Idylls, etc., they seem to me to fail utterly in the one thing wanted—Invention, to make a new and better thing of old Legends, which, without it, are best left alone.

I know no more of Mr. Swinburne than the Athenaeum has quoted for me: I saw enough to prove to me that he has more of the Right thing than Browning & Co.—but a fiery, unquiet, Spirit. I thought that I did not care to make further Acquaintance with—"déjà." But I shall get Atalanta.<sup>3</sup>

Thank you again—and again—for the Hyperion that is forthcoming. I write so soon partly to catch you in the Country where you are not so busy, I suppose. And I am

Yours sincerely and much obliged  
Edward FitzGerald

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<sup>1</sup> "Markethill" written in error.

<sup>2</sup> Among Keats's papers which had come into Milnes's possession was a draft of Book I and some 60 lines of Book II of Keats's *Hyperion*, entitled "Hyperion, A Vision." The MS was stolen later; but, from a transcript copied by Edmund Lushington, Tennyson's brother-in-law, Milnes published the fragment in the Philobiblon Society's *Miscellanies*, III, 1856-57. The copy sent to EFG was a reprint of the article.

<sup>3</sup> Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* was published in 1865. Swinburne was one of the many young writers championed by Milnes during their early struggles for recognition.

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge

Friday [April 24, 1874]

Dear Lady,

I take the Liberty of showing your Brother's Paper to Mr. Spalding, who knows something of him, and something of his Studies, and may perhaps be of some use in furthering his Proposal: which (little of Philosopher as I am) I think much more important than the "Shakespeare" and Provincial Dialect Society.

If your Brother needed excuse for abandoning his moral Duties for so paramount a Scientific bias, you know at any rate that it is not I who must call him to account—with no such temptation to plead.

By this noon's Post comes the Enclosed. I will return your Brother's Paper when read by Mr. S. who is confined to his home by his wounded leg.

I meant to have enclosed you Annie's Letter which I had yesterday: regretting so much to be too late for the awful Professor: but still hoping to get a glimpse of his Wife. But I inadvertently enclosed it to Anna Biddell by way of telling her when Annie comes: (which is, next Monday) as I wish those two Annies to meet here. I told A.B. that you had called (even thrice) upon her to no purpose. I think Cowell would see her Originality and Merit: as for you—she would be but one more Heroine in your long list.

And I am yours and awful Professor's

E.FG.

I will return your Brother's—Oh, I see I said this before.

Cette femme chante bien: je l'ai entendue chanter.

Cette Romance est charmante: je l'ai entendu chanter.



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From Chapsal's<sup>1</sup> Grammar: for awful Professor to expound: only *one* difficulty.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Pierre Chapsal, co-author with F.J.M. Noël of popular French grammars.

To Mrs. Cowell



*"Little Grange"*

(by Anna Biddell's order—mark.)

[April, 1874]

*My dear Lady,*

I had your Letter from York, and hope you have had some rememberable pleasure in seeing all the Cathedrals you name.

I mentioned your "Sarsomine" to Professor Spalding here; to whom it is very familiar: only generally preceded by "Dear"—"Dear Sarsomine!" which he always looked on as meaning "Dear *Sirs* o'mine," which you are familiar enough with Suffolk to know is pronounced "Sars". I think this is probably the Solution: though your "Stars" has its probability.

I wrote of this word to Wright that he might apprise Mr. Skeat of the word, in case it be not in Moor or Forby.

Pray look at a beautiful little Comment by Spedding on a passage in Shakespeare in the last number of Notes and Queries, April 18.<sup>1</sup> Oh! that he had given to Shakespeare a tithe of the time he has given to Bacon!

Well, but this is not all. After hearing from half-a-dozen people that they should have no difficulty in finding a Hen and Chicken Daisy, at last Ellen Churchyard has found me one in a Cottager's Garden at Hasketon. It is now in its little Pot outside my house: and is to be sent off in a Box to you as soon as is possible, for your Professor. I will bet 6d. he has found half a dozen just before my poor little innocent reaches him.

Well, and Annie Kerrich and Anna Biddell were two days with me, and we did well together, as I foresaw we should. Then I took Annie K. to Dovercourt: and am to take her thence to London if no other Escort offers. She was very sorry to miss you: as also the other Annie, who (stupidly, I tell her) thought you had left Ipswich just a week before you did leave. She is a fine Soul.

And I am ever yours and EBC's

E.FG.

I shall also post Keats.<sup>2</sup>

May 1874

<sup>1</sup> Cleopatra's praise of Antony's bounty (*Antony and Cleopatra*, V.2.86-88) has been edited to read:

an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping.

Spedding convincingly defended the emendation in response to a note (pp. 303-04) which argued for retention of the Folio reading, "an Anthony it was."

<sup>2</sup> No doubt the *Hyperion* fragment sent by Milnes.

To Fanny Kemble

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
May 2/74

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

My Castle Clock has gone 9 P.M., and I myself am but half an hour home from a Day to Lowestoft. Why I should begin a Letter to you under these circumstances I scarce know. However, I have long been intending to write: nay, actually did write half a Letter which I mislaid. What I wanted to tell you was—and is—that Donne is going on very well: Mowbray thinks he may be pronounced "recovered." You may have heard about him from some other hand before this: I know you will be glad to hear it at any time, from any quarter.

This my Castle had been named by me "Grange Farm," being formerly a dependency of a more considerable Château on the hill above. But a fine tall Woman, who has been staying two days, ordered me to call it "Little Grange." So it must be. She came to meet a little Niece of mine: both Annies: one tall as the other is short: both capital in Head and Heart: I knew they would *fadge* well: so they did: so we all did, waiting on ourselves and on one another. Odd that I have another tip-top Annie on my small list of Acquaintances—Annie Thackeray.

I wonder what Spring is like in America. We have had an April of really "magnifique" Weather: but here is that vixen May with its N.E. airs. A Nightingale however sings so close to my Bedroom that (the window being open) the Song is almost too loud.

I thought you would come back to Nightingale-land!

Donne is better: and Spedding has at last (I hear) got his load of Bacon off his Shoulders, after carrying it for near Forty years! Forty years long! A fortnight ago there was such a delicious bit of his in Notes and Queries, a Comment on some American Comment on a passage in Antony and Cleopatra, that I recalled my old Sorrow that

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he had not edited Shakespeare long ago instead of wasting Life in washing his Blackamoor. Perhaps there is time for this yet: but is there the Will?

Pray, Madam, how do you emphasize the line—

After Life's fitful Fever he sleeps well,<sup>1</sup>

which, by the by, one wonders never to have seen in some Church-yard? What do you think of this for an Epitaph—from Crabbe?—

Friend of the Poor—the Wretched—the Betray'd,  
They cannot pay thee—but thou shalt be paid.<sup>2</sup>

This is a poor Letter indeed to make you answer—as answer you will—I really only intended to tell you of Donne; and remain ever yours  
E.FG.

Pollock is busy editing Macready's Papers.

<sup>1</sup> *Macbeth*, III.2.23.

<sup>2</sup> EFG's version of the couplet in the story of Phoebe Dawson in "Marriages," *Parish Register*, which reads:

Friend of distress! The mourner feels thy aid;  
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

## To the Cowells

Woodbridge  
May 3, [1874]

I meant to answer Elizabeth Cowell's Letter today: and today comes Edward C's; so I will answer both together. You need not—cannot—doubt that I am glad of your News.<sup>1</sup> If other Colleges have Fellowships to give on the same terms as Corpus, I think Corpus has done itself pre-eminent credit, and must have many Heroes on its foundation: they gain quite as much as they give in all respects.

I really wanted to go up to London, to meet Annie K: take her to some Hotel: take her about to some Shows and Shopping: and then commit her to the Bowdon Rail. But you see by the enclosed that the little Heroine *won't*. I should have insisted more on this, knowing that she wants to get home, but that her Sisters (whom I went to see at Lowestoft yesterday) tell me that the longer she can be kept away in the pure air and pleasant fields of Surrey, the better: Bowdon has

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never agreed with her, and she will keep thinking of every one but herself while there. So I let her stay on in Surrey, only telling her that I will go when there is any need.

Only think of the little Daisy travelling so far, and coming out of its Cage to be *a Lion* at Cambridge! Contrary to the expectations—or hopes—of your Professor, however, Professor Spalding here tells me he much doubts if the little Creature will seed after its kind. These monsters don't breed, do they? So this Daisy will not be what the Spaniards call a "Cosa de siempre"—a pretty phrase, is it not, by which they speak of some old Monument: "A Thing of Beauty is a Thing forever" would run better in Spanish.

I have left my Don for awhile now that Sun or Green keep me out of doors; and also my Eyes are not in good plight just now. Here you have the first and best of them; Annie must have the second best. As I enclose her Letter to you, I shall take the Liberty of enclosing yours to her: she will be as glad as any of us.

And I am yours very glad

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Cowell was made a Fellow of Corpus Christi.

To Thomas Constable<sup>1</sup>

*Little Grange*  
*Woodbridge: Suffolk*  
*May 5/74*

Sir,

I am being extremely interested in your Memoir of your Father, of course the more so as I approach the final Crisis, which I so well remember.<sup>2</sup>

I dare say you have been troubled with many letters from Strangers on the Subject of your Story. Excuse my doing so—about a little matter too, which (after all) may be irrelevant. You must not trouble yourself to answer if it be so.

I have possessed for twenty years and more a little Picture by Stothard, professing to be a View of your Father's house near Edinburgh. I cannot recall the name: but, beside that it is a delicate picture by one of the most delicate and amiable of Painters. I have taken pleasure in believing it to represent the house where your Father and Sir Walter may have often met. The enclosed sketch—or Scratch—

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will perhaps be sufficient to remind you of any such place as it purports to represent: and I should be obliged to you if you could authenticate it to me. But, as I said before, not if it be any trouble to you.

I have never been in Scotland, though I have been these twenty years determining to see Edinburgh, and Abbotsford. Perhaps this Summer! I fancy, however, that this Picture represents Scotch Landscape, at any rate: indeed the Architecture of the House alone (very dimly indicated in this Sketch) is, I suppose, enough to assure one of that. I please myself with fancying that the Man on Horseback may be a kind of *Dumbiedikes*!<sup>3</sup>

Perhaps Stothard was, at some time, your Father's Guest?

The Picture is, I am sorry to say, much cracked, where the transparent Glazing was laid on—perhaps before the under-colour was dry.

Once more, excuse my troubling you, Sir; and believe, at least, that I am yours, very much interested in your Book.

*Edward FitzGerald.*

Thomas Constable Esq.

<sup>1</sup> Edinburgh publisher like his father, Archibald; author of *Archibald Constable and His Literary Correspondents*, 3 vols., Edinburgh, 1873.

<sup>2</sup> Scott's insolvency, deplored by his reader legions, brought on in the financial panic of 1825-26 partly through involvement in the senior Constable's publishing firm.

<sup>3</sup> The avaricious old laird in *The Heart of Midlothian*.

To W. A. Wright

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*May 6/74*

*My dear Wright,*

My Professor here says he can help you little or nothing about the "Scamell"—an old controversy, I remember.<sup>1</sup> Still, I have enjoined upon him to write to you, as he has just a little to say; he will say it best for himself; and you may always rely that he will not speak further than he knows. A very worthy Professor. Moreover, he does not wish you to be at the trouble of answering—for form's sake—unless you have more to ask. A very worthy Professor.

I believe in *Scammell* outright: but for little other reason than that it swings the Verse along better than *Sea-mell*. But it is dishonest in me to add another "m," for powder's sake.

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I always thought what a delicate touch of inversion that "not bites."<sup>2</sup> So fastidious.

As to "Gurlyle" and "Oliver Crummles" (Thackeray) and his Squire<sup>3</sup>—I don't know that I can tell you more than Gurlyle tells in his own Account of the Matter: only that, though I really am *The Intelligent Friend* and "Great Twamley," who visited Squire for T.C., mine are not the words which he has *in-command* (!) as mine. The *substance* of the words, I doubt not, came from me; and, as written to him in a private Letter, should of course not have been printed without my consent; especially as translated into Carlylese. But T.C., like most Scotchmen, is utterly disregarding of such niceties.

I think you saw his Letters on the subject among those I gave you to read. By the by, I have had them done up very cleverly along with the Pamphlet.<sup>4</sup> I think *all* the Naseby Letters might well be done so.

Yours always  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> The word contributes two pages of conjecture to the *Furness Variorum Shakespeare* (*The Tempest*, II.2.162). The emendation sea mew, i.e., sea gull, is favored. EFG's "Professor" was Frederick Spalding.

<sup>2</sup> *The Tempest*, V.1.38.

<sup>3</sup> William Squire. See letter to Carlyle, June 29, 1847.

<sup>4</sup> Now in Trinity College Library. The pamphlet: *Thirtyfive Unpublished Letters of Oliver Cromwell*, N.D.

To Thomas Constable

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
May 13, [1874]

Dear Sir,

I must thank you for your Polite and speedy answer to my Letter. I am glad that my little Picture<sup>1</sup> does really represent a Spot which so many memorable men have haunted.

Yes, I have been deeply interested in your Book: and really felt uncomfortable as the Catastrophe drew on—Letter by Letter. The early Murray<sup>2</sup> Letters had great Character and Humour; reminding one also of the more convivial living in those days. Some of the Correspondence, as of Playfair, Maclaren, etc., I was not so interested in as doubtless many of you Northern Readers would be. The only disagreeable speck in the whole work is—Sir Walter's grudge against Jeffrey for the Review on *Marmion*.<sup>3</sup> I thought he was too brave, generous, and utterly careless of what he wrote, to resent such a Review

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—which also (as I remember) is not altogether unjust. Perhaps Scott thought himself attacked as Tory rather than as Poet. I cannot bear to acknowledge a speck on his Chivalrous Character—the noble, dear Fellow!

I always knew that Lockhart<sup>4</sup> had a vein of Malice in him: but I scarce thought it would have extended to a misrepresentation of the Dead. However, one has no Worship of him to keep sacred as one has of Sir Walter. One wonders that two men so different should have become so closely united: indeed we Southerners heard that Sir W. never liked him. Be that as it may, Lockhart was a terrible Hypocrite indeed if he did not love Scott; whose Biography must be one of the most interesting Books in our Language.

Permit me to say sincerely that *your* Book appears to me excellent in its unaffected simplicity of style, and Candour to all Parties. One is rejoiced to get hold of a Book nowadays that is naturally and easily written, without all that Epigrammatic and Graphic slang which has been the fashion since Dickens' days perhaps. I love Dickens too: but if I had to write books, should return to dip myself in Sir Walter.

You are very hospitable in offering to let me call on you if I ever go to Edinburgh. Ah! Let me get there!

Yours much obliged  
E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Constable, May 5.

<sup>2</sup> To John Murray, the London publisher. Subsequently mentioned are John Playfair, University of Edinburgh mathematician and physicist, and Charles MacLaren, editor of the *Scotsman*.

<sup>3</sup> Scott had taken offense at statements in a critique written by his friend Francis Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and published in the April, 1808, issue of the periodical.

<sup>4</sup> John Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law and biographer.

To Herman Biddell

(*Anna ordered this change of name.*)



*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*May 14, [1874]*

*Dear Biddell,*

Your Anna tells me you have had Stubbs<sup>1</sup> down, and ready to send here, for some little while. Unless you want his room, I wish you would hang him up again: for I am full at present, and Pictures are best hung up out of harm's way. If you decide to send him, cover him

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with a *soft* cloth: and fix him so as to be shaken as little as possible in his Journey. But I would rather you kept him for the present.

I give these Cautions because the Picture is really in prime condition now, and we must keep it out of anything that requires the Cleaner's hand.

Why don't you copy it? Surely that would be the way to fathom its mystery. But there is no arguing with a Biddell. Perhaps you have copied: but I would bet *not*.

Three Legs of Duval's Lecturer seemed to me as if they would not lift easily from the Ground. At Mason's is a good Smith: a Farrier's Shop: the Anvil the best part, but the Air through the opening of the Travis very good too.

Edwards, as you may know, is at Ipswich: not well, and not well pleased at the rejection of his Picture by the R.A. This he naturally attributes to spite. I have never seen his Picture but I suppose it is like all those of his that I have seen: and I dare say that as bad, or worse, have been accepted. But he is utterly and hopelessly wrong, I think, and never *will paint*.

Your Sisters seem to like their new Ipswich house—better than we of Woodbridge like their leaving us.

You must excuse this vile scrawl, from a Steel Pen, and a Hand that guides it worse than usual under pressure of a detestable Cold.

But yours sincerely  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Evidently a picture by George Stubbs (1724-1815), animal painter.

From R. H. Groome

*Monk Soham Rectory  
Wickham Market, Suffolk  
May 23, 1874*

*Dear FitzGerald,*

"*Sars alive*" = *As sure as I am alive*.

I think that you will find the phrase in use, and that I have sent its interpretation, and it is a fine instance of what Forby calls to "clutter and huddle together the syllables of two or more words."<sup>1</sup> I hope that you are already feeling better from the change of weather.

Yours sincerely  
Robert H. Groome



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[EFG added the following and sent the note to Aldis Wright:]

Who called here the other day with Edward Moor. But Mr. Spalding still holds to "Sirs-alive!"

E.FG. (who has been shut up a week with Bronchitis, and now feels under a Tub.)

<sup>1</sup> Forby, *Vocabulary*, "Introduction," p. 106.

## To Fanny Kemble

*Lowestoft*

*June 2/74*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

Many a time have I written to you from this place: which may be the reason why I write again now—the very day your Letter reaches me—for I don't know that I have much to say, nor anything worth forcing from you the Answer that you will write. Let me look at your Letter again. Yes: so I thought of "*he* sleeps well," and yet I do not remember to have heard it so read. (I never heard you read the Play) I don't think Macready read it so. I liked his Macbeth, I must say: only he would say "Amen st-u-u-u-ck in his throat," which was not only a blunder, but a vulgar blunder, I think.

Spedding—I should think indeed it was too late for him to edit Shakespeare, if he had not gone on doing so, as it were, all his Life. Perhaps, it is too late for him to remember half, or a quarter, of his own Observations. Well then: I wish he would record what he does remember: if not an Edition of Shakespeare yet so many Notes toward an Edition. I am persuaded that no one is more competent.

You see your Americans will go too far. It was some American Professor's Note on "the Autumn of his Bounty" which occasioned Spedding's delightful Comment<sup>1</sup> some while ago, and made me remember my old wish that he should do the thing. But he will not: especially if one asks him.

Donne—Archdeacon Groome told me a Fortnight ago that he had been at Weymouth Street. Donne better, but still not his former Self.

By the by, I have got a Skeleton of my own at last: Bronchitis—which came on me a month ago—which I let go on for near three weeks—then was forced to call in a Doctor to subdue, who kept me a week indoors. And now I am told that, every Cold I catch, my Skeleton is to come out, etc. Every N.E. wind that blows, etc. I had

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not been shut up indoors for some fifty-five years—since Measles at school—but I had green before my Windows, and Don Quixote for Company within. *Que voulez-vous?*

Shakespeare again. A Doctor Whalley,<sup>2</sup> who wrote a Tragedy for Mrs. Siddons (which she declined), proposed to her that she should read—"But screw your Courage to the *sticking* place," with the appropriate action of using the Dagger. I think Mrs. Siddons good-naturedly admits there may be something in the suggestion. One reads this in the last memoir of Madame Piozzi, edited by Mr. Hayward.

*Blackbird v. Nightingale.* I have always loved the first best: as being so jolly, and the Note so proper from that golden Bill of his. But one does not like to go against received opinion. Your *Oriole* has been seen in these parts by old—very old—people: at least, a gay bird so named. But no one ever pretends to see him now.

Now have you perversely crossed the Address which you desire me to abide by: and I can't be sure of your "Branchtown"?<sup>3</sup> But I suppose that enough is clear to make my Letter reach you if it once gets across the Atlantic. And now this uncertainty about your writing recalls to me—very absurdly—an absurd Story told me by a pious, but humorous, man, which will please you if you don't know it already.

*Scene.*—Country Church on Winter's Evening. Congregation, with the Old Hundredth ready for the Parson to give out some Dismissal Words.

*Good old Parson*, not at all meaning rhyme, "The Light has grown so very dim, I scarce can see to read the Hymn."

*Congregation*, taking it up: to the first half of the old Hundredth—

The Light has grown so very dim,  
I scarce can see to read the Hymn.

(Pause, as usual: *Parson*, mildly impatient) "I did not mean to read a Hymn; I only meant my Eyes were dim."

*Congregation*, to second part of Old Hundredth:—

I did not mean to read a Hymn;  
I only meant my Eyes were dim.

*Parson*, out of Patience, etc.:—

I didn't mean a Hymn at all,—  
I think the Devil's in you all.

I say, if you don't know this, it is worth your knowing, and making known over the whole Continent of America, North and South. And

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I am your trusty and affectionate old Beadsman (left rather deaf with that blessed Bronchitis)

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Mrs. Cowell, [April, 1874], n.l.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas S. Whalley (1746-1828), "gentleman divine," author of *The Castle of Montval*. Mrs. Siddons, a friend and correspondent, may have refused a part in the tragedy when it was published in 1781. In 1799, however, with her two brothers John and Charles Kemble also in the cast, the play was produced at Drury Lane. Despite Kemble popularity and dramatic powers, the production closed after nine performances (*Journals and Correspondence of Thomas S. Whalley*, Hill D. Wickham, ed., 2 vols., 1863, I, 22-23).

<sup>3</sup> In May she had taken up residence at York Farm, the Butler family property in the Germantown area of Philadelphia.

To W. B. Donne  
(Fragment)

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
June 15, [1874]

*My dear Donne,*

. . . I should hardly have had courage to write across the Atlantic to Mrs. Kemble if I had not wished to tell her what I knew of yourself; and she has been really glad and grateful for that little service. Her last letter (Answer of course) was dated from Philadelphia: May 18 (I think). She then speaks of a very mild Winter: then, after some cold, of a very sudden Spring, changing dead wood into Green as with a Harlequin's wand, she said. She was only dreading the Summer heat which always tries her in America; perhaps it had come upon her since she wrote and so made her ill. I had written to her again, perhaps my letter (addressed Philadelphia) will find her wherever she may be gone; and if so, you know she *will* answer however little inclined to do so.

I may have told Mowbray that R. Groome called on me after holding forth in our Church at his Visitation. How little he looks altered in Body, or Mind these thirty or forty years! We had a shot at some Suffolk Words at which he went with his old gusto as if he were no Archdeacon at all.

When I was at Lowestoft, I had to resort to a Circulating Library, where there were but few, and those tattered, books to circulate. The Prime Minister's "Sybil" I found heavy and strange thing for him—

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ditto Lord Lytton: so I fastened on "Bleak House," and thanked God for it and Dickens! Then I bought at the Railway Stall "Elsie Venner" by O. W. Holmes; very well worth reading, absurd as the motive is, and disproportionate as the Narrative. Holmes is I think a Man of Genius. I believe I never could read Hawthorne's Stories.

Ste. Beuve has given me a desire to try "Gil Blas" once again; which I never could get on with: an odd thing to myself. This time I will begin in the middle and go back if I get to the end. Ste. Beuve quotes some one saying of the Moral of the Story—"It is as Moral as Experience"—well said! I am thinking of once more trying "Corneille," whom also I have failed with heretofore.

You see, my dear old Friend, what stuff my letters must be made of; but I remain with Love to all yours,

Yours ever  
E.FG.

To Thomas Carlyle

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*June 23, [1874]*

*My dear Carlyle,*

I should certainly write oftener to hear about you if my doing so did not trouble you to dictate an answer. Also, I hear of you from time to time from Pollock; but not lately from him at all: I suppose, busy at this time of London Life. So I will write you a little bit: and you can just let me know how you are.

This time last year I was preparing to go to Naseby on that fruitless Errand; and last Night I dreamt of you: which may be the immediate cause of my now writing. I thought you were sitting in some room, and you would insist on how much more white-headed you were than I seemed to see you: and you were very kind, and even affectionate; but I said, "You know you often call me a d——d fool, now, don't you?" and then somehow Spedding laughed from a corner of the room.

What an Old Woman's Dream to write to Thomas Carlyle! Yesterday I met a Lady, not rich, who told me she had bought your French Revolution from money she saved by making her own Dress. Perhaps it was that which made me dream, which makes me write.

I am really thinking of going by sea to Edinburgh, after thinking of so doing for half my Life. You will scarce think my main reason for

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wishing to go is Sir Walter, whom you bid us look on as no Hero:<sup>1</sup> but who needs will be so to me. So I want to see the Places he wrote about, and the Place he himself lived in.

Last Sunday Evening—the Longest Day—I was looking at an Elm which you may remember in the field before Farlingay. I remember your reading under it—reading up Voltaire, etc., for Frederick. I thought how big the Tree had grown since that: but that is nineteen years ago, 1855. I have been obliged to leave my Market Hill Lodgings, and come down to the House I built and no one would live in. You would like it, I think: but you would never come: and now some Nieces *are* coming for a Summer Visit: and so I think of getting abroad a little, so as to leave them the house clear.

This really must be a comical Letter. I dare not read it over: but you can but call me what I dreamed you did; and you will not be sorry that I do wish to hear of you, and that I am still as ever your faithful

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> In Carlyle's review of John Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, *The London and Westminster Review*, Jan., 1838, pp. 293-345. Republished in his *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, Volume IV.

To Thomas Carlyle

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
[June 25, 1874]

Only to say—

That Knox came quite dry and safe,<sup>1</sup> thank you, as also for your kind Letter.

That I did not write my absurd dream that you might refute that part of it, only to make you smile a wee bit. The Truth is, I have a little Superstition about dreams: and when I dream (which is very seldom indeed) of any one, want to know about that one. "Hinc ille Tomfoolery."

E.FG., Mons<sup>r</sup> de Petitgrange

<sup>1</sup> Photograph of a portrait of John Knox (1505-72), leader in the Scottish Reformation, sent to be substituted for Scott as an object of worship.

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To W. B. Donne  
(Fragment)

[Woodbridge]  
[June, 1874]

Wait! I have one little thing to tell you, which, little as it is, is worth all the rest, if you don't know already.

Borrow—has got back to his own Oulton Lodge.<sup>1</sup> My Nephew, Edmund Kerrich, now Adjutant to some Volunteer Battalion, wants a house near not in, Lowestoft: and got some Agent to apply for Borrow's—who sent word that he is himself there—an old Man—wanting Retirement, etc. This was the account Edmund got.

I saw in some *Athenaeum* a somewhat contemptuous notice of G.B.'s "Rommany Lil" or whatever the name is.<sup>2</sup> I can easily understand that B. should not meddle with science of any sort; but some years ago he would not have liked to be told so, however Old Age may have cooled him now.

I expect my Nieces here in a week; and am meditating a visit to Edinburgh and Abbotsford! only to see where Sir Walter was, and walk about. . . .

I have Vol. III of Forster's Dickens here; but I keep it for my Reader to deal out to me. "Don Quixote" was my companion during Bronchitis, which has retired into its Closet for awhile. I suppose we shall have the last of Bacon some day.

<sup>1</sup> Borrow had been living in London since 1860.

<sup>2</sup> *Romano Lavo-Lil*: "Word-book of the Romany, or English Gypsy Language" was severely criticized by reviewers. Borrow, a lay philologist, had pioneered the study of Romany; but his work had been surpassed by subsequent, more scholarly writers. The *Athenaeum*, often pert at the sophomore level, described the book as "an anachronism" exhibiting an ignorance of comparative philology (April 25, 1874, pp. 556-57). Cowell was "grieved at the tone" of the review. "I dare say Borrow has let his Romany get rusty," he wrote to Donne, "still I think he deserves full credit for what he did in the old days" (Cowell biography, p. 253).

July 1874

To Samuel Laurence  
(Fragment)

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
[July 4, 1874]

*My dear Laurence,*

. . . I am (for a wonder) going out on a few days' visit. . . . And, once out, I meditate a run to Edinburgh, only to see where Sir Walter Scott lived and wrote about. But as I have meditated this great Enterprize for these thirty years, it may perhaps now end again in meditation only. . . .

I am just finishing Forster's Dickens: very good, I think: only, he has no very nice perception of Character, I think, or chooses not to let his readers into it. But there is enough to show that Dickens was a very noble fellow as well as a very wonderful one. . . . I, for one, worship Dickens, in spite of Carlyle and the Critics: and wish to see his Gadshill<sup>1</sup> as I wished to see Shakespeare's Stratford and Scott's Abbotsford. One must love the Man for that.

<sup>1</sup> Dickens' home near Rochester in Kent.

To Fanny Kemble

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
July 21, [1874]

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

I must write to you—for I have seen Donne, and can tell you that he looks and seems much better than I had expected, though I had been told to expect well: he was upright, well coloured, animated; I should say (*sotto voce*) better than he seemed to me two years ago. And this in spite of the new Lord Chamberlain having ousted him from his Theatrical post, wanting a younger and more active man to go and see the Plays, as well as read them. I do not think this unjust; I was told by Pollock that the dismissal was rather abrupt: but Donne did not complain of it. When does he complain? He will now, however, leave Weymouth Street, and inhabit some less costly house—not wanting indeed so large [a] one for his present household. He is shortly going with his Daughters to join the Blakesleys at Whitby. Mowbray was going off for his Holiday to Cornwall: I just heard him

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speaking of Freddy's present Address to his father: Blanche was much stronger, from the treatment of a Dr. Beard (I think). I was quite moved by her warm salutation when I met her, after some fifteen years' absence. All this I report from a Visit I made to Donne's own house in London. A thing I scarce ever thought to do again, you may know: but I could not bear to be close to him in London for two days without assuring myself with my own Eyes how he looked. I think I observed a slight hesitation of memory: but certainly not so much as I find in myself, nor, I suppose, unusual in one's Contemporaries. My visit to London followed a visit to Edinburgh: which I have intended these thirty years, only for the purpose of seeing my dear Sir Walter's House and Home: and which I am glad to have seen, as that of Shakespeare. I had expected to find a rather Cockney Castle: but no such thing: all substantially and proportionably built, according to the Style of the Country: the Grounds well and simply laid out: the woods he planted well-grown, and that dear Tweed running and murmuring still—as on the day of his Death. I did not so much care for Melrose, and Jedburgh [Dryburgh],<sup>1</sup> though his Tomb is there—in one of the half-ruined corners. Another day I went to Trossachs, Katrine, Lomond, etc., which (as I expected) seemed much better to me in Pictures and Drop-scenes. I was but three days in Scotland, and was glad to get back to my own dull flat country, though I did worship the Pentland, Cheviot, and Eildon, Hills, more for their Associations than themselves. They are not big enough for that.

I saw little in London: the Academy Pictures even below the average, I thought: only a Picture by Millais of an old Sea Captain<sup>2</sup> being read to by his Daughter which moistened my Eyes. I thought she was reading him the Bible, which he seemed half listening to, half rambling over his past Life: but I am told (I had no Catalogue) that she was reading about the North West Passage. There were three deep of Bonnets before Miss Thompson's famous Roll Call of the Guards in the Crimea;<sup>3</sup> so I did not wait till they fell away.

<sup>1</sup> The three abbey ruins near Abbotsford. EFG repeatedly substitutes Jedburgh for Dryburgh when referring to Scott's grave.

<sup>2</sup> "North West Passage."

<sup>3</sup> "Calling the Roll after an Engagement," a winter battlefield scene by Elizabeth Thompson, was the most popular picture in the exhibit.



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To W. F. Pollock

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
July 23, [1874]

But I *did* get to Abbotsford, and was rejoiced to find it was not at all Cockney—not a Castle, but only in the half-castellated style of heaps of other houses in Scotland—the Grounds simply and broadly laid out before the windows, down to a field, down to the Tweed, with the woods, which he left so little, now well aloft and flourishing—and I was glad. I could not find my way to Maida's Grave in the Garden, with its false Quantity,<sup>1</sup>

Ad jānuam Domini, etc.

which the Whigs and Critics taunted Scott about—and Lockhart had done it. "You know I don't care a curse about what I write"; nor about what was imputed to him. In this, surely like Shakespeare: as also in other respects. I will worship him, in spite of Gurlyle, who sent me an ugly Autotype of Knox whom I was to worship instead.

Then I went to see Jedburgh [Dryburgh] Abbey, in a half ruined corner of which he lies entombed—Lockhart beside him—a beautiful place, with his own Tweed still running close by, and his Eildon Hills looking on. The man who drove me about showed me a hill which Sir Walter was very fond of visiting, from which he could see over the Border, etc. This hill is between Abbotsford and Jedburgh [Dryburgh]: and when his Coach horses, who drew his Hearse, got there, to that hill, they could scarce be got on.

My mission to Scotland was done; but some civil pleasant people, whom I met at Abbotsford, made me go with them (under Cook's guidance) to the Trossachs, Katrine, Lomond, etc., which I did not care at all about—but it only took a day. After which, I came in a day to London, rather glad to be in my old flat land again, with a sight of my old Sea as we came along.

And in London I went to see my dear old Donne, because of wishing to assure myself, with my own eyes, of his condition; and I can safely say he looked better than before his Illness—near two years ago. He had a healthy colour; was erect, alert, and with his old humour, and interest in our old topics.

I thought, from your last letter, that you must have been in Devonshire before this time. You are very good to write to me thus soon again, and to tell me so much. Pray, never *trouble* yourself to do so. I shall understand.

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I looked in at the Academy—as poor a show as ever I had seen, I thought—only Millais attracted me: a Boy with a red Sash: and that old Seaman with his half-dreaming Eyes while the Lassie reads to him. I had no Catalogue: and so thought the Book was—The Bible—to which she was drawing his thoughts, while the sea-breeze through the open Window whispered of his old Life to him. But I was told afterwards (at Donne's indeed) that it was some account of a N.W. Passage she was reading. The Roll Call I could not see, for a three deep file of worshippers before it: I only saw the "hairy Cap" as Thackeray in his Ballad,<sup>2</sup> and I supposed one would see all in a Print as well as in the Picture. But the Photo of Miss Thompson herself gives me a very favourable impression of her. It really looks, in face and dress, like some of Sir Joshua's Women.

I never knew much of Brookfield and therefore cannot feel for his loss<sup>3</sup> as you, and (I doubt not) many others, do feel.

What can you mean by the music of Faust being "pretty and sensuous"?

Another Miss Austen!—of course under Spedding's Auspices, the Father of Evil.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Maida, Scott's favorite dog, "between the wolf and deer greyhound." The faulty inscription, reported in London and Edinburgh journals and papers, is on a stone effigy of Maida marking his grave at the gate of Abbotsford.

<sup>2</sup>  
Last year, my love, it was my hap  
Behind a grenadier to be,  
And, but he wore a hairy cap,  
No taller man, methinks, than me.  
Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot  
(Be blessings on the glorious pair!).  
Before us passed. I saw them not—  
I only saw a cap of hair.  
The Chronicle of the Drum

<sup>3</sup> The Reverend William H. Brookfield died July 12.

To George Crabbe

Woodbridge  
Juillet 30, [1874]

*Mon cher Georges,*

Mr. Jeffries vous a dépeché (hier, je crois) le Tableau de Véronese et les gravures d'après Sir Joshua. Je lui ai mandé votre Adresse:

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“Merton, Watton, Norfolk”; j’attends de vous l’assurance de son arrivée.

Quant au Véronèse—vous savez que je vous l’ai légué apres ma mort: j’oubliais que j’avais affiché une note à ce sujet au dos du tableau même, jusqu’à ce que nous détachâmes le tableau de la muraille. Vous sentez donc que le Tableau vous appartient tôt ou tard: si j’aurais envie de la ravoir vivant, je vous assure que je le redemanderai sand scrupule.

Quant aux Gravures—j’en ai gardé deux ou trois; j’espere qu’un tel gros livre ne vous dérangera pas: pour moi, j’ai ces μέγα βιβλίον<sup>1</sup> en horreur; ainsi vous ne me devez pas des remerciements—des malédictions plutôt—si je me défais de ce fardeau de mes épaules pour le poser sur les vôtres.

Vous insérerez les Autotypes a votre discrétion; pour moi, je pense qu’elles vaudraient mieux détachées de leur propre Carton (par l’eau chaude) et insere’es sans bordure aucune, sous les Cartons du livre. Mais faites toujours ce qui vous paraît de bon goût. Voici une Charade de mon bon Peter pour vous occuper: c’est à propos (vous le devinerez à peine) du Vin de Marsala. En voudriez-vous?

E.FG.

Ah, que je voudrais bien vous montrer deux tuiles encrustiquées que je rapporte d’Edinburgh, quoiqu’elles soient de la fabrique de Minton en Angleterre. Peut-être que vous viendrez par ici un beau jour: je me souviens avec une sorte d’effusion de Merton. C’est vrai.

<sup>1</sup> “A big book.”

[George Crabbe enclosed the following when he sent the preceding letter to Aldis Wright in 1884.]

Merton, Norfolk

13 June 1884

My dear Wright,

This letter which I found today in a book is so characteristic of FG’s way of making presents that I send it to you that you may at least read it. Who would have thought that he had given me a grand portrait by Paul Veronese and a most valuable collection of Sir Joshua’s mezzotints? He seems to try to make nothing of both, rather to make it appear as if he was getting rid of a burden. Oh the magnanimous generosity of the man!

Yours sincerely,  
Geo. Crabbe

July 1874

To Arthur Basham

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*July 30, [1874]*

*Dear Arthur Basham,*

It is some time since I have heard of you. I cannot ask you to come over to see me here, for I have but one room in all my own house, to live and sleep in—like a Ship's Cabin—my Nieces occupying the rest of the house. But I shall be at Lowestoft (most likely) before long, and you could then come over, if you liked, and see something of the doings there. The Luggers will all have gone to the North: but there are always some coming in to tan nets, or take in others.

I keep thinking of running over to Aldbro' too: but the Truth is, I have already been a very long Journey—to Edinburgh—thither by Sea—and home by Rail.

Meanwhile, you can tell me how yourself, and other friends at Aldbro are. Remember me kindly to the Fishers: and believe me

Yours truly  
E.FG.

To Thomas Carlyle

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*July 31, [1874]*

*Dear Master,*

You bid me write and tell you if I got to Edinburgh at last. So I have to tell you that I did—and much you will care to hear about it! But I went—by Sea: well pleased with the Coast; thinking of you at Dunbar, and (I must own) of Sir Walter when they pointed out to me the range of Lammermuir. And of Burns when I saw the Berwick Law<sup>1</sup> by which the Ship rode when the Trooper called for a Pint of Wine in a Silver Tassie to pledge his bonny Mary, before going to the Wars.<sup>2</sup> And Edinburgh looked really beautiful to me that long Evening: and the next day, though I only drove about it, and went into none of the Buildings, not even up the Castle steep, all which looked so grand from my Inn in Princes Street. And (in spite of you) I worshipped at the Scott Monument: and went to Abbotsford next day: glad to find it was not at all the Cockney Castle I had been told of, but a substantial house in the Style common to the Country: with

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broad walks before, and then a meadow: and then the Tweed: and then the Woods my Hero planted, and which I wished he could see thriving so well. Then Dryburgh—for his sake too, you know. And I was really going home the next day; but had to wait for some money: and was persuaded to take a Cook's passport to Stirling, Katrine, Lomond, etc., which somehow I did not care for: and on the fourth day back to London by Rail. And, after a visit to my old Brother Peter, and my old friend Donne there, back here. A long way to go for so little purpose, you may think—my little Pilgrimage to my Mecca!

The Country about Edinburgh reminded me of Dublin, only not so green; the City beautiful: I should not be sorry to go again; but I suppose never shall.

So here is the upshot of my long-proposed Pilgrimage. I was told in London that you were gone North: if this Letter (written to order) should follow you, pray do not trouble yourself to acknowledge it, but believe me your heretical Hero-worshipper.

E.FG.

Now for a Pipe in my Garden—to think over all these little things.

<sup>1</sup> "Law," hill.

<sup>2</sup> In "My Bonnie Mary."

## To George Crabbe

*Lowestoft*

*Aout le 12/74*

Votre lettre, mon cher, me trouve ici ce jour-ci. Oui: assurez-vous que je me ressouviens avec plaisir de mon séjour à Merton; vraiment il me semble que peut-être je le reverrai avant que l'Été, ou L'Automne, s'écoule. Nous verrons.

Si les tâches (dont vous me parlez) sur le Tableau ne cèdent pas à l'ablution que vous avez faite, il faudra ôter le Vernix, et le remplacer. J'espère que le Coloris du Tableau est sauvé. Nous verrons cela, aussi. On doit toujours surveiller Soi-même ces emballages; ce que je n'ai pas fait.

Je me suis rendu ici ce dernier Samedi: je serai de retour chez moi avant la fin de cette semaine. Peut-être que je reviendrai, car mon Château sera bientôt tout rempli de mes Nièces. Pourriez-vous—

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voudriez-vous—me faire une petite Visite ici? C'est-à-dire, s'il y aura un logis convenable, ce qui est un peu difficile à trouver maintenant. Je loue une seule Chambre de Miss Green: tout le reste de la maison est rempli. Je crois que le Monde ici ne vaut pas grand chose: assez Bourgeois, quoique non absolument vulgaire.

J'achetai à Edinburgh deux tuiles encrustiquées, peintes à la main: très jolies: je pensais que peut-être les filles Churchyard pourraient s'en servir. C'est de la fabrique de Merton. Vous en seriez assez content, j'en suis sûr.

La Peroration de votre Nimrod est magnifique. Comment pourrait-on *burlesque* de plus! Hier, sur le "Bathing Green," une Demoiselle parlait à un Exquis Bourgeois—

*Demoiselle.* Eh Bien—nous avons vu à Norwich le "Castle." L'avez-vous vu?

*Exquis.* Non: j'ai vu tant de *Castles* en Italie. Qu'y avait-il dedans?

*Demoiselle.* Oh, c'était si drôle: nous vîmes le *Treadmill*: et l'on faisait promener les Prisonniers là-dessus pour notre amusement—imaginez vous!

*Exquis.* Ah, si j'avais imaginé cela, peut-être que j'aurais voulu être de la Partie, etc.

E.FG.

To George Crabbe

*La Petite Grange*  
ce 16 Août/74

*Mon cher Georges,*

Depuis que je vous ai écrit je me souviens (qui est au sujet du Tableau) que si c'est le Vernis seul qui l'est dérangé, l'on doit *souffler* avec une haleine assez chaude là-dessus, et puis le frotter doucement avec quelque vieux mouchoir de Soie. Ce procès doit être fort innocent, si non efficace.

Oui—on a donné la Poste de Censeur des Comédies a un autre: mais en Revanche on donne £350 par An: à mon Vieux Donne, après ses 25 Ans de Service. C'est ce que Sir F. Pollock me mande à ce sujet.

Spedding m'a envoyé le dernier tome de son Bacon—après quarante Ans de ce Travail qui laisse son Héros un peu plus coupable et indigne que l'on ne pensait auparavant. "Sauve-moi de mes Amis!" Son Ami et co-éditeur, D. D. Heath, hic a écrit une Lettre très désavantageuse

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au sujet de certains procédés judiciaires de Bacon: le brave Spedding l'imprime pour une Bonne-bouche finale. Voilà une vraie Tragédie—la Vie d'un tel homme que Spedding dévouée à cette Justification coup faible.

Vous voyez que je suis encore chez moi; mais je me propose de retourner à Lowestoft vers la fin de cette Semaine. Ne pourriez-vous pas me faire ce qu'on appelle une "Visite Volante?"

A vous toujours  
E.FG.

To Anna Biddell

Woodbridge  
Aug. 20, [1874]

*Dear Miss Biddell,*

I saw Ellen Churchyard last Evening, who says she wishes to give you the Bullfinch:<sup>1</sup> which is now ready to be sent, or sent for, as you please. It is not yet in full bloom, though fully fledged; and it already exhibits the intelligence of its Kind.

I am today going again to Lowestoft for about a week: my two youngest Nieces coming here tomorrow for some ten days.

Do you know what this Paper is? The old Cambridge Scribbling Paper, which is now not to be got: but of which I have a few sheets—one of which is all that comes to hand just now. So excuse it, and believe me yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Cuttings for a quickset hedge.

To Fanny Kemble

Lowestoft  
Aug. 24, [1874]

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

Your letter reached me this morning: and you see I lose no time in telling you that, as I hear from Pollock, Donne is allowed £350 a year retiring Pension. So I think neither he nor his friends have any reason to complain. His successor in the office is named (I think)

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"Piggott"<sup>1</sup>—Pollock thinks a good choice. Lord Hertford brought the old and the new Examiners together to Dinner: and all went off well. Perhaps Donne himself may have told you all this before now. He was to be, about this time, with the Blakesleys at Whitby or Filey. I have not heard any of these particulars from himself: nothing indeed since I saw him in London.

Pollock was puzzled by an entry in Macready's Journal—1831 or 1832—"Received Thackeray's Tragedy" with some such name as "Retribution." I told Pollock I was sure it was not W. M. T., who (especially at that time) had more turn to burlesque than real Tragedy: and sure that he would have told me of it then, whether accepted or rejected—as rejected it was. Pollock thought for some while that, in spite of the comic Appearance we keep up, we should each of us rise up from the Grave with a MS. Tragedy in our hands, etc. However, he has become assured it was some other Thackeray: I suppose one mentioned by Planché as a Dramatic *Dilettante*—of the same Family, I think, as W. M. T.<sup>2</sup>

Spedding has sent me the concluding Volume of his Bacon:<sup>3</sup> the final summing up simple, noble, deeply pathetic—rather on Spedding's own Account than his Hero's, for whose Vindication so little has been done by the sacrifice of forty years of such a Life as Spedding's. Positively, nearly all the new matter which S. has produced makes against, rather than for, Bacon: and I do think the case would have stood better if Spedding had only argued from the old materials, and summed up his Vindication in one small Volume some thirty-five years ago.

I have been sunning myself in Dickens—even in his later and very inferior "Mutual Friend," and "Great Expectations"—Very inferior to his best: but with things better than any one else's best, caricature as they may be. I really must go and worship at Gadshill, as I have worshipped at Abbotsford, though with less Reverence, to be sure. But I must look on Dickens as a mighty Benefactor to Mankind.

This is shamefully bad writing of mine—very bad manners, to put any one—especially a Lady—to the trouble and pain of deciphering. I hope all about Donne is legible, for you will be glad of it. It is Lodging-house Pens and Ink that is partly to blame for this scrawl. Now, don't answer till I write you something better: but believe me ever and always yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Edward F. S. Pigott. Donne had been Examiner of Plays since 1857.

<sup>2</sup> The passage suggests that the author was Thomas J. Thackeray and the play



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*Retribution; or, the Gipsy's Revenge*, included by Allerdyce Nicoll among plays by unknown authors (*Late Nineteenth Century Drama*, II, 740). T. J. Thackeray and the novelist were distantly related.

James R. Planché (1796-1880), prolific dramatist, had published *Recollections and Reflections* in 1872.

<sup>3</sup> *The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, Vol. VII.

To Horace Basham

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*Sept. 3, [1874]*

*Dear Horace Basham,*

Thank you for your Letter of Enquiry. I have been lately at Lowestoft for awhile: and suppose I shall be there about October, when I hope you will come over and see me and the Herring Boats, which will then be in full play.

They have made good work, many of them, in the North Sea till a fortnight ago, when the Fish fell off. Jemmy Fletcher had great trouble about finding Boys for his Crew. His Brother went away three weeks ago in his Scotch Boat: I have not heard how he has done.

I am glad you won at Orford. I should have liked to see the Race. Have you no Regatta at old Aldbro this year? or is it over, and I none the wiser? I don't like these Frolics in general, which I think do more harm than good: but I should have liked to see your Race, notwithstanding.

Six weeks ago I passed your Coast in a Steamer to Edinburgh: and was well pleased with the Northumberland Coast and the entrance to the Firth. I only went to visit Sir W. Scott's Home: and came back home after three days in the North.

I have now my Nieces in my house here: insomuch that I have but one Room for myself, awake or asleep: which I like very well, as it is something like being on *board*.

I am going to Lowestoft tomorrow for a little while: but I wish you to come later, when the Boats are back.

Yours always  
E.FG.

September 1874

To W. B. Donne

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
Sept. 4, 1874

*My dear Donne,*

I am very glad you are well out of the Examiner's Office, which I am sure will grow more and more troublesome to the holder, so long as it lasts—which probably won't be long.

. . . Spedding's last volume, noble as it is in all respects, leaves me pretty much where it found me so far as Bacon himself is concerned. Of course I recognized part of the last fine pages as being in the Macaulay "Evenings."<sup>1</sup> I cannot but fancy that while Spedding has undoubtedly, by his work, elevated Bacon from the "wisest, meanest,"<sup>2</sup> etc., he has somewhat qualified his own admiration for him. I have not yet written to acknowledge the receipt of the Book, for I scarce knew how to do without some remarks, however little Spedding cares for it: and I should have committed the double offence of praising him the more, but not his Hero, in whose service he has spent forty years. I must however write something: and I hope in better MS than this: which is shameful. I will reform immediately.

I have been backward and forward to Lowestoft where I have Nephews and Nieces. It is an ugly place enough: ugly sands, ugly sea, etc., but has some Business going on, and plenty of Shipping on the move. I suppose you will scarce visit Norfolk this year. And yet, now that you are out of harness, why not? On second thought, I think you will.

I wish you would remember me very kindly to Blakesley who was always very kind to me: and I think I may venture some kind remembrance to Mrs. Blakesley also. You and yours do not need, I hope, to be assured that I am yours and theirs

Always and truly  
E.F.G.

Yes: Airy died<sup>3</sup>—after a few hours' Illness just arrived on a visit to one of his Biddell Cousins at Lavenham, in Suffolk.

<sup>1</sup> Spedding's *Evenings with a Reviewer*, written in the form of a dialogue with Macaulay.

<sup>2</sup> Pope's epigram: "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

<sup>3</sup> William Airy, Vicar of Keysoe, Bedfordshire, EFG's friend since youth, died August 19, aged 67.

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To Fanny Kemble

*Lowestoft*

*October 4/74*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

Do, pray, write your Macready (Thackeray used to say "Megreedy") Story to Pollock:<sup>1</sup> Sir F. 59 Montagu Square. I rather think he was to be going to Press with his Megreedy about this time: but you may be sure he will deal with whatever you may confide to him discreetly and reverently. It is "Miladi" P. who worshipped Macready: and I think I never recovered what Esteem I had with her when I told her I could not look on him as a "Great" Actor at all. I see in Planché's Memoirs that when your Father prophesied great things of him to your Uncle J. P. K.,<sup>2</sup> the latter said, "*Con quello viso?*" which "*viso*" did very well however in parts not positively heroic. But one can't think of him along with Kean,<sup>3</sup> who was heroic in spite of undersize. How he swelled up in Othello! I remember thinking he looked almost as tall as your Father when he came to silence that dreadful Bell.

I think you agree with me about Kean: remembering your really capital Paper<sup>4</sup>—in *Macmillan*—about Dramatic and Theatric. I often look to that Paper, which is bound up with some Essays by other Friends—Spedding among them—no bad Company. I was thinking of your Pasta story of "feeling" the Antique, etc., when reading in my dear Ste. Beuve of my dear Madame du Deffand asking Madame de Choiseul: "You *know* you love me, but do you *feel* you love me?" "*Quoi? vous m'aimez donc?*" she said to her secretary Wiart, when she heard him sobbing as she dictated her last letter to Walpole.

All which reminds me of one of your friends departed—Chorley—whose Memoirs one now buys from Mudie for 2s. 6d. or so. And well—*well*—worth to those who recollect him. I only knew him by Face—and Voice—at your Father's, and your Sister's: and used to think what a little waspish *Dilettante* it was: and now I see he was something very much better indeed: and I only hope I may have Courage to face my Death as he had. Dickens loved him, who did not love Humbugs: and Chorley would have two strips of Gadshill Yew<sup>5</sup> put with him in his Coffin. Which again reminds me that—*à propos* of your comments on Dickens' crimson waistcoat, etc., Thackeray told me thirty years ago, that Dickens did it, not from any idea of Cockney fashion: but from a veritable passion for Colours—which I can well

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sympathize with, though I should not exhibit them on my own Person—for very good reasons. Which again reminds me of what you write about my abiding the sight of you in case you return to England next year. Oh, my dear Mrs. Kemble, you must know how wrong all that is—*tout au contraire*, in fact. Tell me a word about Chorley when next you write: you said once that Mendelssohn laughed at him: then, he ought not. How well I remember his strumming away at some Waltz in Harley or Wimpole's endless Street, while your Sister and a few other Guests went round. I thought then he looked at one as if thinking "Do you think me then—a poor, red-headed Amateur, as Rogers<sup>6</sup> does?" That old Beast! I don't scruple to say so.

I am positively looking over my everlasting Crabbe again: he naturally comes in about the Fall of the Year. Do you remember his wonderful "October Day"?

Before the Autumn closed,  
When Nature, ere her Winter Wars, reposed:  
When from our Garden, as we look'd above,  
No Cloud was seen; and nothing seem'd to move;  
When the wide River was a Silver Sheet,  
And upon Ocean slept the unanchor'd fleet:  
When the wing'd Insect settled in our Sight,  
And waited Wind to recommence her flight.<sup>7</sup>

And then, the Lady who believes her young Lover dead, and has vowed eternal Celibacy, sees him advancing, a portly, well to do, middle aged man: and swears she won't have him: and does have him, etc.

Which reminds me that I want you to tell me if people in America read Crabbe.

Farewell, dear Mrs. Kemble, for the present: always yours

E.F.G.

Have you the Robin in America? One is singing in the little bit Garden before me now.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> William Macready (1793-1873), Shakespearian actor. See following letter from Pollock.

<sup>2</sup> John Philip Kemble (1757-1823), the most famous—with his sister, Sarah Siddons—of the First Family of the British theater, a term justified by the role the family played in the British theater for a century and a half.

<sup>3</sup> Edmund Kean (1787-1833), small in stature but powerful in tragic roles.

<sup>4</sup> "On the Stage," *Cornhill Magazine*, Dec., 1863, not in *Macmillan's*.

<sup>5</sup> Cedar, not yew.

<sup>6</sup> Samuel Rogers.

<sup>7</sup> From "The Maid's Story," *Tales of the Hall*, with variations. See letter to Tennyson, Nov. 2, 1873, n.2.

<sup>8</sup> The answer to the query is "Yes, after a fashion." Both birds are thrushes, but they resemble each other in one respect only, and that but feebly. The breast of the English robin is tinged with a "red" resembling the breast color of the larger American bird. This slight similarity was probably responsible for the name given to the American bird by early English settlers.

From W. F. Pollock

59 Montagu Square, London, W.  
5 Oct./74

*My dear Fitz,*

It is very good of Mrs. Kemble to wish to tell me a story about Macready, and I shall be glad to know it.

Only—she should know that I am not writing his life—but editing his autobiographical reminiscences and diaries—and unless the anecdote could be introduced to explain or illustrate these, it would not be serviceable for my present purpose.

But for its own sake and for Macready's I should like to be made acquainted with it.

I am making rapid way with the printing—in fact have got to the end of what will be Vol. I. in slip—so that I hope the work may be out by or soon after Christmas, if the engravings are also ready by that time.

It will be, I am sure, most interesting—and will surprise a great many people who did not at all know what Macready really was.

You last heard of me at Clovelly—where we spent a delightful month—more rain than was pleasant—but on the whole charming. I think I told you that Annie Thackeray was there for a night—and that we bound her over not to make the reading public too well acquainted with the place, which would not be good for it.

Since then—a fortnight at St. Julians—and the same time at Tunbridge Wells—I coming up to town three times a week—

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,<sup>1</sup>

and as there are other points of resemblance—so it is natural that the Gates of Justice should be open even during the Vacation—just a little ajar—with somebody to look after it, which somebody it has been my lot to be this year.

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T. Wells was very pleasant—I like the old-fashioned place—and can always people the Pantiles (they call it the Parade now) with Dr. Johnson and the Duchess of Kingston, and the Bishop of Salisbury and the foreign baron, and the rest.<sup>2</sup>

Miladi and Walter are at Paris for a few days. I am keeping house with Maurice.

Yours,  
W.F.P<sup>k</sup>

We have J.S.'s seventh volume—and I am going to read it—but do not know where he is himself. I have not seen the “white, round object—which is the head of him” for some time past—not since—July.—

<sup>1</sup> “Night and day the gate of gloomy Dis stands open.” (Virgil, *Aeneid* VI.127).

<sup>2</sup> Referring to the well-known print of “Remarkable Characters who were at Tunbridge Wells with Richardson in 1748.” (Wright's note)

## To George Crabbe

[October, 1874]

*Mon cher Georges,*

Mon frère m'avait écrit que “notre vieille amie Mme. Johnson était morte.” Vraiment je ne savais pas de quelle Mme. J. il parlait, car je ne savais pas du tout que notre Mme. J. de Scoulton était de ses vieilles amies. Peut-être que c'est une façon de parler selon les Religieux de ce trempe-là. Eh bien! Votre Echo m'assure que c'est *notre* vieille amie de Scoulton. Quand j'étais à Merton, elle se portait tout bien, je pense; mais l'on sait que la Mort sait assez bien par où nous trouver —le “comment” et le “quand” sont à sa Disposition. Est-ce que le Mari, Mons<sup>r</sup> J. s'afflige beaucoup?

Ma nièce Lusia nous mande qu'elle est enchantée de ce Golfe de Spezia; c'était une semaine de féerie pendant qu'elle était là. Maintenant elle va avec ma Soeur à la belle Florence pour l'hiver. En vérité c'est une assez jolie apothéose pour une Sainte telle que ma Soeur, après ses travaux à Holbrook. Voici notre Été défaite sous un coup de Vent; on dit que nous allons essayer un temps très orageux—notre héritage, enfin, de ce bouleversement électrique dont on a tant souffert en France. Nous verrons.

Je pense (Absit Invidia!) que je me porte mieux: peut-être à cause d'une douzaine de Bouteilles, chacune in huit étages, que m'a données

Mons<sup>r</sup> Jones: peut-être—C'est égal, si l'on se trouve mieux—c'est égal, dis-je.

Toutes mes Nieces sont parties excepté Elizabeth—qui doit partir la semaine prochaine. Vous me direz assurément quand vous saurez le temps de votre émigration annuelle. Avez-vous trouvé un Curé?

Ah ça—je vais vous envoyer une Photographie de la façade de ma Maison vers le Sud—jolie façade, je pense—assez jolie Photo. Mr. Fish, l'Artiste, l'enverra par la Poste, aussi à votre Soeur.

Point de nouvelles d'ici:—pas une Scandale—les "Garden-parties" même ne sont plus. Mais je reste toujours votre Ami très sincère

E.FG.

To Mrs. Tennyson

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*October 23, [1874]*

*Dear Mrs. Tennyson,*

I may as well address you at once, since you (Poor Lady!) must answer. I think the time is come for my annual Enquiries: you must let me know how you all are. I read in some Paper, I think, that Alfred had been in Paris: I also read that you had let Aldworth to Lord J. Russell: I suppose you will soon be back, if not already back, at the Isle of Wight—unless you have let that also.

Frederick tells me he suffers in his head: and the Doctors all account for it differently. I know something about all such pains, and, I suppose, shall know more before long. One of F's Doctors thought his head might suffer from accumulation of *Chloral* which he took a good deal of at one time, if not lately. I am told the Medicine *does* lay itself up in the System. I can't help thinking a good deal about Frederick, who has always been partial to me.

I have made one vigorous effort this last July: to Edinburgh by Sea; really only going there to worship at Abbotsford, and coming away after three days. One of those days was given to Lakes Katrine and Lomond: which (as I expected) I didn't care a bit for: they don't look half as well as in the Lady of the Lake: little Waters, and little Mountains. But Abbotsford, and Dryburgh (where my Hero is buried, you know) well repaid me for my Journey: and Edinburgh really is a fine place. I came back to London by Rail in ten hours: and should not be sorry to think I was to go once again—a very rare upshot of

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Travel with me. When I wrote to Carlyle about something and told him what I was going to do, he sent me a Photo of John Knox as a fitter Hero to worship, i.e.,—better than Sir Walter: but I don't care a Button about him: or rather do dislike him, I believe. I dare say he helped to pull down Dryburgh: in one fair corner of which Scotland does lie my dear Sir Walter. Why shouldn't I love him—so brave, generous, and good, as he was? That's why one wants to see where he lived and moved about, amid the woods he planted. I wished he could see how well they had grown, Bless him! I couldn't find *Maida's* grave, with the "false Quantity" in its Latin Inscription: of which Sir. W. took all the Blame while the fault was Lockhart's: for as he said to L, "You know I don't care a Curse what I write"—nor what was written for him. Bless him! I say again: and I am glad and proud to worship him, and pay my devotion at his House and Tomb: as I was at Shakespeare's. I wouldn't stir a step for Milton's.

Sunday

I hope it was not Annie Thackeray's Leslie Stephen who wrote a Review of "the excellent Crabbe" in the last *Cornhill*: pert and ignorant, as I am sure Alfred agrees with me that it was.<sup>1</sup> I gathered from something in Annie T's Writings that she sometimes resided in your Isle—nay, at Freshwater: pray remember me to her if you come across her. And believe me yours and Alfred's always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Leslie Stephen, Anne Thackeray's brother-in-law, was the author of "Crabbe's Poetry," *Cornhill Magazine*, Oct., 1874, pp. 454-73; published later in *Hours in a Library*.

To Thomas Carlyle

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
Nov. 3/74

*My dear Carlyle,*

I did not wish you to reply to my Edinburgh Letter, which told you of what you would think a foolish Business, I know. But you must soon dictate me a Line, to tell me a wee bit about yourself: ever so little: but you know I come down upon [you] about this time of the year for my Peppercorn Rent. I hope it is not grievous for you to pay.

Well: I was only three whole days in Scotland: but I find myself



wishing to see Edinburgh again, as I scarce ever felt for any strange Place. And little as you may idolize (!) Scott, you would like his Eildon hills, Melrose, and Dryburgh, if you have never cared to visit them. The Eildons I suppose you have seen. Then there was a Hill between Melrose and Dryburgh which Scott often went to, looking over the Border; and the man who drove me said that Scott's Carriage horses, who also drew his Hearse, *would* stop there, and could only be got on with much coaxing, etc. Oh, I know you think Scott a brave, honest, good-natured man, and a good Story-teller, only not a Hero at all. And I can't help honouring and loving him as such. Come; he is at least as good as old Bacon, whom Spedding has consumed near forty years in whitewashing. I declare *that* is a Tragedy: the more so, as I cannot help thinking that Spedding is himself a little more doubtful at the end of his Labours than he was before, and for many years after. I fancy his Conclusion is rather an Appeal "*ad misericordiam*," citing Witnesses of Character, which do not amount to much, I think. But I dare say you are sick of the Business: for I think I may venture so far as to guess that Bacon is not one of your Demigods.

I happen to be reading Dauban's<sup>1</sup> *La Terreur*, and am going to get your Book from my old Lodging, where it lies till my few shelves here are cleared.

I have nothing to tell of myself: have only been as far as Lowestoft since Edinburgh: and am now engaged in trying to prevent a Cold from growing to Bronchitis.

Ecrivez moi un tout petit mot, et croyez moi toujours votre dévoué  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Aimé Dauban, historian of the French Revolution.

## To George Crabbe

Woodbridge  
le 4 Novembre, 1874

*Mon cher Georges,*

Vous avez déjà mon Télégramme je l'espère: Vous voyez que je ne "voulais pas de vous à aucun prix" (pour me servir d'un idiome aristocratique). Car, enfin: j'avais constamment cru vous revoir ici en route de Norfolk à Londres. Vous voilà à Londres: ce sera plus que dommage que vous "retracieriez" vos pas, si loin, pour une seule Journée, dans le mois de Novembre. Je s'assurer que vous m'avez proposé cette

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visite en galant homme parceque vous l'aviez déjà promise: mais je le répète, je n'en veux pas à pareil frois. D'ailleurs, mes petites préparations regardaient la fin de la semaine selon votre dernier propos: ainsi, vous voyez que vous ne dérangez rien chez moi. Enfin, quoique je sois fâché de ne pas vous revoir, je suis tout persuadé que j'ai bien décidé; et je pense que vous aussi ne serez pas mécontent de ma décision.

Au lieu de vous, je ne puis douterque le vilain Bronchitis me revient; mandez-moi vos recettes Homéopathiques, tôt ou tard—et croyez-moi toujours votre tout dévoué

E.FG.

En relisant ma Lettre je vois que je parle de mes petites préparations, etc. Tout était préparé à tel point que tout se pourrait accomplir à l'instant même. Je ne voudrais point que vous soupconniez que mon Telegram soit dicté par une telle arrière-pensée. Mais pourquoi s'excuser d'un soupçon que votre propre bonhomie n'aurait jamais soupçonné? "Qui s'excuse s'accuse" de quelque bassesse.

Ma vieille Amie, Elizabeth Phillips, reste très malade: on pense qu'elle ne sortira plus.

Adieu.

Il y avait un Article au sujet de votre Grand-père dans le Cornhill d'octobre: un Article à la fois ignorant et impertinent: j'espère que ce n'était pas de la Plume de l'Editeur—Leslie Stephens—le mari de la fille cadette de Thackeray.

From Thomas Carlyle

*5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea*  
*6 Nov. 1874*

*Dear FitzGerald,*

Thanks for your kind little Letter. I am very glad to learn that you are so cheerful and well, entering the winter under such favourable omens. I lingered in Scotland, latterly against my will, for about six weeks: the scenes there never can cease to be impressive to me; indeed as natural in late visits they are far too impressive, and I have to wander there like a solitary ghost among the graves of those that are gone from me, sad, sad, and I always think while there, ought not this visit to be the last?

But surely I am well pleased with your kind affection for the Land, especially for Edinburgh and the scenes about it. By all means go

again to Edinburgh (tho' the old city is so shorn of its old grim beauty and is become a place of Highland shawls and railway shriekeries); worship Scott, withal, as vastly superior to the common run of authors, and indeed grown now an affectingly *tragic* man. Don't forget Burns either and Ayrshire and the West next time you go; there are admirable antiquities and sceneries in those parts, leading back (Whithorn for example, *Whitterne* or *candida casa*) to the days of St. Cuthbert; not to speak of Dumfries with Sweetheart Abbey and the brooks and hills a certain friend of yours first opened his eyes to in this astonishing world.

I am what is called very well here after my return, worn weak as a cobweb, but without bodily ailment except the yearly increasing inability to digest food; my mind, too, if usually mournful instead of joyful, is seldom or never to be called miserable, and the steady gazing into the great unknown, which is near and comes nearer every day, ought to furnish abundant employment to the serious soul. I read, too; that is my happiest state, when I can get *good books*, which indeed I more and more rarely can.

Like yourself I have gone through *Spedding*, seven long long volumes, not skipping except where I had got the sense with me, and generally reading all of Bacon's own that was there: I confess to you I found it a most creditable and even surprising Book, offering the most perfect and complete image both of Bacon and of Spedding, and distinguished as the hugest and faithfulest bit of literary navy work I have ever met with in this generation. Bacon is washed clean down to the natural skin; and truly he is not nor ever was unlovely to me; a man of no culpability to speak of; of an opulent and even magnificent intellect, but all in the magnificent prose vein. Nothing or almost nothing of the "melodies eternal" to be traced in him. Spedding's Book will last as long as there is any earnest memory held of Bacon, or of the age of James VI.,<sup>1</sup> upon whom as upon every stirring man in his epoch Spedding has shed new veritable illumination; in almost the whole of which I perfectly coincided with Spedding. In effect I walked up to the worthy man's house, whom I see but little, to tell him all this; and that being a miss, I drove up, Spedding having by request called here and missed me, but hitherto we have not met; and Spedding I doubt not could contrive to dispense with my eulogy. There is a grim strength in Spedding, quietly, very quietly invincible, which I did not quite know of till this Book; and in all ways I could congratulate the indefatigably patient, placidly invincible and victorious Spedding.

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Adieu, dear F. I wish you a right quiet and healthy winter, and beg to be kept in memory as now probably your oldest friend.

Ever faithfully yours, dear F.,

T. Carlyle.

<sup>1</sup> The Scotsman writes; an Englishman would of course have referred to James VI of Scotland as James I.

To Bernard Quaritch

[Woodbridge]

[November, 1874]

P.O. Order enclosed (as I hope you will find) for amount of Bill de l'autre Coté.<sup>1</sup>

I am almost tempted to send the Books back to have them half bound as plainly as may be.

Meanwhile I do send you the "*Disjecta Membra*" of Firdusi; I will let you pay the Carriage, as you deserve,

and am yours (with some Bronchitis)

E.FG.

I cannot be sure whether your Correspondent (that is, to *me*) writes his name Farbey or Furbey:<sup>2</sup> he is a Compatriot of mine: but I don't think his is an Irish name? Anyhow, please to thank him for his Politeness.

Resette pour le Bronchitis—Une bouteille par jour du vin d'Oporto de 1870. Ce n'est pas un remède Homéopathique, vous voyez, mais c'est égal.

<sup>1</sup> This note was written on the reverse of a bill, dated Nov. 4, 1874, for eleven French works imported by Quaritch for EFG. For titles, see *Letters to Quaritch*, p. 26.

<sup>2</sup> A. M. Furby, chief clerk.

To W. H. Thompson

[Woodbridge]

[November 9, 1874]

*My dear Master,*

I think there can be no criminal breach of Confidence in your taking a Copy, if you will, of Carlyle's Letter. Indeed, you are welcome

to keep it: there was but one Person else I wished to show it to, and she (or *She*) can do very well without it. I sent it to you directly I got it, because I thought you would be as pleased as I was with C.'s encomium on Spedding, which will console him (if he needs Consolation) for the obduracy of the World at Large, myself among the number. I can indeed fully assent to Carlyle's Admiration of Spedding's History of the *Times*, as well as of the Hero who lived in them. But the Question still remains—was it worth forty years of such a Life as Spedding's to write even so good an Account of a few, not the most critical, Years of English History, and to leave Bacon (*I think*) a little less well off than when S. began washing him: I mean, in the eyes of candid and sensible men, who simply supposed before that Bacon was no better than the Men of his Time, and now J.S. has proved it. I have no doubt that Carlyle takes up the Cudgels because he thinks the World is now going the other way. If Spedding's Book had been praised by the Critics—Oh Lord!

But what a fine vigorous Letter from the old Man! When I was walking my Garden yesterday at about 11 A.M. I thought to myself "the Master will have had this Letter at Breakfast; and a thought of it will cross him—tandis que le Prédicateur de S<sup>te</sup> Marie soit en plein Discours," etc. J'écris ceci en Français, voyez vous, j'ai peur que quelque Sâhib Académique ne cependant brûle [?] mes hérésies sur le Church: et croyez moi toujours

Tout à vous  
E.FG.

If Lord Houghton be with you pray thank him for the first ébauche of Hyperion he sent me. Surely no one can doubt which was the first Sketch.

To W. B. Donne

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
Nov. 13, [1874]

*My dear Donne,*

I have been looking everywhere for a letter from Mrs. Kemble which I wanted to send you; it shall be sent when it turns up: meanwhile here is my own to go without it.

Her letter was chiefly to tell me of a creditable Anecdote of Macready and her Father, in their days of Rivalry: Macready coming to

Charles Kemble confessing his Jealousy (about some Part in a Play at Covent Garden) and asking to shake hands after his Confession. She had written that she wished Pollock knew of this, so wrote it to me, and I have lost the Letter. However, I don't suppose Pollock could have made use of it (as he himself doubted), inasmuch as he is not writing a Biography of Macready, but only Editing his Journals, etc.

I suppose the Book is in the Printer's hands; but I have not heard of Pollock this long while—perhaps for that very reason.

I have had a long (dictated) letter from Carlyle in reply to my yearly, or half yearly inquiry, in which I also told him of my Edinburgh journey. He does not so much disapprove of my Pilgrimage to Abbotsford considering that I admire Edinburgh so well—as I really do, for I find I have a hankering to visit it again. But the main of Carlyle's letter is a rhapsody about Spedding's Bacon; which he extols above any Book in this last Generation: Spedding himself "invincible and victorious." Bacon no great Sinner, of an "opulent and indeed magnificent Intellect," etc. Though allowing all this I cannot think it was worth forty years of Spedding's Life—the World having pretty well agreed before as to the amount of Bacon's Intellect and Culpability; no, nor taking into account also Spedding's admirable "History of the Times" as not very critical in England's History; yet I rejoice in Carlyle's opinion which will overweigh all that of the obdurate World. I am sure that Thompson would be glad of this, too, so I sent him the Letter, which he wished to copy, and I told him to keep.

I doubt not there is a little of Carlyle's spirit of contradiction in all this. He saw the wicked World inclining to condemn, or neglect both the Philosophers; and Carlyle hates the World more than Bacon. But I repeat I am delighted that he feels and speaks as he does; the wicked World will go its way, and come to the right conclusion.

. . . There was a disagreeably pert and ignorant Review of what the Reviewer called "the excellent Crabbe" in October "Cornhill". . . Only this morning I was reading a whole page (one of a dozen) which might be Molière's. Pray turn to it before this Letter is out of your hands; "The Widow" in "Tales of the Hall"; her answer to her third husband that is to be—beginning:

Well—she would protest  
This was a Letter prettily exprest.

But indeed the Suitor's Letter is so good. And at the end of her letter of expostulation—simply,

The Marriage followed

“the excellent Crabbe” indeed, in whom one may look in vain for an “Epigram”! Why, there is one and I could quote hundreds.

Mowbray tells me you have had a touch of Cold; so have I, showing me that Bronchitis is ready if one neglects it. Give my Love to the two Daughters and believe me ever yours,

E.FG.

Are you going to move? and whither? I think you will stay where you are.

To Frederick Tennyson

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*Nov. 16, [1874]*

*My dear Frederick,*

You should let me hear of you now and then without waiting for a prod from me. You have really Something to tell me about yourself that I want to hear, and that you can tell me in a very few lines. Tell me now, at any rate.

I wrote my yearly Letter to Mrs. Alfred a fortnight ago, I think: but as yet have had no answer. Some Newspaper made fun of a Poem of Alfred's—The Voice and the Peak, I think; giving morsels of which, of course, one could not judge. But I think he had better have done singing: he has sung well—tempus silere, etc.

I have Bronchitis hanging about me, and am obliged to leave off my Night-walks abroad. So, as I can't read at night, and my Reader does not come till eight, I stride up and down a sort of Hall I have here: reminding myself of Chateaubriand's fine account of his Father going up and down a long Room, half-lighted, in the old Breton Castle: coming up to the Table where the Family sat, and then disappearing into the Gloom: while Owls hooted, and Dogs barked in the stormy Night abroad:

While far abroad a washing Storm o'erwhelms  
Nature pitch-dark, and rides the thundering Elms.

There! that second Line is worthy of you—or Dryden, and I have never made out who wrote it: not even by help of *Notes and Queries*.

Now write me a Line and tell me how you are: and believe me yours the same E.FG. as of old.

November 1874

To Fanny Kemble

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 17/74

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

Your Letter about Megreedy, as Thackeray used to call him, is very interesting: I mean as connected with your Father also. Megreedy, with all his flat face, managed to look well as Virginius, didn't he? And, as I thought, well enough in Macbeth, except where he *would* stand with his mouth open (after the Witches had hailed him), till I longed to pitch something into it out of the Pit, the dear old Pit. How came *he* to play Henry IV. instead of your Father, in some Play I remembered at C. G., though I did not see it? How well I remember your Father in Falconbridge (Young, K. John) as he looked sideway and upward before the Curtain fell on his Speech.

Then his Petruchio: I remember his looking up, as the curtain fell at the end, to where he knew that Henry<sup>1</sup> had taken me—some very upper Box. And I remember too his standing with his Hunting spear, looking with pleasure at pretty Miss Foote as Rosalind. He played well what was natural to him: the gallant easy Gentleman—I thought his Charles Surface rather cumbrous: but he was no longer young.

Mrs. Wister quite mistook the aim of my Query about Crabbe: I asked if he were read in America for the very reason that he is not read in England. And in the October *Cornhill* is an Article upon him (I hope not by Leslie Stephen), so ignorant and self-sufficient that I am more wroth than ever. The old Story of "Pope in worsted stockings"—why I could cite whole Paragraphs of as fine texture as Molière—incapable of Epigram, the Jackanapes says of "our excellent Crabbe"—why I could find fifty of the very best Epigrams in five minutes. But now do you care for him? "Honour bright?" as Sheridan used to say. I don't think I ever knew a Woman who did like C., except my Mother. What makes People (this stupid Reviewer among them) talk of worsted Stockings is because of having read only his earlier works: when he himself talked of his Muse as

Muse of the Mad, the Foolish, and the Poor,<sup>2</sup>

the Borough: Parish Register, etc. But it is his Tales of the Hall which discover him in silk Stockings; the subjects, the Scenery, the Actors, of a more Comedy kind: with, I say, Paragraphs, and Pages, of fine Molière style—only too often defaced by carelessness, disproportion,



and "longueurs" intolerable. I shall leave my Edition of Tales of the Hall,<sup>3</sup> made legible by the help of Scissors and Gum, with a word or two of Prose to bridge over pages of stupid Verse. I don't wish to try and supersede the Original, but, by the Abstract, to get People to read the whole, and so learn (as in *Clarissa*) how to get it all under command. I even wish that some one in America would undertake to publish—in whole, or part by part—my "Readings in Crabbe," viz., Tales of the Hall: but no one would let me do the one thing I can do.

I think you must repent having encouraged such a terrible Correspondent as myself: you have the remedy in your own hands, you know. I find that the Bronchitis I had in Spring returns upon me now: so I have to give up my Night walks, and stalk up and down my own half-lighted Hall (like Chateaubriand's Father) till my Reader comes.

Ever yours truly  
E.FG.

Nov<sup>r</sup> 21

I detained this letter till I heard from Donne, who has been at Worthing, and writes cheerfully.

<sup>1</sup> Her younger brother.

<sup>2</sup> Quoted from the original opening lines of "Adventures of Richard Concluded," *Tales of the Hall*.

<sup>3</sup> EFG printed his *Readings in Crabbe's "Tales of the Hall"* privately in 1879; Quaritch published an edition in 1883.

## To George Crabbe

[*Little Grange*]  
[November, 1874]

Cependant, je ne me repens pas d'avoir repoussé votre visite, mon cher Georges—quoiqu'il faisait si beau temps hier quand vous dussiez être chez moi. Vraiment mon petit Entourage paraissait assez beau, des Géraniums, des Chrysanthemums, un peu de Roses—une Anémone même—dans my jardin; et les Arbres d'alentour encore garnis de feuilles vertes. Mais vous avez laissé tout ça à Merton. Pour revenir à mon sujet: ce beau jour d'hier même ne valait pas la peine et le Risque (c'est-à-dire par froid, rhume, etc.) d'un tel Voyage: et vous vous trouvez assez bien à Arlington Street, n'est-ce pas? Miladie Walsingham aura la bonté peut-être de vous indiquer la maison d'Horace

Walpole dans cette rue: trouvez-la, et faites mes compliments à ce défunt héros: car c'est un Héros pour moi, quoique Petit maître pur a la vue de tant d'autres—(Vilain Français ceci, je suspecte!)—Quant à votre Grandpère—Ah que je voudrais bien me sentir d'une force à revendiquer ses écrits, mais je n'en ai pas—c'est-à-dire par la Plume. Et si je le fasse ce Cornhill ne me fera pas placer (ici je consulte mon Dictionnaire!) pour ma dépense. Mais savez-vous que je prépare (non pas avec ma plume, mais avec mes ciseaux et ma bouteille de gomme) une Edition de ses "Tales of the Hall" qui doit être un miracle d'adresse; retranchant les longueurs; rapprochant les belles parties, avec un peu de Prose pour Interprète. Enfin un Pasticcio qui fera lire ceux qui ne lisaient pas auparavant. Je ne me propose pas de publier cet ouvrage merveilleux: mais—Garde à vous, Monsieur, la première fois que je vous retrouve—vous qui n'aimez pas les Vers, même ceux de votre Cincêtre. Le Sage de Cornhill le nomme (d'après H. Smith) un "Pape au bas de laine" je pourrais aisément prouver que c'est un Pape en bas de soie quand il veut s'en parer. Il y a des pages entières de Vere d'une netteté Molièrienne.

Quel fatras de mauvais Français, tout à fait sans but! Pourquoi l'envoyer à Arlington Street? Cela m'amusait ce matin—voilà tout—mon vieux Howe attend ma lettre pour la Poster. (Français idiomatique!) Je vous envoie la dernière nouvelle de mon vieux Pierre. Mon vieux Doughty me faisait une visite (avec sa jeune femme) hier: il souffre toujours de ce Diable de Bronchitis. Madame Phillips (la vieille) s'affaiblit toujours. Ah, le soleil se couche pour nous autres; mais jusqu'à Soleil couché, je suis votre.

E.FG.

To Thomas Constable

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
Nov. 17 [1874]

*Dear Sir,*

I told you in the Summer that I thought of going to Edinburgh; thither I went—in July—by Sea from London: and back again, after only three clear Days. It was stupid of me not to stay longer: but it has left me with a Desire to go again: which I scarce ever felt before after such Expeditions. I went, however, almost entirely to see Sir Walter's Home and Whereabout: and I saw it all the very day before

the House was closed to Visitors: on account of some Honeymoon—an ill-omened place for a Honeymoon, I thought. But it was all and more than I expected: House, Grounds, Country around: and winding up with Dryburgh, like a piece of solemn Musick. Then I was prevailed on to go for a Day to Lochs Katrine and Lomond: which I felt sure I should not care for so much as under a Mist of Poetry and Romance—nor did I. One day I drove about Edinburgh: but went to see none of the Sights: which I say again was stupid: but, if one lives, may be remedied. I thought the City beautiful, Shops so good and People so intelligent and civil. I was sorry not to have brought away with me a large Photograph of the Castle from Princes Street at a Shop down some steps nearly opposite Scott's Monument. But I hesitated at having another Parcel to take care of. Could you tell me the name of the Bookseller?

You were polite enough to ask me to visit you in case I went to Edinburgh: do not think that I forgot or undervalued your Kindness: but I could not think of availing myself of such an offer after so slight an Introduction, and of my own making. Believe me that I am thankful: and that I beg to remain yours truly

Edward FitzGerald.

By the by I will tell you that I wrote that little Memoir of my old friend B. Barton which you gave a word of Praise to in your Book.<sup>1</sup> I wondered how B.B. or I had got to Edinburgh; and, on looking back to the Memoir after some twenty-five years, thought it a nice little thing.

<sup>1</sup> In the passage preceding letters from Bernard Barton to Archibald Constable, the publisher's son quotes extracts from "the charming little *Memoir* prefixed to an edition of the *Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton*" (A. Constable and Correspondents, II, 238).

To Thomas Carlyle

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
Nov. 20, [1874]

Dear Carlyle,

As I was told there were well-fed Pheasants from a Squire's near here, I have sent you a Brace. And I only write to prevent your Niece having the trouble to acknowledge them unless they don't reach you by the end of this week, or the Beginning of next. I shall know that

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you thank me more than enough: and I hope you will be able to digest them. Ah that Digestion! Near twenty years ago you told me you had scarcely digested anything but "Water" for some thirty years before that. Laugh at this, and it will help the Pheasants down—Breadsauce and all.

A little Niece of mine once said that her Papa was gone out to shoot "Pheasants and Breadsauce."

I rejoice in what you say of Spedding's work, which will console him (if he wants that) for the Apathy of the World at large. I believe I admire his work as much, if not so wisely, as you do: but I still think Spedding might have done much more with the forty years of Life he has employed upon it. The forty or fifty Years he writes about so admirably, were not very critical ones in English History, were they? And, as for Bacon, who, it appears, had not much influence on his Times, Spedding surely leaves him where he was in the eyes of sensible and dispassionate People: no great Criminal, but not better than the Plowmen of his Day: I think, so far worse in being more cowardly.

But all this won't help your Digestion, which I do wish to work well, and remain yours always and truly

E.FG.

To Horace Basham

*Lowestoft*  
*Decr 11/74*

*Dear Horace,*

I came over here a few Days ago to see my Nieces: and am going home tomorrow. I rather expect to come again at Christmas which I should certainly have told you of, in case you should like to run over. You will however be much better with your Uncle; I think I shall probably be here a good deal this Spring, and shall be glad to see you when you please.

The Herring Boats do not lay up till Monday: but they have been able to do nothing this week, as you may imagine. The average return is about £300 a Boat: some double: some not half: altogether, not so good as last year, and the fish of an inferior quality. Jemmy has made about £350; Joseph (my former friend) not much over £200 by this Herring (home) Voyage: but he made £150 by Mackerel

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just before it began: and his £200 is equal to £300 from having only Seven men to share instead of Eleven. I have not seen him since I have been here.

I shall begin on your Sprats (thank you) directly I get home, and am yours

Very sincerely  
E.FG.

12 P.M. Since writing this a Brigantine at Anchor opposite my Windows has drifted ashore, and lies now with the sea breaking over her. The Tide is falling: but I should think she must go to Pieces next high water if the Wind holds. There is a poor Billy boy with a signal flying: but I suppose the Steam tug cannot get out.

2 P.M. Wind all down; another Ship on shore near the Pier, I am told.

To Anne Thackeray

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*[December, 1874]*

Dear AT,

(Do you pardon my impudence in addressing you with those Initials only?)

Apropos of A.K.<sup>1</sup> (Guess *her* Name), do you remember her Picture at the N.G. of some Allegorical Virtues? AT (guess him) one day looking at it thro' his Eyeglass—some thirty years ago—said to me—“The Virtues in white Muslin.”

This occurred to me when I read your Letter: perhaps you may like to “utilize” it in your *Hurticle*—as WMT used to call it, with AT’s permission! For you know he is jealous of being quoted, and especially thinks my old Stories of him apocryphal. But I couldn’t have said the Thing myself; and I know he did say it.

I hope the People who are about him remember, and record, a good deal that falls from his Lips: for he “hits the nail on the head” and settles the Question which others are beating the Bush about. I think *this* is what one should look for from him now. But you will not agree with me there.

I suppose you have read Hazlitt’s Conversations of—or with—Northcote: where there is so much of Sir Joshua. One thing there is, I think, of his being used to take all things so easy that Northcote says he wouldn’t have been disturbed if he had found his Pupil hanging

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dead in his Painting room. And there is a very curious draft of a Letter by Sir Joshua about a public Execution he had been to see (with Boswell, I think), something to the same Effect. It is at the end of Tom Taylor's over-loaded Biography.

Are you really making all those People act and talk anew?<sup>2</sup>

Do you remember a great blank Book of your Father's lettered outside "*Halbim*"—to hold Prints, Drawings, etc., which I believe never got in there. This, you see, is a forecast of "Jeames."<sup>3</sup> This *Halbim* was in *Ha[l]bion* St. but I suppose survived the move from there.

Pray do not answer this Letter, but believe me always yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Angelica Kauffmann (1741-1807), artist of Swiss birth who resided in England for 15 years. The picture referred to is *Religion Surrounded by the Virtues*.

<sup>2</sup> In *Miss Angel*, a romance based on Angelica Kauffmann's career. Sir Joshua Reynolds is one of the characters in the story, first published in the *Cornhill*, January-July and *Harper's* February-July, 1875.

<sup>3</sup> A character in a number of Thackeray's early works.

To W. B. Donne

[December, 1874]

My dear Donne,

I am very glad to have your Letter and to judge from it that you are well. I knew that whatever Mrs. Kemble wrote to me she would write to you: and therefore I had no scruple in sending you her Letter. And you can judge how much should be told Sir Frederick;<sup>1</sup> I suppose, so much as concerns the Macready Story, and no more; I am sorry to find Mrs. K. complains of failing health: but perhaps she is *hypped*<sup>2</sup> in America.

Tell Mowbray that I am sending him a little Oil Sketch (a Moonlight) by Churchyard, which I hope he will like; and (with it) a little brown Sketch (on Paper) by Stothard, which I doubt won't light up his room much: but yet which is a poetical little Piece. I believe I should scarce send it if it did not pack in with the Churchyard: Mowbray can change it for some other of mine if he likes.

I find that my Bronchitis in the Spring has left the Throat, Chest, etc., *tetchy* to Cold: but I can't yet make up my mind to invalidate.

Ever yours

E.FG.

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There is a wretched Book of Thackeray Scraps published by Chatto and Windus.<sup>3</sup> I see that two or three of the Sketches are on the same Subjects as I have of his—Weimar Sketches. I shall tell Annie Thackeray that *I* have nothing to do with it.

<sup>1</sup> Pollock.

<sup>2</sup> Morbidly depressed.

<sup>3</sup> *Thackerayana*, post-dated 1875, a volume of "notes and anecdotes illustrated by hundreds of sketches."

To Anne Thackeray

[Woodbridge]

[December, 1874]

Dear AT,

"It never rains but it pours," you know: but I don't wish you to reply, mind. What I now want to say is only what I meant to say before—that one good reason, I think, for such a *Halbim* of your Father's Drawings is, that you might select them from his graver and more graceful works, almost leaving out all Caricature,<sup>1</sup> which is already represented in his admirable Sketches in many of his Works. The World at large—a stupid World, you know—may only know of him as a Caricaturist, and not believe it possible that he could draw otherwise. Surely this notion should be corrected: and this, I say, may be done in the way I suggest: which will delight multitudes of People at home and abroad: put Swindlus & Co. out of countenance a little; and really enhance your Father's Fame. I believe I understood that you felt a reluctance to publish anything of his or about him, when he [was] past consulting about it. But now that these Fellows have done their best to make the World believe that he could only do caricature Scraps, etc., pray do think of what I propose. There are enough of his beautiful Designs to make one Volume of his Works, with you yourself for Editor and Chorus. Oh do this—"Do it!" and believe me ever yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG had urged the publication of such a volume as early as 1865. When he applied himself to his task, Thackeray produced superior pictures.

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To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 15, [1874]

*My dear Pollock,*

At this very time you are preparing for your Lecture—I hope, in a great Funk—but I suppose, not at all. This letter of mine will reach you as you come down to Breakfast with the shouts and applause of Thousands still ringing in your Ears. And I break in upon all that only to ask *what* is your Story of Bishop Tomline selling the Silver Inkstand which Pitt gave him, and *whence* you derive it?<sup>1</sup> Don't be a-denying that ever you told me: you did—in a Letter. I want Verse and Text.

Annie Thackeray says she is “furious” at the impudent Book Windus & Co. have published: she even talks of *Law*. I tell her at any rate, to do what I advised from the first: *herself* edit and publish a Volume of her Father's best Sketches—grave as well as gay—and so take the wind out of (no pun meant) Windus & Co.'s sails. One wishes it to be seen that WMT could draw something more than Caricature. I could contribute some half dozen: other friends others: and surely AT herself must have more than all.

I suppose you go somewhere for Xmas. *Trinity*<sup>2</sup> wrote me he was going to Rome. Spedding, I hear, is in full force after shaking off his Bacon. Annie T. writes me that *Mrs.* Alfred has been out of health all this Summer: but Alfred himself very well indeed: and—about some great work, which I am sorry to hear.

Last—not least—I—Twalmley<sup>3</sup>—pass my Christmas at Lowestoft among a Host of admiring Nephews and Nieces. And, from my Altitude, I wave you and yours my best wishes for the Season, and am—in spite of the distance between us

Your sincere—Well-wisher  
E.FG.

But answer my one Question, or I withdraw my Light for ever.

<sup>1</sup> Pollock once asked Lord Stanhope (Philip H.), biographer of the Younger Pitt, “what had become of the silver inkstand known to have been given by Pitt, when on his deathbed, to Bishop Tomline,” who had been Pitt's tutor at Cambridge and later his private secretary. Lord Stanhope replied that, when queried about the gift, the prelate “at first put the question by, but was at last compelled to say that he had exchanged it away to his silversmith in part payment for some wine coolers” (*Pollock Remembrances*, II, 108).

<sup>2</sup> W. H. Thompson.

<sup>3</sup> Johnson, rebuking Boswell for boasting, said, “You put me in mind of a man



who was standing in the kitchen of an inn . . . and thus accosted the person next him, 'Do you know, Sir, who I am?' 'No, Sir, (said the other) I have not that advantage.' 'Sir, (said he) I am the *Great* TWALMLEY, who invented the New Floodgate Iron.'" Boswell explains the invention as "a kind of box-iron for smoothing linen" (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, George Birkbeck Hill, ed., 6 vols., 1887, IV, 193).

To Mrs. Cowell

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*Dec<sup>r</sup> 17/74*

*Dear Elizabeth,*

I wrote to Arthur, that I should spend Xmas at Lowestoft: that if he liked to go there, I should be very happy to entertain him: but, considering the weather and length of Journey, I advised him to accept any other Invitation that did not call for so much Time and Trouble. He tells me that he has had some intimations from you and Cowell; and that he shall certainly go to you if you ask him. You will understand that I do not propose this—I write to him again to say that should nothing else offer, I shall be glad to see him, etc. In fact, I can amuse him better at Lowestoft perhaps than here: but it does seem a heavy price to pay for such amusement, the having some five or six hours of Winter's Journey by night, and the same back again by Day. He must do as best he can, poor Fellow. I had told him I had my Nieces there: and perhaps he is rather afraid of them, who (you know) are not much to be afraid of. Lusie (whom you entertained so kindly) is there now: I had scarce seen her since her Father's Death till a Fortnight ago and (as she will be going home to Bowdon before long) I wish to be with her. She looks very well: in good Spirits: and talks of you and Cowell with Affection.

Ask Cowell if he won't have a Sémelet's Gulistan: very nice MS of the Bostan: the large handsome Yusuf and Zuleikha: and a German abstract of the Shah Nameh. As these Books are no longer available to me,<sup>1</sup> I want to get rid of them, now I have lost my Lodging; they would fetch no money even if I wanted to sell them: I should have sent them at once to Cowell, but he might have been at the same Loss for Room as I am myself.

If you go to Ipswich this Xmas pray look for my Heroine, Anna Biddell: whom you and EBC cannot fail to like if you get beyond a polite Tea party Conversation. I say she is a fine Creature and you know I am a little fastidious.

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The Master of Trinity wrote me he was going to Rome for this Vacation. This is an old-fashioned Winter, isn't it? And I am yours and Cowell's

E.FG.

I have just bought a Sudbury Pocket Book—for Auld Lang Syne's [sake] and shall make all the Party at Lowestoft guess the riddles over the fire.

<sup>1</sup> Because of his impaired eyesight.

To Hallam Tennyson

*Lowestoft*  
*Christmas Day, 1874*

*Dear Hallam,*

I will thank you for your Letter before the Day it reaches me is over: the Day of Good Wishes. You and yours have the best of mine you may be sure: also, that *other* AT<sup>1</sup> if she be in The Wight. But I suppose she will be with her Sister and Co. at such a time.

You are not quite "unknown" to me, though you sign yourself so. I saw you at Farringford in 1854—almost the last Visit [I] have made—when you (I remember) asked to kiss the Portrait of a Lady I happened to have with me: copied from the Sir Joshua whom the other AT. is now making talk again.<sup>2</sup> I tell her that is a bold step. But she is a fine Creature, whether she make a false step of that or not. I told her what your Father said one day to me, as we looked at Angelica's Picture in the National Gallery, "The Virtues in White Muslin." I should not wonder if he denies this, as he has done other such Stories of mine.

He never reads Magazines, I think: or I should ask him whether a Paper on my old Crabbe—the Poet—were not a very inadequate one. I hope it is not by Mr. L. Stephen. I meant to tell the other AT. of that, by way of making myself agreeable.

I am glad you like my Cowells: who, I know from themselves, like you. I am also very glad to hear of your Uncle Frederick being better: your Letter has saved him from having to write one to me on that very Score.

I have been lately reading (through another's Eyes) a little Book about Burgundy—by Mr. Weld<sup>a</sup>—a posthumous Publication. I like it

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much, as I like all his Vacation Rambles. I do mean to go one day and see "Montaigne House."

Here all is dismal enough, with Snow, Fog, and—Christmas, I am afraid—when the Shops are all shut, and the Sailors drunker than usual. I begin almost to advocate Tee-totalism—except in one's own case.

My Duty to Father and Mother: and I am glad to sign myself (I declare I write better than you)

Yours sincerely  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Anne Thackeray.

<sup>2</sup> In her novel *Miss Angel*.

<sup>3</sup> Charles R. Weld (Mrs. Tennyson's brother-in-law), *Notes on Burgundy*, 1869.

### To Anna Biddell

[Woodbridge]  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 26, [1874]

This is the only bit of Paper I find on my return from Lowestoft—to which I return on Monday, for a week longer, I suppose. You see what I enclose: an answer from the eldest Son of the Laureate, who now replies to my yearly Letter instead of his Mother, who is ill. You see the note at the end by the Laurel-wearer himself, which may please you. I don't want it back.

This eldest Son I have not seen since 1854—almost the last Visit I made anywhere, when he was a little Boy: and asked permission to kiss the portrait of a Lady I happened to have with me. I am told by Annie Thackeray and Elizabeth Cowell that he is a very fine young Man now: and I like his talking of "Papa" still. So do you—I am sure.

When some man parted with his Son—a Lad of fifteen—he said to him—"I have only one thing to ask of you. Bring me back the same Face you now carry away with you."

And here are your long "Pretender" Ear rings: which I must send over to you for a Christmas Present the first opportunity: and you must polish the silver with some cloth, or Powder, and then wear them—yes!—and they will look very well on you.

Elizabeth Cowell wrote me that her husband was going for a week to Ipswich: but not she. Else (she says) she had promised herself the pleasure of renewing her Acquaintance with you.

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The first Sound I heard on coming here was St. John's little Bell of Funeral Warning for some one. And, what a Thing is this Railway Sacrifice of Holyday Makers!<sup>1</sup>

Please to give my good Wishes to your Sisters, and believe me yours truly

E.FG.

I have a saddish Letter from Mrs. Edwards still at Bridgeham.

I think your Tortoise is the most happily provided of us all just now.

<sup>1</sup> Thirty-one people had been killed in a train derailment near Oxford on Christmas Eve.

To E. B. Cowell

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
Dec. 29, [1874]

*My dear Cowell,*

Arthur, if he passed his Christmas with you, will have told you where I am. Nay, I think I told Elizabeth in my last. I am glad I dissuaded him from coming thus far in this weather and on that same disastrous Evening.

I have left the Persian Books to be forwarded to you at Cambridge. You know I have no Eyes for that Character: it is all I can do to read European Type with any comfort.

Together with the Books, I think I put in my Copy of my Version of the "Bird Parliament"<sup>1</sup>—not for any use to be made of it with others than yourself. And you know what it is: but you said, I think, that your Copy was almost perished by Salt water. So you may like to have a fair Copy of one Result of your own Teaching, inadequate as that Result is. I think the Arrangement of the Story is good: the long seven Valleys well reduced to *Three*: and the incidental Stories properly—or, at any rate, purposely, excluded as the Action hastens to Conclusion. But the Diction is quite foreign to the Oriental: and not very good as English Verse. However, as I say, you may like to have it: and, if not, it won't take up much room in your Lumber room. If there be any Papers or Notes left in the MS Book—burn them: I think I saw some there, whether belonging to the Book, or stuffed in quite irrelevant.

I am making another shot at *Gil Blas*—which I never could read. I see how good it is, I think: but still not of the sort that I most care

December 1874

for. I am also once more trying La Fontaine's Fables: which I suppose scarce any Englishman can thoroughly appreciate, the merit consisting so much in the nicety of French Diction. I think I appreciate great *naïveté* throughout: a very pure wine, but too thin for my Palate. I like the Beasts and Birds better in any old Version of Aesop. They *shouldn't* talk Louis XIV French. Old Montaigne, Rabelais, etc., how much better would they have done it!

I told my Niece Lusía I was about to write to you: and she begs me to send you and Elizabeth her sincerest good Wishes and kind Remembrances. She stays here till Jan. 20—then goes to my Brother at Boulge: and then to Bowdon.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG's MS copy. The poem was first published by Wright in 1889 on Cowell's recommendation: "The Bird Parliament well deserves to be published. Some parts of it are really magnificent" (Cowell Biography, p. 283).

## To Frederick Spalding

[Lowestoft]  
[December 31, 1874]

Dear Spalding,

I enclose the Hospital Ticket: I suppose the last Date of 1874 that I write.

The Seckford Dispensary will quite well wait till I return if you have not a Sovereign ready for it in addition to those I asked you for yesterday—I mean, it is not worth going to the Bank for.

I am not sure I shall not be home again by the end of this week, unless the weather relaxes a little. My object in being here now is, to see Lusía Kerrich: my time for seeing her is of an Evening at Edmund's house: which is really so cold that I don't like taking up a place near the Fire which they cluster round, and almost sit upon. As Lusía stays here till Jan. 20, I can come again. But we shall see.

Marietta Nursey writes that the Snow was falling heavily in London on Tuesday: which was a fine, Sunshiny, Day here. My Nieces at Bowdon have not been able to get windows open for three days: so we are no worse off than others.

I am very glad of the Children's Skates<sup>1</sup> and am yours truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG's gift.

January 1875

To W. F. Pollock

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft

Jan. 9/75

*My dear Pollock,*

Your last Letter rather frightened me about Donne: so I wrote to Mowbray, who tells me his Dad seems to him better than he has seen him since his last year's Illness. Still, I cannot but fancy that you have seen what a Son (living constantly with his Father) could not, or would not, see. I have myself thought that I detected something of the Sort in Donne's last Letters.

Annie Thackeray has found the Law is not so clear on the matter of Windus & Chatto's impudence as that she can engage with them in that way. And now she inclines (as also do her Publishers) to do what I begged them all to do any time these ten years: publish a Volume of WMT's better Drawings—not Caricature—to show the world that he could do something *other*, if not *better*. I believe that Annie T. herself would not entertain the project before, out of Piety toward her Father: not wishing to publish anything which he had not sanctioned. Perhaps Smith and Elder were animated by some sort of Piety too: otherwise, I cannot understand their forgoing a Speculation which would have put into their pockets at least as much money as any one of the Thackeray Library. Still, I don't believe the thing will be done: partly from not finding up enough Drawings for the purpose. Annie T. ought to have heaps: and several Friends—at any rate as many as I can furnish out of all I have lost: no more than half a Dozen, I think. A Boxfull I left in Coram (*Jorum*) Street thirty years ago: which Box was taken I knew not where when WMT left. Another such Box I left for safety at my Father's house in Portland Place—to be sold for waste Paper, I dare say, when he came to smash. (Do you know the account of the Sale of the Poor old Grandmother's Effects in Crabbe's "Maid's Story"—when—

The Wedding ring that to the finger grew  
Was sold for six and sixpence to a Jew.<sup>1</sup>

No, you know nothing of this: nor the Cornhill man neither.)

Well, but does "Gimlet, Prince of Dunkirk"<sup>2</sup> flourish? And has old Spedding pronounced Sentence? I thought it was a shame to hang that crazy Shoemaker for murdering his Wife,<sup>3</sup> after letting off old Watson, who was crazy enough to order a Box of just so much cubic room as would contain his Deary, before he killed her.

January 1875

I have read Albany Fonblanque's Memoirs,<sup>4</sup> etc., very clever indeed, but already nearly all—obsolete! with the occasions that called them forth. I think Wilson (C. North) is almost the only man whose occasional Articles live and breathe in Republication. I have lately bought all the early Volumes of Blackwood (1817 to 1830) in that Belief. In spite of what you say, I shall buy the Greville Memoirs<sup>5</sup> when they come down to about 10s., for I have left off Mudie for a year: being more puzzled to order a Boxfull than amused or edified by its contents. Perhaps I shall plunge at once into *Megreedy*:<sup>6</sup> (I suppose you don't care for WMT's sketch of him as Hamlet, with Mlle. Bulgardo as Queen, when she reminds him of "the least taste in Life of Linen hanging out behind").

But I am—with all good and kind Remembrances and Wishes to Miladi for this A.D. 1875

Yours as ever  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "Tenpence" in *Tales of the Hall*. EFG reduced three lines to a couplet.

<sup>2</sup> Need one expound? *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. Henry Irving had opened his first London production of the tragedy October 31, 1874. It ran for two hundred nights. EFG occasionally mentions his "Gimlet, Prince of Dunkirk," very likely a burlesque written during carefree London days.

<sup>3</sup> One James Cranwell, convicted of murdering Emma Bellamy by beating her on the head with a shoemaker's hammer and cutting her throat, was hanged at Newgate Prison, February 4. For Watson, also mentioned, see letter to Pollock, Jan. 20, 1872, n.4.

<sup>4</sup> *The Life and Labours of Albany Fonblanque*, edited by E. B. de Fonblanque, 1874. Fonblanque, who died in 1872, edited the *Examiner*, a leading weekly newspaper, 1830-47. Contemporaries esteemed his writings for their political independence and superior literary qualities, but subsequent criticism repeats EFG's appraisal.

<sup>5</sup> The first three volumes of the diary of Charles C. F. Greville, a comprehensive, shrewd, gossip commentary on British politics and society, 1817-37. Greville, socially prominent, served as Clerk of the Privy Council from 1821 to 1859. Five more volumes for 1837-60 were published later.

<sup>6</sup> A Thackeray coinage. Pollock's Macready was not published until March.

To George Borrow

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
Jan. 10/75

Dear Borrow,

My nephew Kerrich told me of a very kind invitation you sent to me, through him, some while ago. I think the more of it because I imagine,

January 1875

from what I have heard, that you have slunk away from human company as much—as I have!<sup>1</sup> For the last fifteen years I have not visited any one of my very oldest friends, except the daughters of my old George Crabbe, and Donne—once only, and for half a day, just to assure myself by my own eyes how he was after the severe illness he had last year, and which he never will quite recover from, I think; though he looked and moved better than I expected.

Well—to tell you all about *why* I have thus fallen from my company would be a tedious thing, and all about one's self too—whom, Montaigne says, one never talks about without detriment to the person talked about. Suffice to say, “so it is;” and one's friends, however kind and “loyal” (as the phrase goes), do manage to exist and enjoy themselves pretty reasonably without one.

So with me. And is it not much the same with you also? Are you not glad now to be mainly alone, and find company a heavier burden than the grasshopper? If one ever had this solitary habit, it is not likely to alter for the better as one grows older—as one grows *old*. I like to think over my old friends. There they are, lingering as ineffaceable portraits—done in the prime of life—in my memory. Perhaps we should not like one another so well after a fifteen-years' separation, when all of us change and most of us for the worse. I do not say *that* would be your case; but you must, at any rate, be less inclined to disturb the settled repose into which you, I suppose, have fallen. I remember first seeing you at Oulton, some twenty-five years ago; then at Donne's in London; then at my own happy home in Regent's Park; then *ditto* at Gorleston—after which, I have seen nobody, except the nephews and nieces left me by my good sister Kerrich.

So shall things rest? I could not go to you, after refusing all this while to go to older—if not better—friends, fellow Collegians, fellow schoolfellows; and yet will you still believe me (as I hope *they* do)

Yours and theirs sincerely,  
Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Borrow spent the last seven years of his life at Oulton, near Lowestoft, leading an almost solitary life.



January 1875

To Anna Biddell

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
Jan. 18/75

Dear Miss Biddell,

I am sending you a Treat. The old Athenaeum told me there was a Paper by "Mr. Carlyle" in this month's Magazine; and never did I lay out 2.6 better. And you shall have the Benefit of it, if you will. Why, Carlyle's Wine, so far from weak evaporation, is only grown better by Age: losing some of its former fierceness, and grown mellow without losing Strength. It seems to me that a Child might read and relish this Paper, while it would puzzle any other Man to write such a one.<sup>1</sup> I think I must write to T.C. to felicitate him on this truly "Green Old Age." Oh, it was good too to read it here, with the Old Sea (which also has not sunk into Decrepitude) rolling in from that North: and as I looked up from the Book, there was a Norwegian Barque beating Southward, close to the Shore, and nearly all Sail set. Read—Read! you will, you must, be pleased; and write to tell me so.

This Place suits me, I think, at this time of year: there [is] Life about me: and that Old Sea is always talking to one, telling its ancient Story.

Your Cousin Miss Airy wrote to ask me if I knew whose were two Lines which she quoted. She thought them to be either Burns' or Cowper's: so (I thought) they might have been, and of five hundred People beside. But they touched on some peculiar Chord in herself, she said; and that made them seem more precious than to me they do seem.

My Niece Lusie goes hence some ten Days hence, upon a Visit to some old Friends hereabout. After all that, she will go to Boulge: and further I know not as yet, nor she neither.

Yours always  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *The Early Kings of Norway*, first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, January-March. EFG's praise is not misplaced, as any reader, curious about a little-known segment of European history, at once dramatic and melodramatic, may discover for himself. Unable to write legibly in 1872 when he composed the work, Carlyle dictated the MS to his niece, and the narrative maintains the pattern and rhythms of spoken reminiscence.

February 1875

To E. B. Cowell

*12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
Feb. 2/75*

*My dear Cowell,*

I think I wrote to you some three weeks ago that the Persian Books were already, or just about to be, sent off to you.<sup>1</sup> On running home for a day, however, I found that, whether by my blunder or my old Howe's, the Books were still lying unpacked and undirected. They shall go forthwith—to Cambridge. I believe my Bird Parliament is among them; as I told you it should be, but I did not look to see. You can let me know if the Books reach you, which they should do sometime next week, if not before.

I hope you have read, and liked, the Paper on the old Kings of Norway in last Fraser. I bought it because the Athenaeum told me it was Carlyle's; others said it was an Imitation of him: but his it must be, if for no other reason than that the Imitator, you know, always exaggerates his Master: whereas in this Paper Carlyle is softened down from his old Self, mellowed like old Wine. Pray read, and tell me you think so too. It is quite delightful, whoever did it. I was on the point of writing a Line to tell him of my own delight: but have not done so.

Aldis Wright came over here one day for a few hours. He told me he had seen you well, not long before, and on the wing for Ipswich, I think he said.

So with love to Elizabeth

Ever yours  
E.FG.

I have failed in another attempt at Gil Blas. I believe I see its easy Grace, humour, etc. But it is (like La Fontaine) too thin a Wine for me: all sparkling with little adventures, but no one to care about; no Colour, no Breadth, like my dear Don; whom I shall resort to forthwith.

<sup>1</sup> EFG had proposed sending the books in December.

February 1875

To Anna Biddell

*Lowestoft*

*Febr 2/75*

*Dear Miss Biddell,*

I am so glad (as the Gushingtons say) that you like the Carlyle. I have ordered the second Number and will send it to you when I have read it. Some People, I believe, hesitate in their Belief of its being T.C. or one of his School: I don't for a moment: if for no other reason than that an Imitator always exaggerates his Model: whereas this Paper, we see, *un-exaggerates* the Master himself: as one would wish at his time of Life. . . .

I ran over for one day to Woodbridge, to pay Bills, etc. But somehow I was glad to get back here. The little lodging is more to my liking than my own bigger rooms and staircases: and this cheerful Town better (at this Season) than my yet barren Garden. One little Aconite however looked up at me: Mr. Churchyard (in his elegant way) used to call them "New Year's Gifts."

To Fanny Kemble

*Lowestoft*

*Febr 11/75*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

Will you please to thank Mr. Furness for the trouble he has taken about Crabbe. The American Publisher<sup>1</sup> is like the English, it appears, and both may be quite right. They certainly are right in not accepting anything except on very good recommendation; and a Man's Fame is the best they can have for their purpose. I should not in the least be vexed or even disappointed at any rejection of my Crabbe, but it is not worth further trouble to any party to send across the Atlantic what may, most probably, be returned with thanks and Compliments. And then Mr. Furness would feel bound to ask some other Publisher, and you to write to me about it. No, no! Thank him, if you please: you know I thank you: and then I will let the matter drop.

The Athenaeum told me there was a Paper by Carlyle in the January Fraser—on the old Norway Kings. Then People said it was not his: but his it is, surely enough (though I have no Authority but my own Judgment for saying so), and quite delightful. If missing something of his Prime, missing also all his former "Sound and Fury," etc.,

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and as alive as ever. I had thoughts of writing to him on the subject, but have not yet done so. But pray do you read the Papers: there is a continuation in the February Fraser: and "to be continued" till ended, I suppose.

Your Photograph—Yes—I saw your Mother in it, as I saw her in you when you came to us in Woodbridge in 1852.<sup>2</sup> That is, I saw her such as I had seen her in a little sixpenny Engraving in a "Cottage Bonnet," something such as you wore when you stepped out of your Chaise at the Crown Inn.

My Mother always said that your Mother was by far the most witty, sensible, and agreeable Woman she knew. I remember one of the very few delightful Dinner parties I ever was at—in St. James' Place—(was it?) a Party of seven or eight, at a round Table, your Mother at the head of the Table, and Mrs. F. Kemble my next Neighbour. And really the (almost) only other pleasant Dinner was one you gave me and the Donnes in Savile Row, before going to see Wigan in "Still Waters,"<sup>3</sup> which you said was *your* Play, in so far as you had suggested the Story from some French novel.

I used to think what a deep current of melancholy was under your Mother's Humour. Not "under," neither: for it came up as naturally to the surface as her Humour. My mother always said that one great charm in her was, her Naturalness.

If you read to your Company, pray do you ever read *the* Scene in the "Spanish Tragedy"<sup>4</sup> quoted in C. Lamb's Specimens—such a Scene as (not being in Verse, and quite familiar talk) I cannot help reading to my Guests—very few and far between—I mean by "I," one who has no gift at all for reading except the feeling of a few things: and I can't help stumbling upon Tears in this. Nobody knows who wrote this one scene: it was thought Ben Jonson, who could no more have written it than I who read it: for what else of his is it like? Whereas, Webster one fancies might have done it. It is not likely that you do not know this wonderful bit: but, if you have it not by heart almost, look for it again at once, and make others do so by reading to them.

The enclosed Note from Mowbray D[onne] was the occasion of my writing thus directly to you. And yet I have spoken "de omnibus other rebus" first. But I venture to think that your feeling on the subject will be pretty much like my own, and so, no use in talking.

Now, if I could send you part of what I am now packing up for some Woodbridge People—some—some—Saffron Buns!—for which this Place is notable from the first day of Lent till Easter—A little Hamper of these!

February 1875

Now, my dear Mrs. Kemble, do consider this letter of mine as an Answer to yours—your two—else I shall be really frightened at making you write so often to yours always and sincerely

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Apparently spurred by a remark in EFG's letter of November 17, Fanny seems to have been responsible for an attempt by Howard Furness to interest an American publisher in EFG's *Tales of the Hall*. John Murray in London had rejected a more complete "Selections from Crabbe" in 1865.

<sup>2</sup> When she gave her Shakespeare reading under EFG's auspices. See letter to George Crabbe, Oct. 20, 1852.

<sup>3</sup> *Still Waters Run Deep* by Tom Taylor, first produced by Alfred Wigan in 1855. Wigan played John Mildmay, one of his most successful parts.

<sup>4</sup> EFG refers to a passage, not a scene, which Lamb selected from Thomas Kyd's play for his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*. Hieronimo, the protagonist, who suffers episodic psychosis following the murder of his son Horatio, dramatically describes to an artist a series of pictures illustrating the murder, which he asks the artist to paint. Kyd's play, first produced, it is conjectured, in the early 1580's, was revised some 15 years later with additional "mad" scenes interpolated by another dramatist. Although external evidence appears to relate Ben Jonson to the new portions, Lamb and modern scholars attribute them to John Webster. Hieronimo's commission to the artist is in the fourth interpolation.

To W. F. Pollock

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
Feb. 11/75

My dear Pollock,

I have my Doubts that I have not yet thanked you for your Letter about The Silver Inkstand,<sup>1</sup> which is a very pretty Story. I can hardly believe that I have not written to you since: but if so it be, you will readily excuse. I am sure I know no excuse to make, having been as unoccupied all this time as usual.

I suppose you are nearing the end of your Macready. I must one day get a sight of Lord Houghton's Peacock,<sup>2</sup> whose Books I never could relish, though Spedding made much of them. Perhaps I told you how delighted I was with Carlyle's Kings of Norway in Fraser: the Athenaeum first warned me of him there: then some other Paper said it was not him; but Him it is, I decide, and in some respects better than his earlier Self: less "Sound and Fury"—indeed, none at all. Oh, if all History could be written in that way!

I have been trying again to read Gil Blas and La Fontaine: but

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can't get on with them. It is too thin a Wine for me, I suppose. Never mind why: I don't like Dr. Fell. Then I have tried Manon Lescaut,<sup>3</sup> which my hero Ste. Beuve recommends, as also the other two: but—Dr. Fell again. Yet it seems to me I have a turn for French Literature—why then—Dr. Fell.

What does Annie Thackeray make of her Angelica Kauffman? I love her (AT) well enough to be prejudiced in favour of all she writes; but I have not been able to get through any of her Books, full of beautiful things as they are—since her *Village*, which was *all* Beauty.

I wait here, partly because of Nieces and Nephews on either hand of me, and partly to give time for a little Flower and Leaf to come up inland. Also, a little absurd Lodging is so much pleasanter than the grave House one built. What Blunders one has to look back on, to be sure! So many, luckily, that one has ceased to care for any *one*. Walpole congratulated himself on one point: knowing what he wanted: I fancy you are wise in that also. But for the most of us—

Man is but Man, and what he most desires,  
Pleases at first: then pleases not; then tires!<sup>4</sup>

But still I remain yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Pollock, Dec. 15, 1874, n.l.

<sup>2</sup> Milnes is the author of a critical essay in a three-volume edition of Thomas Love Peacock's works published in 1875.

<sup>3</sup> By Antoine F. Prévost, Paris, 1731, generally acknowledged to be the first great French novel.

<sup>4</sup> In "The Visit Concluded," *Tales of the Hall*, the lines read:

Man is but man; the thing he most desires  
Pleases a while—then pleases not—then tires.

To E. B. Cowell

Lowestoft  
Febr 11/75

My dear Cowell,

I must say, in answer to your kind Letter, that my Eyes are my main reason for giving up all Intercourse with the Persian which you taught me. I do not wish that you should suppose that I flung away without some reason what you took so much pains to make me learn.

But for these Eyes, I think I should have made a shot at reading the Mesnavi, which, I persist in saying, you should translate, and condense, for us. You say you do not approve of such Abridgments: and Montaigne says, "Tout Abrégé d'un bon livre est sot abrégé." Still, if the "bons Livres" will not get themselves read? One can always notify beforehand that one is not literal; that one mutilates, etc., not intending to improve the original so much as to lead People to it, by giving them a little at first. But I shall not alter your Opinion, which probably has better right to be held by than mine.

I should hardly write so soon but for what you tell me of your Cold and Cough. Do pray take care of its not growing into Bronchitis, which, once getting hold, never leaves, I am told. Though I have managed to be abroad, etc., much as heretofore this cold Winter, I yet occasionally feel a reminder that the Little Imp that has taken possession travels about with me, and will assert himself—probably in Spring, which is always his Time. George Crabbe, a very sensible man, is a firm Homoeopathist: and when his Colds come on he takes some three Drops of Aconite, and Ditto of Bryonia, alternately every three hours. But if Bronchitis threatens, then he says, nothing but Bed and Mustard Poultice.

The second Paper by Carlyle<sup>1</sup> is not quite so interesting as the first, only because, I think, the Story he has to tell is less interesting. But read all—it is Carlyle as sure as I am

Yours always  
E.F.G.

Oh! a Mr. Furness<sup>2</sup>—an American Author or Editor—tells Mrs. Kemble of some Notice of "E.F.G." put into some American Magazine by a Mr. Fitz-Edward Hall, of Suffolk! Your Marlesford man?<sup>3</sup>

Somehow I did not augur well of the Gipsy Prospectus<sup>4</sup> you sent me: it was rather gushing, I thought; and some Lady in it who did not seem to me likely to be a good Gipsy Interpreter. But we shall see.

<sup>1</sup> The February installment of *The Early Kings of Norway*.

<sup>2</sup> H. H. Furness, the Shakespearian scholar; one of Fanny Kemble's friends in Philadelphia.

<sup>3</sup> FitzEdward Hall of Marlesford, Suffolk, scholar of Eastern literature and philosophy who, in "Our Monthly Gossip," *Lippincott's Magazine*, Philadelphia, Feb., 1875, was the first, publicly, to name EFG as the translator of the *Rubáiyát*. See Biographical Profile and Hall's 1885 letter to Wright which follows immediately.

<sup>4</sup> Prospectus for *English Gipsy Songs*, original texts and translations by C. G. Leland, E. H. Palmer, and Janet Tuckey, 1875.

February 1875

FitzEdward Hall to W. A. Wright

*Marlesford  
Wickham Market  
March 20, 1885*

*Dear Sir,*

Shortly after I came to live in Suffolk, 16 years ago, I received a letter from Mr. E. FitzGerald. Many others followed, 30 or 40; but I have mislaid or destroyed nearly the whole of them. Here are a few, very unimportant ones, out of the number; for I am told that you intend to write a memoir of Mr. F., and wish to see all his letters that you can procure.

Mr. F. and myself lived only six miles apart; but we never met. He expressed no wish to see me; and I, an outcast, or rather a social leper, of 39 years' standing among Englishmen, have never obtruded myself upon any one. Mr. F. wrote to me before I wrote to him.

In Lippincott's Magazine, Feb., 1875, is an account by me, of Mr. F.'s works. I cut it out and sent it to Archdeacon Groome, who has forgotten to return it. What I wrote was written after consulting Prof. Cowell.

The printed papers herewith enclosed may interest you for a few minutes.

Mr. F.'s letters need not be returned to me.

F. Hall

To R. H. Groome  
(Fragment)

*Lowestoft  
Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1875*

You may have heard that my Brother Peter is dead, of Bronchitis, at Bournemouth. He was taken seriously ill on Thursday last, and died on Saturday without pain; and I am told that his last murmured words were *my* name—thrice repeated. A more amiable Gentleman did not live, with something *helpless* about him—what the Irish call an "Innocent man"—which mixed up Compassion with Regard, and made it perhaps stronger. . . .



February 1875

To Blanche Donne

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
Feb<sup>r</sup> 23/75

*My dear Blanche,*

It is very kind of you to write to me again, so fully and so soon: but do not feel *bound* to do so. I dare say I shall hear before long from Mowbray, though I give him the same caution that I give you; for he has plenty to do in his office: one of you will, I know, tell me what you think needs to be told. Pray do not *trouble* yourself: you also have plenty to do at your *Home Office*.

But I wrote to Mowbray two or three days ago to tell him that I have lost a Brother as well as he:<sup>1</sup> *Peter* his name: my elder by a Year and a half or so. He died of Bronchitis at Bournemouth ten days ago: suddenly, though he had suffered several Years from the Disease. So he lived the winter at Cannes till this very hard Winter of all, when he let his house there, and tried to weather it out in England. And this is the Result. He died a good Catholic, and is buried in a Convent near Bournemouth: Gerald<sup>2</sup> having done all really that Family and Religious Piety could suggest, and doing it all with perfect Good Sense, Propriety, and Promptitude. All this I wrote to Mowbray, knowing that he would tell your Father if he saw fit: your Father knew Peter from a Boy: and is so affectionately attached to old Remembrances that I thought better not to write to *him* on the subject when he was himself unwell, and suffering under his present Loss. He may believe that he is remembered by me with as much Love as I entertain for any one whether Kinsman or Friend.

Death has been very busy this year: I suppose, from the unusual Cold. I hear this very morning of another of my Kin laid up with it.

I am very glad that you do not blame me for sending your Letter at once to Mrs. Kemble. She speaks about your Father in almost every Letter, and I am sure is as fond of him as of any Friend alive—as she has reason to be.

Valentia knows, I hope, that she shares with you in all my best Regards; who am yours and hers (your Father's I need not say)

Ever and truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Major Frederick Donne, a veteran of the Sepoy Rebellion, died February 3.

<sup>2</sup> EFG's nephew.

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To Frederick Spalding

*Lowestoft*

*Friday [March 5, 1875]*

*Dear S,*

The Doctor orders me to stay indoors for two or three Days while hot Sun and cold Wind reign: for fear of *Bronx* which threatens. This will not interfere with your coming, if you like to come, which you know is always my Proviso. You can walk abroad by yourself, or with Edmund who will be very glad of your Company.

If you come, I shall ask you to bring me a large single Volume of all Crabbe's Poems, etc., which I am pretty sure is either on my Reading Desk or on the top of the Bookshelf behind. If it be not, look no further for it, pray: and remember that I can do very well without it.

The Bureau is come safe: a very pretty Article indeed; rather too high for Edmund<sup>1</sup> to write at, he tells me: but a higher stool will I suppose set that right. We shall see how it answers.

Tuesday and Wednesday next is an Auction of the Pictures, Furniture, etc., of a Mr. Black of Yarmouth: I have ordered a Catalogue of the Auctioneer, which you shall have, whether here or at Woodbridge.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Kerrich, his nephew.

To W. B. Donne

*Lowestoft*

*March 6/75*

*My dear Donne,*

I have not received your Letter one quarter of an hour ago, when I try to send an Answer by our morning's Post: so as you may have it this same Evening instead of Monday Morning. You understand, I am sure, why I have written to Mowbray and Blanche rather than to yourself: I do not wish to put you to the least "conscience" about answering: which I doubt you would feel, however much I protested that no answer was needed. So far as your MS is to be taken as a proof of your health, I do not see, I assure you, why it is not very good: not a word causing delay to me, who read off "*currente oculo*."<sup>1</sup>

Yes, this has been a Year indeed for Death and Sickness: Doctors

and Chemists hereabout say they never had such demand. I saw in yesterday's Telegraph that Helps, Sir Arthur, was seriously ill—with Pleurisy—one form of Cold, I believe.<sup>2</sup> I got on pretty well till last week: when Cold came which began to wheeze: but went about till yesterday, when the Doctor, meeting me at my niece's Door, ordered me in, and sent Pill, Draught, and Embrocation after me. I think the East Wind, plus Sun, is worse than minus: I suppose one fries and freezes on different sides at the same time.

I have not seen Greville:<sup>3</sup> only a few extracts in Athenaeum when first the Book came out. There was something sharp about Mrs. K.'s American Journal.<sup>4</sup> I wondered if Greville were he whom I once—one evening—met at her house in Savile Row; a man who brought some *knitting* to do while talking—à la Chorley. Dear Chorley! I write it in earnest, for his Memoir sufficiently proves to me that he was a brave, good, fellow; though as Mrs. K. says "ludicrous." I love him for his Love of Dickens and of Dickens' Regard for him.

I always wish I was thoroughly up in Virgil: so as to read him with accuracy and ease, which I cannot. He is my Love among the Romans, spite of Niebuhr (I forget his name) and I was thinking the other day I would begin on Conington<sup>5</sup> directly I got home. I have been once more trying La Fontaine, and Gil Blas; but cannot get on with either. I believe I see the naiveté and finesse of the first, Frenchman though I am not: but Birds and Birds should talk in rougher terms. Montaigne or Rabelais or any one before Louis XIV would have done them better. I think I understand too something of the Spirit of Gil Blas; all so easy going, etc. But there seems to me no Colour, nor Body, in it, nor with any of the Beauty of my dear Don. Q. Oh, the two Books can't be named together.

I bought a dirty Copy of Blackwood from its Beginning to 1830; and have the first six Volumes in reading here. There is capital Fun even so early: and one knows the Fun will become faster as Wilson<sup>6</sup> gets ahead. He is the only one of the Critics, I think, who can be read *after*: having Genius of his own as well as Discernment of others. Indeed, I suppose he had more of the First than of the last. I find "Timothy Tickler" very good too.

I am writing against Time: for our early Post closes at half past ten and I was not down till past nine, I believe. But I want you to have my Letter, such as it is, this same Day.<sup>8</sup> You will know, without my saying, that I wish Blanche and Valentia to be well. I have not touched on poor Fred: for I think you know what my Feelings are about him also. And now I shall "shut up" to make sure, if I can.

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You may know how glad I am to hear from you: but never wish you to write unless quite easy to you. Believe all this; and believe me yours ever and always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "Quickly moving"; literally "with a running eye."

<sup>2</sup> Sir Arthur, who had succeeded Charles Greville as Clerk of the Privy Council, died the day after EFG wrote his letter. For Helps, see letter to Pollock, [May 1-3, 1842].

<sup>3</sup> The *Memoirs*.

<sup>4</sup> *Journal of a Residence in America*, a censorious account of life in the United States written within two years after Fanny's arrival in the country and published in Philadelphia and London, 1835. Charles Greville was on intimate terms with the Kemble family.

<sup>5</sup> John Conington (1825-69), Oxford scholar who worked with two colleagues on an edition of Virgil.

<sup>6</sup> John Wilson, *Blackwood's* "Christopher North," principal author of *Noctes Ambrosianae*, amusing dialogues on a wide variety of subjects.

<sup>7</sup> Robert Sym (1750-1844), Christopher North's uncle and one of the diners at "Ambrose's Tavern" in *Noctes Ambrosianae*. In addition to writing a share of the *Noctes*, he contributed light verse and prose to *Blackwood's* independently and frequently until 1837.

<sup>8</sup> The letter, posted after mid-morning, would be delivered to Donne in London, 114 miles distant, in mid-evening. Such was British mail service before the accelerated transportation and supposed efficiency of a technological age. The mail service provided in EFG's day was maintained in Britain until World War II.

## To Frederick Spalding

*Lowestoft*

*Sunday [March 7, 1875]*

*Dear Spalding,*

I am sorry you troubled yourself to send a Telegram: as I did not hear from you by Letter in the Morning, or by Telegram by Noon, I concluded you were not coming; and (as the weather is) was glad. Beside which, I have a wheezy Cold which keeps me at home and makes me apply to G. Crabbe's Aconite and Bryonia; and Edmund and his Wife are again in a fidget about a little Cold which the Babe has caught. So, I am glad you are safe and warm at home.

I suppose you heard nothing of any Man to escort Lusie K. to London: which (with my being here, and wheezy, and also not quite certain of her Day of Travel) I do not think of doing myself. She has fixed Wednesday, if no Snow fall between now and then: but I have

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written to beg her to delay till this black weather is gone, whether it turn into *White* or not. I have written to my Brother to send one of his People with her—at my Expense, if he will. I don't mind the Rail; but the going from one Rail to another, if Cabs blunder or break down, Luggage go astray, etc. If I knew anyone who could meet her at Shoreditch and see her on board the Manchester Train, it would do as well: but I know no one, except Mr. Kettle<sup>1</sup> whom I should not like to send on such a Duty at such Season, subject to Bronchitis as he is.

I don't wish you to bother yourself about this—especially as we are not certain of the Day: my Brother might so easily do it: but somehow, kind as he is, this sort of thing does not occur to him.

It is very good of you to take such pains for the Howes, who should be rather my Charge than yours, only take, and give, whatever you think necessary from my Stores.

When you wrote of "old Mrs. Crane," I forgot the old Lady at Melton, only remembering another old Pensioner at Boulge. Pray do all you deem right for me in this as other cases.

Then the Desk—I doubt not it will do quite well, if not for Edmund, for myself when here: but it will do for him: and I am glad of the opportunity of buying something of good old Mason.

I believe I wrote you that Fletcher's Babe—ten months old—died—of Croup—to be buried tomorrow, I believe. I spoke of this in a Letter to Anna Biddell, who has written me such a brave, pious word in return that I keep to show you. She thinks I should speak to Fletcher, and hold out a hand to him, and bid him take this opportunity to regain his Self-respect. But I cannot suppose that I could make any lasting impression upon him. She does not know *all*.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

P.S. Will you send me the Crabbe Life by Book Post?

<sup>1</sup> Husband of Marietta Nursey.

To Fanny Kemble

Lowestoft  
March 11/75

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

I am really ashamed that you should apologize for asking me a Copy of Calderon,<sup>1</sup> etc. I had about a hundred Copies of all those

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things printed *when* printed: and have not had a hundred friends to give them to—poor Souls!—and am very well pleased to give to any one who likes—especially any Friend of yours. I think however that your reading of them has gone most way to make your Lady ask. But, be that as it may, I will send you a Copy directly I return to my own Château, which I mean to do when the Daffodils have taken the winds of March.

We have had severe weather here: it has killed my Brother Peter (not John, my eldest) who tried to winter at Bournemouth, after having wintered for the last ten years at Cannes. Bronchitis:—which (*sotto voce*) I have as yet kept Cold from coming to. But one knows one is not “out of the Wood” yet; May, if not March, being, you know, one of our worst Seasons.

I heard from our dear Donne a week ago; speaking with all his own blind and beautiful Love for his lately lost son; and telling me that he himself keeps his heart going by Brandy. But he speaks of this with no Fear at all. He is going to leave Weymouth Street, but when, or for where, he does not say. He spoke of a Letter he had received from you some while ago.

Now about Crabbe, which also I am vexed you should have trouble about. I wrote to you the day after I had your two Letters, with Mr. Furness’ enclosed, and said that, seeing the uncertainty of any success in the matter, I really would not bother you or him any more. You know it is but a little thing; which, even if a Publisher tried piece-meal, would very likely be scouted: I only meant “piece-meal,” by instalments: so as they could be discontinued if not liked. But I suppose I must keep my Work—of paste, and scissors—for the benefit of the poor Friends who have had the benefit of my other Works.

Well, as I say, I wrote and posted my Letter at once, asking you to thank Mr. Furness for me. I think this must be a month ago—perhaps you had my Letter the day after you posted this last of yours, dated February 21. Do not trouble any more about it, pray: read Carlyle’s “Kings of Norway” in Fraser: and believe me ever yours

E.FG.

I will send a little bound Copy of the Plays for yourself, dear Mrs. Kemble, if you will take them; so you can give the Lady those you have—but whichever way you like.

<sup>1</sup> *The Mighty Magician and Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of*, printed privately, 1865.

March 1875

To Bernard Quaritch

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
March 11/75

Dear Sir,

What is the best way to get a Book—or two—to America? You deal in those Quarters, and perhaps you will tell yours truly,

E. FitzGerald

To Fanny Kemble

Lowestoft  
March 17/75

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

This bit of Letter is written to apprise you that, having to go to Woodbridge three days ago, I sent you by Post a little Volume of the Plays, and (what I had forgotten) a certain little Prose Dialogue<sup>1</sup> done up with them. This is more than you wanted, but so it is. The Dialogue is a pretty thing in some respects: but disfigured by some confounded *smart* writing in parts: And this is all that needs saying about the whole concern. You must not think necessary to say anything more about it yourself, only that you receive the Book. If you do not, in a month's time, I shall suppose it has somehow lost its way over the Atlantic: and then I will send you the Plays you asked for, stitched together—and those only.

I hope you got my Letter (which you had not got when your last was written) about Crabbe: for I explained in it why I did not wish to trouble you or Mr. Furness any more with such an uncertain business. Anyhow, I must ask you to thank him for the trouble he had already taken, as I hope you know that I thank you also for your share in it.

I scarce found a Crocus out in my Garden at home, and so have come back here till some green leaf shows itself. We are still under the dominion of North East winds, which keep people coughing as well as the Crocus under ground. Well, we hope to earn all the better Spring by all this Cold at its outset.

I have so often spoken of my fear of troubling you by all my Letters, that I won't say more on that score. I have heard no news of Donne since I wrote. I have been trying to read Gil Blas and La Fontaine

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again: but, as before, do not relish either. I must get back to my Don Quixote by and by.

Yours as ever  
E.F.G.

I wonder if this letter will smell of Tobacco: for it is written just after a Pipe, and just before going to bed.

<sup>1</sup> *Euphranor*.

To W. B. Donne

*12 Marine Terrace: Lowestoft  
March 21, [1875]*

on which day, people think, that, as the wind is, so it will continue till June 21: that is, N.E. But I don't believe in that after so much of it already.

Pollock sent me a half penny Post card to say that his Macready was out.<sup>1</sup> I have seen two notices of it in my Daily News: the extract they gave of the early "Reminiscences" seemed heavy: like much of M's Acting, which always seemed to me more the result of study than of Nature. I dare say the Diary will be fresher, if really noted day by day. As I don't subscribe to Mudie this year (having read all I wanted of his Books) I must wait till Macready sells second hand on the Railway stall—as must also be the case with Greville, and Peacock. The latter I never could relish much in his Books: but I dare say his remarks on Men and Matters will be good.

If you have not read, do read Carlyle's Kings of Norway in Fraser: it would do for Men and Children too. I see some of those old Sea Kings in some of the People here. Carlyle tells us that St Olaf is remembered in Tooley Street, London: and the St Olave's Bridge and Priory near here are called St Tulars by the Wherry men, etc. I had a mind to write a line to Carlyle to tell him how much I liked his Papers: but I have already written my yearly—or half yearly—Letter, and he would not care for my Compliment.

I am glad to hear from you that you found Mrs. Sartoris well in August: I had heard from some one that she was much broken. Sartoris seemed to me bearish: but I think no one can be so to you.

I have once more been trying Gil Blas and La Fontaine: but can't get on with either. So now I am back to my good Friend S<sup>te</sup> Beuve, who tells one how to admire these, and so many others. His Causeries



are always delightful to me; I think he wants Humour a little—which after all I believe we dull English have above all other People (unless Irish?). How capital (what I happened to read yesterday) this of the Maréchale de Luxembourg. She was the Oracle of Good Breeding, etc., from the middle till near the end of last Century. One day Mad<sup>e</sup> de Genlis happened to be speaking to her of some Prayers, whose rather uncouth expression (she thought) was excused by the good Intention: “Eh bien, Madame,” repondit la Maréchale de son air sérieux—“Ne croyez pas cela.”

This will make my letter welcome if nothing else. But remember, this Letter is in answer to your last: so do not set yourself to reply to it. Whenever you are inclined to write (but not otherwise) you will always be welcome to yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Macready's *Reminiscences, and Selections from His Diaries, and Letters*, 2 vols.

## To Frederick Spalding

*Lowestoft*

*Monday, [March 22, 1875]*

*Dear Spalding,*

Pray do not go out of your way for Mr. Rowe: probably he would not see you if you called: and you will have plenty to do elsewhere. I will not give you any Commission therefore.

You are a very late acquaintance of Mr. Rowe, and really are not called upon to see after him. I have written to his Landlady: and also to Mr. Phelps, of whom I have asked the address of Mr. Rowe's remaining kinsfolk in England. For surely *they* should look to him, and not leave all to Friends.<sup>1</sup>

Edmund finds that his new Desk does not give him and his Papers elbow-room enough: so I shall perhaps exchange it for some other. It is scarce worth while returning it to Mason for that purpose. Something will turn up here, I dare say. I should give it to my Nieces, but in their small rooms it would be more in the way than of use.

I am very much obliged to you for speaking to Mr. Whistock<sup>2</sup> who also, I think, behaves very liberally. I will see to it when I get home, which must surely be soon. But I wait till there is some flower or leaf in the garden. I must plant *Annuals* this year: but I suppose the beginning of April is the proper time for that.

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You know (?) that John Crowfoot of Wangford is dead. One of the Doctors here, Clubbe, has been in imminent danger from Erysipelas, which got toward his head after raising such a swelling in his leg or thigh as had to be cut open. I did not know before that Erysipelas ever called for such Treatment.

E.K.<sup>3</sup> goes today to Drill at Beccles: Bungay, Halesworth, and Leiston follow. Poor old pompous Garnham here has lost a lot of money by lending it to Moore the Printer of Beccles who married his Daughter. How mysteriously, or dogmatically, wise Mr. Childs must be on that subject.

Yours  
E.FG.

I begin to approve the Prince's Severity to Poachers since I hear of a Partridge on my Estate.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Ellen Churchyard, March 4, 1872.

<sup>2</sup> A Woodbridge estate agent. John R. Crowfoot, subsequently mentioned, Vicar of St. Peters of Wangford; relative of EFG's friends, the Crowfoots of nearby Beccles.

<sup>3</sup> Edmund Kerrich.

To W. A. Wright

[Woodbridge]  
[March 26, 1875]

Non, je n'ai rien de Davenant et Dryden. C'étoit un Henry V de Howard que Pepys & Comp<sup>gnie</sup> admiraient (ceci ne prétend pas être apropos de Jules César; seulement, je vous en parlai quand vous étiez ici). Qu'est-ce que veut dire "May-bolt"—nom d'un Vaisseau dont parle assez Pips. Mais j'attendrai votre réponse à Pâques,

Omarson

To George Crabbe

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*le 30 Mars/75*

*Mon cher Georges,*

J'ai reçu votre Lettre hier quand étais en route à Ipswich par le chemin de fer. J'y allais pour faire une visite à ma Belle Anna Biddell, aussi pour acheter un Chapeau. Quand je reviens au soir voilà Barlow à la fenêtre avec mon Neveu Edmund Kerrich, son Adjutant, et Ma-

dame E.K. l'Adjutante, et leur "Baby" terrible. Car il faut vous instruire que pendant ces douze jours passés, ces trois ci-nommés avec deux nourrices logent chez moi; et Barlow court (comme vous savez) de Hasketon ici et Edmund K. court d'ici à Hasketon car ces deux (comme j'ai bien présagé) s'ajustent très bien ensemble. Madame Barlow nous faisait une visite aussi. Toujours la même Ingénue que vous connaître d'autrefois—d'ailleurs il y avait au même temps une cousine Irlandaise—très bonne et gaie fille de presque cinquante ans—avec mon Frère à Boulge: Elle aussi avec mon neveu Gerald faisait partie de notre rendez-vous: ainsi me voilà plus gai qu'à l'ordinaire, vous le voyez. En vérité, tous ces gens sont de bonne humeur et assez agréables. Ils partent d'ici demain: et bientôt mes deux Nièces aînées les remplaceront—un peu plus tristement.

Le vieux Pierre laisse ses affaires assez confuses; c'était un drôle à cet égard. Je ne connais rien de plus de la Veuve; on dit qu'elle est un peu mécontente; mais elle aura bien assez de rentes, tout compté.

Je ne ressens pas de Bronchitis à présent, quoique le Vent s'est réfugié dans le N.E. et souffle assez froid pour le moment. Mais d'ailleurs je ne me porte pas tout à fait bien pendant ces deux mois passés; la tête un peu brouillée, etc. Mais je sais bien qu'il faut attendre de ces infirmités, et je suis sûr que je n'ai pas envie de vivre longtemps. On s'ennuie un peu.

Quant à vous, mon cher Georges, vous savez que je vous souhaite la santé sans que je le dise: prenez-en bien soin jusqu'à ce que l'Été soit bien établie; c'est toujours le Printemps et surtout ce joli mois de Mai qui nous trahit. Vous laissiez votre Hastings un peu plus tôt qu'à l'ordinaire n'est-ce pas? et ce climat de Devonshire quoiqu'aussi doux, est plus humide je conçois.

Je dois écrire mon français plus couramment qu'auparavant, ayant si récemment lu avec tant de plaisir des lettres de Madame de Sévigné. Mais je ne me sens pas du tout plus en train d'écrire. Je ne sais si vous vous intéressiez dans ces Lettres qui sont tout à fait charmantes pour moi: peut-être que vous vous seriez un peu dégoûté de ces tendresses répétées de Madame envers sa fille, mais elles sont toutes sincères: et puis la gaieté, le bon Sens, le bon Coeur, l'abandon et le parfait style sans penser du Style—tout cela me paraît délicieux. Je n'ai qu'un Tome de Lettres choisies—bien ou mal choisies, je ne sais pas. Mais enfin c'est un Livre dont on ne voudra pas se défaire son vivant. Quand je serai à Merton—ce que je me propose absolument d'y être pour trois jours cet été—je vous ferai lire quelques endroits que j'ai apostillés, selon ma façon. Mille Compliments à Mademoiselle, un

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Souvenir amical à Mons<sup>r</sup> le Cousin: et pour vous, mon cher, la constante Amitié de votre dévoué

E.FG.

To W. A. Wright

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
April Fool Day, 1875

Dear Wright,

Such being the day, I send you a few very learned remarks on the *Tempest* in your capital Series.<sup>1</sup> No Answer Required.

#### ACT I

"Yare, Yare" and the "Hear, Hear!"—or perhaps "Year, Year!" (for the *h* is very hoptional here) called out by the Lowestoft Coxswain to quicken his Crew—is probably only a form, etc. [I.1.6]

[1.]11. *Boson*—In accordance with the Sailors' pronunciation to this day.

28. *Perfect Gallows*. An allusion also to Italian "Giallo" yellow, etc.? Scene 2,19: of *whence*. *From whence* is common enough.

200. *Bowsprit*: always pronounced *Bore-sprit* by all Sailors I have met: as *Torpsail* for *Topsail*—better to be heard, I suppose.

#### II

[1.]51. *Fog-grass*: vide *Moor*, *Forby*, etc.

152. *Latter end*. "Molly, Molly!" (cries Cook to Scullion in one of Hood's stories) "when you make game of that poor Fellow's death, I wonder your own *Latter end* doesn't fly in your face!" Not very germane to the matter: but how good!

#### III

[Scene 3]71: *Requit it*. Why not omit that thin and needless echo; or read "requited?"

#### IV

[1.]158. *Rounded with a Sleep*. I had always thought *sur-rounded*. Your Interpretation may go parallel with one of the best lines old Wordsworth ever wrote:

Our haughty Life is crown'd with Darkness

I remember it gave me pleasure to fling the previous line over Calderon's neck as a Title to his Play.<sup>2</sup> What a Play would Shakespeare have made on that Subject!

180. *Goss* (*gorse*). So you know *horse* is always *hoss* in Suffolk.

184. Oh, that obscene Spedding!<sup>3</sup>

244. Sir John Mandeville "lyttyle Lomb" is I suppose the *Loon*, as now called.

V

[1.]33. *Ye Elves of Brooks*, etc. Surely there is more than "a certain and merely external" (general?) resemblance to Golding.<sup>4</sup>

71. *Home*: so we Suffolk talk of meat *Home-done*, etc.

224. *Tight*: so now "Water-tight. Air-tight," etc.

240. *Moping*.<sup>5</sup> Pray does the original meaning point to Greek *μυώψ*?

As to the *crux*, "Most busy lest, when I do it"—I can't suggest where so many better wits disagree.<sup>6</sup> Only (for once!) I can't believe in Spedding's reading which you think best yet made. "*I do it*" turned to "*idlest*," and such a result as "Most busiest when idlest." I would rather sacrifice the sense (which is doubtful) than save it by such a Sound. I must think that "*it*" refers to the Labour, not to the Thoughts.

<sup>1</sup> The Clarendon Press *Shakespeare*, a school text edition (See April 9 letter to Fanny Kemble, n.2). The comments in this and in the April 7 letter apply for the most part to Wright's editorial notes. EFG uses Arabic and Roman numerals indiscriminately for scene numbers. To avoid confusion the editors have designated scenes uniformly by Arabic numerals. In the editors' notes, line references, perforce approximate, are to modern texts.

2

We are such stuff

As dreams are made on

(IV.1.156-57)

provided EFG's title *Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of* for Calderon's *La Vida es Sueño*.

<sup>3</sup> Ariel, after luring Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo to the "filthy-mantled pool," left them

There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

Wright cites Spedding's proposed emendation—"Oerstunk their fear."

<sup>4</sup> Arthur Golding (1535?-1605?), translator of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, who appears to have been Shakespeare's favorite Latin poet.

<sup>5</sup> "In a bewildered state" (Wright's note).

<sup>6</sup> A passage (III.1.15) Wright describes as "unquestionably corrupt."

April 1875

To W. A. Wright

*Lowestoft*  
*April 7/75*

*Dear Wright,*

You will be glad to hear that this is, I think, the last of my Missives of this sort. Your Edition set me off looking over the three Plays as well as the Notes; what I have to say is scarce worth reading: but then you needn't read if you don't like: for always observe, I want no Answer. I pick a hole here and there: but I don't mark any of the very many good things that instruct me well.

Yours always  
E.F.G.

You *Bowlerize*, I see: which I always maintained ought to be. But should you not have announced that so you meant to do? Perhaps you have.

## MACBETH

### Act I

3.96. *Afeard*. That former Critics should alter what Shakespeare had chosen to write at least three times in this one Play! And a much more emphatic form than *Afraid*.

[5.]20-23. I never knew there was any difficulty about the meaning: "Thus thou must do to have what you want: and the doing of which Deed you rather fear, than wish undone." It seems to me quite characteristic of Shakespeare.

7.[3.] Trammell (Trawl?)—Draw along with it (the Murder) the consequence that is sought.

6. School of Time. That Tieck could have been such an Ass!<sup>1</sup>

11. *Ingredience*—twice used in this Play—the whole result of *Ingredients*—authorized by the Folios—why not retain in Text? (I think that all Folios except the first strangely leave out a whole line somewhere between 10 and 12.)

59. Why not the Folio Note of Interrogation? otherwise, it may be taken as only a more forcible form of Capell's<sup>2</sup> "We fail."

60. "But screw your Courage to the sticking-place." Dr. Whalley, who

wrote the Tragedy of *Edwy and Eldilda*,<sup>3</sup> asked Mrs. Siddons if she might not interpret "the Sticking-place" by the motion of stabbing! Not worse than Capell & Co.'s conjectures about "consent" in the next Act.

## Act II

1.22. I must think that "we" = "We two"—in spite of some confusion of "would."

51. Oh, *Sleep*—not *Sleeper*! And Davenant<sup>4</sup> probably only added what he heard.

61. "Words to the heat of Deeds"—I always quoted as about the worst line in any Poet—except "on chalic'd flowers that lies."<sup>5</sup>

2.56. *Gild—guilt*. Johnson asks if Shakespeare could have meant to pun. You think it adds honor to the Scene. I should make no note on it.

[3.]40. S. Walker<sup>6</sup> looked more like an "obscure Bird" himself, as I remember him feeding at the Fellows' table more than fifty years ago.

98. Is Macbeth's Language more affected than Malcolm's "Sorrow upon the foot of motion"—Banquo's "naked frailties," etc.

## Act III

1.129. "Spy o' the time." Surely the meaning is simply as you first give it, and quite Shakespeare. What if *spy* be not found elsewhere in him? Neither is "multitudinous" nor a host of others.

2.20. Were not the later Folios likely to correct some mistakes in the First from *hearing* the Plays acted? So at Scene IV.78.

45. "Be ignorant, etc., dearest Chuch." *Why* should not Miladi be told after all she had done in Duncan's business? This is a bit of Human Nature only to be found in the divine William.

[4.]95. *Speculation in Eyes*, etc. Calderon talks of the Spirits rushing to the Windows of the Eyes, etc.

136-137. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream:

If thou hast slain Lysander in his Sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in Blood, plunge over Boots.

5.27. Compare passage from Timon with B. Jonson's lines on Shakespeare's Portrait.<sup>7</sup>

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Act IV

1.6. "Cold Stone" can scarce be pronounced otherwise than as slowly as three Syllables.

28. "*Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipse.*"<sup>8</sup> Yes: but fancy *Lycidas' Ship* built in the time!

32. *Slab*. Suffolk, you know.<sup>9</sup>

Act V

1.25. Sense *are* shut—Folios.

77. *Mate*. Spanish *Matar*, *Matador*, etc.

2.15. S. Walker again with Collier: and then at [3.]22 with Johnson, whom I must bow to though still maintaining "Way of Life" instead of the prettier *May*: if for no other reason than the two feeble consecutive *M's*. How much better the Verse runs the other way—says Martinus Scriblerus.<sup>10</sup>

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Act I

1.1 (Note) Not surely "In the same way?"

27. "Wealthy *Andrew*." Anything known of *her*?<sup>11</sup>

112. Where is the "unvendible Maid?"<sup>12</sup> Surely *she's* decent enough.

110. I can't help thinking somehow of "this Year"—after Gratiano's "two years."

129. I could almost fancy "Where in my time—Hath left me gaged" for all its elliptical Grammar.

2.52. Throstle—*Trassel*, etc., *thr* generally pronounced like the latter hereabout.

3.19. *Squandered abroad*: Did Airy ever tell you of a "squandering" (scattered) Village?

37. How could S. ever be thinking of Classical *Publicani*? Was not word used in his day for the Keeper of "a Public?"<sup>13</sup>

94. Henderson<sup>14</sup> (Actor) read "Many a time—and oft on the Rialto"—not bad—not wanted.

130. "This is kind I offer," etc. Surely corrupt?



Act II

5.42. What is the Proverb about a Jew's Eye and a King's Ransom?

7.59-60. "Key" rhymes to "May?"

8. I dare think this Scene, between the two Caskets, would have told better in Prose!

Act III

2.156. Comma for Full Stop at "Account."

4.72. "I could not do *with all*" the Ladies?

Act IV

1.49. "Some when they hear the Bagpipe"—Which of you have done This?

195. I remember a great man in his Day—"Conversation Sharp"<sup>15</sup> contending that Portia's reference to The Lord's Prayer in this case was a Blunder.

(Do you know the Story which Bartley the Actor<sup>16</sup> told Donne—of a Jew and a Christian quarrelling—

*Christian*—"Yah! Who crucified my Christ?"

*Jew*— "And you may crucify mine—  
When you catch him."

314. Perhaps—"I take *his* offer then"  
(pointing to Bassanio)

411. "He is well paid," etc. What a charming little Syllogism!

Act V

1.65. "Doth grossly close *them* in?" (sc: immortal Souls)

104. "The Nightingale if she should sing by day," etc. Shakespeare knew better in the fields about Stratford.

280. That this vile word "*Intergatoris*" should stick in one's throat at the close of such Music as this Scene! Oh Damn! I don't believe in it: I believe the line ended with some more innocent word, and probably rhyming (nearer or farther) with "faithfully."

Now here is something to make my Letter acceptable—just read in an old Blackwood—concerning the once famous Bowles and Byron Controversy about Pope, etc., Nature and Art in Poetry, etc.<sup>17</sup>

"Take an Illustration, Mr. Bowles, walking to Church in a suit of

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Black, with Gown, Bands, and Shovelhat, is an Artificial Object (though he may not think so) and therefore, according to his Principles, an unfit theme for the highest species of poetical Composition. So is Mr. Bowles in his Nightshirt and nightcap. But Mr. Bowles, going to bathe in *puris naturalibus*, is artificial no more—he is, a natural; and, as such, a fit subject for the loftiest Song.”

(Read this to the Master.)

“GIMBLET: PRINCE OF DUNKIRK”

Act I

Sc. 1.19. “A piece of him”—“Is that Tom Newson?” “All that’s left of him.” (Fragment of Dialogue *on board The Scandal*)

95. Here is a superfluous syllable?

161. Folio “dare walk” more musical.

2.2. Why not simply *dele* “that it”?

22. “He” scarce superfluous, as recalling the distant nominative.

72. “All that live.”

[141.] *Beteem*; common in Suffolk for “pour”; “The rain came *teeming*—or *teeming*—down.”

172. Correct 179.

198. *Waste* reads better to me, and admits the very probable pun, which is also played upon in the meeting with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

3.83. They talk on our River of “tending the Tide,” awaiting its flow, etc.

117-120. “These blazes, Daughter,” etc., must be corrupt though intelligible.

129. Implorators. Ever elsewhere used for “Solicitors”?

133. *Moment leisure*—Leisure moment?

4.17-38. “omitted in the Folio”<sup>18</sup>—that is, I suppose, by the Players. One must admit, I think, that from 23 to 39 there is somewhat too much of it, allowing all for Hamlet’s philosophy—which the Ghost does not interrupt.

79. "Go on, I'll follow thee" I persist in thinking it best left to the Scene's end. Hamlet would naturally make some action of following at "It waves me still"—and the others would interpose, etc.

91. "Let's follow him." At a very long interval, it appears by the Sequel.

5.33. Surely must be Folio "rots"?

132. "Go pray," etc. A very common form in Ireland.

## Act II

1.12. "Than your particular demands will touch," leaving out "it"?

62. "See you now, your bait of Falsehood," etc. "And thus," etc., "we," etc. Very like—Bacon!

[2].32. "To be commanded" might be omitted?

43. One would like, I think, "Have I, my Lord?—Assure you, my good Liege."

141. Folio "Precepts" surely best.

207. "Into my Grave?"

317. "Agnosco veteris vestigia *Berry*."<sup>19</sup>

345. Argument. But was money bid for the *Plot of the Play*?

350. "Your hands, come then," etc. Does Hamlet mean to shake hands with the Players?<sup>20</sup>

428. Why not Folio "Affectation" being the word now used where *Affection* is not?

(But that Hamlet should praise the Play for being "more handsome than fine," etc., if the Speeches quoted are Specimens!)

## Act III

2.58. Dear Soul.

87. The Dialogue falls into Prose perhaps to set off the Play that follows.

118. How come it the King did not flinch at the Dumb Show? Even asks (207) if there be no offence in it?

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255. *Pajock*. *Bubbly Jock* is a North County name for a Turkey. Is Claudius called Peacock for his ostentations, etc.? One might almost venture to propose "Paddock"—the Poisoner; on the talk of which the Ghost's word may be taken, etc.

357. "And do such Business as the better Day," etc. Spedding.

364-5. "How in my words," etc. What worse *Tag* than this! These two lines—and even the one before—might be spared. But the Actors always want to go off with a Bang: or with some such phrase as "So come with me"—"Let us together," etc., which carry them off at the side-scene.

Scene 3.79. *Hire and Salary*. What meaning? and how could Quartos *misprint* "Base and Silly"?

87. "No!" I think one could well spare *this* Line.

Scene 4.90. "Their tinct" might be omitted?

As also (111) the Ghost's *moral* about "Conceit," etc.

As also (117) The Queen's Simile of Soldiers in alarm.

118. "Bedded hair." Does not *matted* imply *tangled*? It may simply mean, *rooted*—or lying flat, as in a Bed.

#### Act IV

1.41-44. "Whose Whisper—air," well omitted by Players' Folio, I must think.

3.56. "That else *leans on the Affair*"!

4.9. One wonders what the use of this Scene if the Part of Hamlet be omitted.<sup>21</sup> Oh Folios, Folios, wherefore are you Folios!

20. Surely "Twice Ducats five" (rent) if sold "in fee".

Scene 5. By all means let "Enter Ophelia with a Lute," for the Picture's sake, and to give her something to do with her hands till she has the Flowers.

81. Surely "Another Gentleman" talks very much like the wounded Soldier in *Macbeth*.

And I must think all the King's Dealings and Plottings with Laertes tiresome and clumsy. And Hamlet's Revenge on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern might well have been spared, especially as I do not think

they are said to know the message they carry from Claudius. But this is not your Fault: nor probably will you think it one in William.

# Act V

2.272. Some one suggested "*Faint*, and short of Breath." Ita explicit Scriblerus. Only, Act II, Scene I, line 25. Why "Fencing"—so much praised afterward—here put among the "Slips" of Youth? Unless meaning, *Duelling*.

Montaigne (whom I have not by me) somewhere inveighs against this new Craft of the Sword, as he does against that of the Tongue, which old Bacon timidly advocates. And Brantôme, contemporary of both, telling how he himself took Lessons in *L'Escrime* at Milan, writes—"Tant que j'y fus, il ne se passa jour que je ne visse une vingtaine de quadrilles de ceux qui avoient querelle se pourmener ainsy par la ville; et se rencontrans se battoient et se tuoient, si bien qu'on en voyoit sur le pavé estendus en place une infinité."<sup>22</sup> Of course one must allow for some French Exaggeration in this. I suppose the Capulet and Montagu broils tell something the same Story.

<sup>1</sup> "Bank and shoal" is the accepted emendation for the Folio reading: "bank and school of time," which Ludwig Tieck (1773-1853), foremost German editor of Shakespeare, retained. "Bank" he states, "is here the school-bench; 'time' is used . . . for the *present time*." Tieck expatiates on the two points.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Capell (1713-81), the first professionally critical editor of Shakespeare.

<sup>3</sup> *Edwy and Eldilda* is a tale in verse. Whalley's tragedy is *The Castle of Montval*. See letter to Fanny Kemble, June 2, 1874, n.2.

<sup>4</sup> Sir William Davenant, the only prominent pre-Commonwealth dramatist to resume a career in the Restoration theater. He revised *Macbeth* with violent alterations and additions including singing and dancing.

<sup>5</sup> In the lyric, "Hark, hark, the lark" (*Cymbeline*, II.3).

<sup>6</sup> William Sidney Walker (1795-1846), Shakespearian scholar cited by Wright, had been a Fellow of Trinity College while EFG was at Cambridge. Walker spent the later years of his life as a solitary eccentric in London.

<sup>7</sup> Wright's note cites lines from *Timon of Athens*, I.1.37-38, called to his attention by EFG in his letter of July 31, [1872], which see.

<sup>8</sup> From the charm of the witches. The "fatal and perfidious bark" in Milton's *Lycidas* had been "Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."

<sup>9</sup> Slab, in Suffolk dialect—the consistency of mortar.

<sup>10</sup> A character created by the Scriblerus Club, of which Pope and Swift were members. Martinus's *Memoirs* satirized literary incompetence and "false tastes in learning."

<sup>11</sup> A ship mentioned by Antonio's friend Salarino. EFG's query is a sequel, as it were, to his letters to Wright, July 31 and Nov. 1, 1872.

<sup>12</sup> An allusion to a portion of Gratiano's speech deleted by Wright from his school edition:

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silence is only commendable  
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

<sup>13</sup> *Publicanus*, collector of taxes, customs, etc. "Publican" was not applied in its modern sense until the eighteenth century.

<sup>14</sup> John Henderson (1747-85), a rival of Garrick in public favor. "A truly great actor," Samuel Rogers declared, "his Hamlet and his Falstaff were equally good."

<sup>15</sup> Richard Sharp (1759-1835), intimate friend of Samuel Rogers, who amassed a fortune in business and served in Parliament 1806-19. Like Rogers, he entertained frequently "the chief persons of the day" and held his own with them in debate and banter.

<sup>16</sup> George Bartley (1782?-1858), comedian.

<sup>17</sup> A dispute chiefly involving William L. Bowles (1762-1850), an adversely critical editor of Pope, and Byron, to whom Pope was "the most faultless of Poets and almost of men." The principal issues stemmed from Bowles's contentions that images drawn from nature are superior to those from art, and that elemental passions, not transient manners, are "the proper study" of great poetry. The controversy erupted in 1820, was rife in 1821-22, and sputtered as late as 1825-26.

<sup>18</sup> Hamlet's censure of drinking that makes the Danes "traduced and taxed of other nations."

<sup>19</sup> "I recognize traces of old Berry." EFG's comment was prompted by "tickle o' the sere"—i.e., hair trigger—which Berry, EFG's gunsmith landlord in Market Hill, had explained for Wright. (See letter to Wright, Jan. 26, [1872].)

"How could Shakespeare ever be thinking of Classical Publicani?" EFG asked in his comment on Shylock's speech, *Merchant of Venice*, I.3.77. One is spurred to echo the query. "How, in the course of writing this letter, could EFG ever be thinking of Virgil's 'Agnosco veteris vestigia flammae'?" (*Aeneid*, IV.23)

<sup>20</sup> EFG misread the line. The words are addressed to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

<sup>21</sup> Lines 9-66, which include the soliloquy, "How all occasions do inform against me," omitted in the Folios.

<sup>22</sup> Brantôme, "D'Aucuns Duels, Combats Clos, Appels, Desfis," *Oeuvres Complètes*, J.A.C. Buchon, ed., 2 vols., Paris, 1842, I, 751.

To Fanny Kemble

*Lowestoft*  
*April 9/75*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

I wrote you a letter more than a fortnight ago—mislaid it—and now am rather ashamed to receive one from you thanking me beforehand for the mighty Book<sup>1</sup> which I posted you a month ago. I only hope you will not feel bound to acknowledge [it] when it does reach you; I think I said so in the Letter I wrote to go along with it. And I must say no more in the way of deprecating your Letters, after what

you write me. Be assured that all my deprecations were for your sake, not mine; but there's an end of them now.

I had a longish letter from Donne himself some while ago; indicating, I thought, *some* debility of Mind and Body. He said, however, he was going on very well. And a Letter from Mowbray (three or four days old) speaks of his Father as "remarkably well." But these Donnes won't acknowledge Bodily any more than Mental fault in those they love. Blanche had been ill, of neuralgic Cold: Valentia not well: but both on the mending hand now.

It has been indeed the Devil of a Winter: and even now—To-day as I write—no better than it was three months ago. The Daffodils scarce dare take April, let alone March; and I wait here till a Green Leaf shows itself about Woodbridge.

I have been looking over four of Shakespeare's Plays, edited by Clark and Wright: editors of the "Cambridge Shakespeare." These "Select Plays" are very well done, I think: Text, and Notes; although with somewhat too much of the latter. Hamlet, Macbeth, Tempest, and Shylock<sup>2</sup>—I heard them talking in my room—all alive about me.

By the by—How did *you* read "To-morrow and To-morrow,"<sup>3</sup> etc." All the Macbeths I have heard took the opportunity to become melancholy when they came to this: and, no doubt, some such change from Fury and Desperation was a relief to the Actor, and perhaps to the Spectator. But I think it *should* all go in the same Whirlwind of Passion as the rest: Folly!—Stage Play!—Farthing Candle; Idiot, etc. Macready used to drop his Truncheon when he heard of the Queen's Death, and stand with his Mouth open for some while—which didn't become him.

I have not seen his Memoir: only an extract or two in the Papers. He always seemed to me an Actor by Art and Study, with some native Passion to inspire him. But as to Genius—we who have seen Kean!

I don't know if you were acquainted with Sir A. Helps, whose Death (one of this Year's Doing) is much regretted by many. I scarcely knew him except at Cambridge forty years ago: and could never relish his Writings, amiable and sensible as they are. I suppose they will help to swell that substratum of Intellectual *Peat* (Carlyle somewhere calls it) from [which] one or two living Trees stand out in a Century. So Shakespeare above all that Old Drama which he grew amidst, and which (all represented by him alone) might henceforth be left unexplored, with the exception of a few twigs of Leaves gathered here and there—as in Lamb's Specimens. Is Carlyle himself—with all his Genius—to subside into the Level? Dickens, with all his

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Genius, but whose Men and Women act and talk already after a more obsolete fashion than Shakespeare's? I think some of Tennyson will survive, and drag the deader part along with it, I suppose. And (I doubt) Thackeray's terrible Humanity.

And I remain yours ever sincerely,

A very small Peat-contributor,

E.FG.

I am glad to say that Clark and Wright Bowdlerize Shakespeare, though much less extensively than Bowdler. But in one case, I think, they have gone further—altering, instead of omitting: which is quite wrong!

<sup>1</sup> The 1865 *Calderón*.

<sup>2</sup> Volumes in the Clarendon Press edition. *The Tempest*, issued in 1874, and subsequent plays were edited by Wright alone; W. G. Clark, Wright's fellow editor for the Cambridge Shakespeare, published 1863-66, collaborated on the other plays mentioned.

<sup>3</sup> The term itself does not appear in a passage, on history and historians, to which EFG refers: "By very nature . . . this that we call Human History [is] an *abatis* of trees and brushwood, a world-wide jungle, at once growing and dying. Under the green foliage and blossoming fruit-trees of Today, there lie, rotting slower or faster, the forests of all other Years and Days. Some have rotted fast, plants of annual growth, and are long since quite gone to inorganic mould; others are like the aloe, growths that last a thousand or three thousand years. You will find them in all stages of decay and preservation; down deep to the beginnings of the History of Man." The passage occurs in "Anti-Dryasdust," the introduction to *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*. "Dryasdust" is Carlyle's generic name for dull chroniclers and plodding historians.

## To Bernard Quaritch

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
April—75

Dear Sir,

I shall be home in a few days, and will send you a Copy of *Solomon and Absalom*, as the Printers called it.

I got some extra Copies, revised and amended (as I think) to bind up with the *Old Reprobate*.<sup>1</sup>

Yours  
E.FG.

N.B. I don't want to be paid for the Copy.

<sup>1</sup> The *Rubáiyát*.



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To Fanny Kemble

Lowestoft  
April 19/75

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

Yesterday I wrote you a letter: enveloped it: then thought there was something in it you might misunderstand—Yes!—the written word across the Atlantic looking perhaps so different from what intended; so kept my Letter in my pocket, and went my ways. This morning your Letter of April 3 is forwarded to me; and I shall re-write the one thing that I yesterday wrote about—as I had intended to do before your Letter came. Only, let me say that I am really ashamed that you should have taken the trouble to write again about my little, little, Book.

Well—what I wrote about yesterday, and am to-day about to re-write, is—Macready's Memoirs. You asked me in your previous Letter whether I had read them. No—I had not: and had meant to wait till they came down to Half-price on the Railway Stall before I bought them. But I wanted to order something of my civil Woodbridge Bookseller: so took the course of ordering this Book, which I am now reading at Leisure: for it does not interest me enough to devour at once. It is however a very unaffected record of a very conscientious Man, and Artist; conscious (I think) that he was not a great Genius in his Profession, and conscious of his defect of Self-control in his Morals. The Book is almost entirely about *himself*, *his* Studies, *his* Troubles, *his* Consolations, etc.; not from Egotism, I do think, but as the one thing he had to consider in writing a Memoir and Diary. Of course one expects, and wishes, that the Man's self should be the main subject; but one also wants something of the remarkable people he lived with, and of whom one finds little here but that "So-and-so came and went"—scarce anything of what they said or did, except on mere business; Macready seeming to have no Humour; no intuition into Character, no Observation of those about him (how could he be a great Actor then?)—Almost the only exception I have yet reached is his Account of Mrs. Siddons, whom he worshipped: whom he acted with in her later years at Country Theatres: and who was as kind to him as she was even then heart-rending on the Stage. He was her Mr. Beverley;<sup>1</sup> "a very young husband," she told him: but "in the right way if he would study, study, study—and not marry till thirty." At another time, when he was on the stage, she stood at the side scene, called out "Bravo, Sir, Bravo!" and clapped her hands—all in sight of

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the Audience, who joined in her Applause. Macready also tells of her falling into such a Convulsion, as it were, in *Aspasia*<sup>2</sup> (what a subject for such a sacrifice!) that the Curtain had to be dropped, and Macready's Father, and Holman, who were among the Audience, looked at each other to see which was whitest! This was the Woman whom people somehow came to look on as only majestic and terrible—I suppose, after Miss O'Neill rose upon her Setting.

Well, but what I wrote about yesterday—a passage about you yourself. I fancy that he and you were very unsympathetic: nay, you have told me of some of his Egotisms toward you, "who had scarce learned the rudiments of your Profession" (as also he admits that he scarce had). But, however that may have been, his Diary records, "Dec<sup>r</sup> 20 (1838) Went to Covent Garden Theatre: on my way continued the perusal of Mrs. Butler's Play, which is a work of uncommon power. Finished the reading of Mrs. Butler's Play, which is one of the most powerful of the modern Plays I have seen—most painful—almost shocking—but full of Power, Poetry and Pathos.<sup>3</sup> She is one of the most remarkable women of the present Day."

So you see that if he thought you deficient in the Art which you (like himself) had unwillingly to resort to, you were efficient in the far greater Art of supplying that material on which the Histrionic must depend. (N.B.—Which play of yours? Not surely the "English Tragedy" unless shown to him in MS.? Come: I have sent you my Translations: you should give me your Original Plays. When I get home, I will send you an old Scratch by Thackeray of yourself in *Louisa of Savoy*—shall I?)

On the whole, I find Macready (so far as I have gone) a just, generous, religious, and affectionate Man; on the whole, humble too? One is well content to assure oneself of this; but it is not worth spending 28s. upon.

Macready would have made a better Scholar—or Divine—than Actor, I think: a Gentleman he would have been in any calling, I believe, in spite of his Temper—which he acknowledges, laments, and apologizes for, on reflection.

Now, here is enough of my small writing for your reading. I have been able to read, and admire, some Corneille lately: as to Racine—"Ce n'est pas mon homme," as Catharine of Russia said of him. Now I am at Madame de Sévigné's delightful Letters; I should like to send you a Bouquet of Extracts: but must have done now, being always yours

E.FG.

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<sup>1</sup> The male lead in *The Gamester* by Edward Moore (1712-57). Macready, then only 18 years old, played opposite Mrs. Siddons for two nights at Newcastle in 1812 in the course of her final tour of the provinces. For his account of the experience see *Macready's Reminiscences*, I, 53-57.

<sup>2</sup> Aspasia in *Tamerlane* by Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718). "Macready, do I look as pale as you?" Joseph Holman, actor and dramatist, asked at the close of the scene to which EFG refers (*Reminiscences*, I, 202).

<sup>3</sup> Macready rejected the play, *An English Tragedy*. Early in her career Fanny had written two other tragedies, *Francis the First* and *The Star of Seville*.

To W. F. Pollock

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
Thursday [April 22, 1875]

My dear Pollock,

I went so far as to buy Macready at first hand! *Chose inconnue!* His Records give me the honest picture, I think, of a really conscientious Man, and Artist. I wonder he had no more to tell one of the Sayings and Doings of the many clever people he mixed with: I scarce remember anything in that way except about Chantrey,<sup>1</sup> and (best of all) Mrs. Siddons. *That* was the Woman who got to be looked on only as a cold and stately Tragic Muse; I fancy this notion grew after Miss O'Neill<sup>2</sup> rose upon her Setting. I fancy also that what M. might have said of our living Mrs. Kemble's Acting you thought well to leave out: but he speaks so highly of one of her Plays<sup>3</sup> that I have sent that Paragraph to her over the Atlantic.

I sometimes remember Macready at your house some twenty years ago: he sitting quite quietly, so that I wished to speak to him, but let the Evening pass without venturing to do so: and never had another Opportunity.

I have been reading, and even admiring, some of Corneille; as to Racine, I say with Catherine of Russia, "Ce n'est pas mon homme." Another trial at *Gil Blas* and *La Fontaine* has failed with me: both too thin wine to my taste. Madame de Sévigné I find quite delightful in parts: only one can't help fancying that fifty thousand Frenchwomen would write as good Letters. As witty perhaps, but not with all her Good Sense and Good Humour.

What rococo Readings to tell you of—you who live in London and must keep up with the Current of what new Books are talked of. I dare say you like some of these old Standards when you are in the Country at Vacation; and—I am never otherwise. This Spring has

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up to this time forbidden almost a Daffodil to appear: much more a Green Leaf: so I have kept here, where the Sea, the Ships, and the Sailors are better Company. You will have to write me a line or two now, you know; and I wish to hear how you and yours have got through the Winter—which is not yet got through. Give my best remembrances to Lady Pollock, and believe me ever yours

E.FG.

I have been looking over Wright's Select Shakespeare: good on the whole, I think. I must say he is right in Bowdlerizing somewhat: that is, cutting out—but not in *altering* as (if I remember right) he does in one instance. Spedding is the man who should have edited Shakespeare, using the materials supplied by the Cambridge Edition.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Francis Chantrey (1781-1841), artist and sculptor.

<sup>2</sup> Eliza O'Neill (1791-1872), tragedienne.

<sup>3</sup> See preceding letter.

### T. W. Hinchliff to Bernard Quaritch

*United University Club  
Pall Mall East, S.W.  
30 April 75.*

*My Dear Sir,*

I am very sincerely obliged by your kindness in communicating with Mr. FitzGerald and obtaining for me the two little books which my Boston friend<sup>1</sup> was so anxious to acquire. I am sending them on to him with a letter to explain your good offices.

My making friends with him in the Bay of Panama on the strength of Omar Khayyám was curious enough.

This reminds me that I promised to send a copy of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám to a friend in Japan. Will you be good enough to send one to me at 64 Lincolns Inn Fields, and I will call and pay for it.

With many thanks,

I am very truly yours,  
Thomas W. Hinchliff.

<sup>1</sup> Levi L. Thaxter. See his letter to Quaritch, Aug. 17, 1876.

May 1875

To Anna Biddell

*Lowestoft*  
*Sunday, [May, 1875]*

*Dear Miss Biddell,*

Only a line—on Sunday too—to bid you to take any time you please about Macready. It will be a long time—if ever the time comes—before I shall want to read him again: and I really know nobody else who will care to read—a dull, and even depressing, Book; as I think you will find. I had not believed that the Life of any Actor—especially one whom I had so often seen, and sometimes admired—should so utterly fail to amuse.

There are some FitzGeralds named in the Book: but not of my Family. My Mother indeed did know Macready, among several other actors some fifty years ago: and then she dropped them. I remember my Sister Vignati fainting at the Ipswich Theatre (when a Girl) to Macready's Virginius. "He made such faces," she said, "in the last scene." So he did; but it was on the whole a very fine Performance—much his finest—once seen, never to be forgotten.

Here blows a S.W. wind which is as cold as N.E. Still I am thinking of going home almost directly: I have read all my Books; said all I had to say to my kinsfolk here;<sup>1</sup> and surely Flowers and Leaves must be soon here! Fanny is still unwell: and Elizabeth (who is just now the manager) thinks they will certainly not go to Woodbridge till June, at earliest. My house is always ready for them: but I do not think they are much set on going there, though they have been bothered changing Lodgings here.

I am better than when I last wrote—indeed People tell me that one who looks so well can't be unwell. Anyhow, I am yours sincerely  
E.F.G.

I wish you would remember me to your Sisters now and then.

<sup>1</sup> His Kerrich nieces.

May 1875

To Fanny Kemble

Lowestoft  
May 16/75

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

I have been wishing to send you Carlyle's Norway Kings, and oh! such a delightful Paper of Spedding's on the Text of Richard III. But I have waited till I should hear from you, knowing that you will reply! And not feeling sure, till I hear, whether you are not on your way to England Eastward ho!—even as I am now writing!—Or, I fancy—should you not be well? Anyhow, I shall wait till some authentic news of yourself comes to me. I should not mind sending you Carlyle—why, yes! I *will* send him! But old Spedding—which is only a Proof—I won't send till I know that you are still where you were to receive it—Oh! such a piece of musical criticism! without the least pretence to being Musick: as dry as he can make it, in fact. But he does, with utmost politeness, smash the Cambridge Editors' Theory about the Quarto and Folio Text of R. III.—in a way that perhaps Mr. Furness might like to see.<sup>1</sup>

Spedding says that Irving's Hamlet is simply—*hideous*<sup>2</sup>—a strong expression for Spedding to use. But—(lest I should think his condemnation was only the Old Man's fault of depreciating all that is new), he extols Miss Ellen Terry's Portia as simply *a perfect Performance*: remembering (he says) all the while how fine was Fanny Kemble's. Now, all this you shall read for yourself, when I have token of your Whereabout, and Howabout: for I will send you Spedding's Letter, as well as his Paper.

Spedding won't go and see Salvini's Othello, because he does not know Italian, and also because he hears that Salvini's is a different Conception of Othello from Shakespeare's. I can't understand either reason; but Spedding is (as Carlyle wrote me of his Bacon) the "invincible, and victorious." At any rate, I can't beat him. Irving I never could believe in as Hamlet, after seeing part of his famous Performance of a Melodrama called "The Bells"<sup>3</sup> three or four years ago. But the Pollocks, and a large World beside, think him a Prodigy—whom Spedding thinks—a Monster! To this Complexion is the English Drama come.

I wonder if your American Winter has transformed itself to such a sudden Summer as here in Old England. I returned to my Wood-bridge three weeks ago: not a leaf on the Trees: in ten days they were

all green, and people—perspiring, I suppose one must say. Now again, while the Sun is quite as Hot, the Wind has swerved round to the East—so as one boils on one side and freezes on t'other—and I—the Great Twalmley<sup>4</sup>—am keeping indoors from an Intimation of Bronchitis. I think it is time for one to leave the Stage oneself.

I heard from Mowbray Donne some little while ago; as he said nothing (I think) of his Father, I conclude that there is nothing worse of him to be said. He (the Father) has a Review of Macready—laudatory, I suppose—in the Edinburgh, and Mr. Helen Faucit (Martin)<sup>5</sup> as injurious a one in the Quarterly: the reason of the latter being (it is supposed) because Mrs. H. F. is not noticed except just by name. To this Complexion also!

Ever yours,  
E.F.G.

Since writing as above, your Letter comes; as you do not speak of moving, I shall send Spedding and Carlyle by Post to you, in spite of the Loss of Income<sup>6</sup> you tell me of which would (I doubt) close up *my* thoughts some while from such speculations. I do not think *you* will take trouble so to heart. Keep Spedding for me: Carlyle I don't want again. Tired as you—and I—are of Shakespeare Commentaries, you will like this.

<sup>1</sup> Spedding took issue with Aldis Wright and W. G. Clark, editors of the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, who had proposed the First Folio rather than the First Quarto as the most reliable text of *Richard III* ("On the Corrected Edition of *Richard III*," *Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society*, Series 1, Vol. 3, 1875, pp. 1-74). Spedding subsequently modified his statement.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Irving's unconventional interpretation of the title role evoked heated controversy. Critics confirmed Spedding's subsequent praise of Ellen Terry in *The Merchant of Venice*. Tomasso Salvini, at Drury Lane in April, his first appearance in England, played Othello in an Italian version of the play.

<sup>3</sup> By Leopold Lewis. The play opened November 25, 1871, and ran for one hundred fifty nights.

<sup>4</sup> See letter to Pollock, Dec. 15, [1874], n.3.

<sup>5</sup> Helen Faucit, leading lady in many Macready productions, married Frederick (later Sir Frederick) Martin in 1851.

<sup>6</sup> Mrs. Kemble wrote from Philadelphia to a friend in March: "This is the one circumstance which reconciles me to the removal of my small semi-fortune from where it brings me ten per cent to where at the utmost I can only obtain six for it" (*Further Records*, I, 127-28).

May 1875

To Anna Thackeray Ritchie

Woodbridge

May 18/75

Dear Annie Thackeray,

(For it is but proper to address your good Name in full sometimes)

My Bookseller (not "Dealer" quite) wishes, as before, to give you the Picture if you care to have it,<sup>1</sup> and also if you do not think it too great a Liberty in him to offer it so. He will be pleased—and honoured—if you will show him that you are not affronted by sending him one of your own Books (my dear Village, I say!) and still more so (*I say again—for he gave no such hint*) if you will inscribe it as a Gift to him from yourself. His name is "John Loder"—*L.O.D.E.R.*; a good, solid, English name, as the Man is a good, solid, English man; as were all of his name before him, long known in this little World.

I suppose you love Paris as your Father did—as I used to do till it was made so other than it was, in the days of Louis XVIII, when I first lived in it. Then it was all irregular and picturesque: with Shops, Hotels, Cafés, Theatres, etc., intermixed all along the Boulevards, all of different sorts and sizes.

Think of my remembering the then Royal Family going in several carriages to hunt in the Forest of St. Germain—Louis XVIII first, with his Gardes du Corps, in Blue and Silver: then Monsieur (afterward Charles X) with *his* Guard in Green and Gold—French Horns blowing—"tra, tra, tra" (as Madame de Sévigné says) through the lines of Chestnut and Lime—in flower. And then Madame (of Angoulême) standing up in her Carriage, bleary-eyed, drest in White with her waist at her neck—standing up in the carriage at a corner of the wood to curtsy to the English assembled there—my Mother among them. This was in 1817. Now *you* could have made a delightful Description of all this: you will say *I* have done so: but that is not so. And yet I saw, and see, it all.

Whenever you write again (I don't wish you to write now) tell me what you think of Irving, and Salvini: of the former of whom I have very different reports. Macready's Memoirs seem to me very conscientious and rather dull; toujours *Megreedy* (as one W.M.T. irreverently called him). He seems to me to have had no Humour—which I also observed in his Acting. He would have made a better Scholar, or Divine, I think: a very honourable, good Man anywhere and anyhow.



July 1875

Mrs. Kemble writes me that she has lost some considerable Revenue by some Change in S. American Property.

Yours always and sincerely

E.FG.

I see announced in the Athenaeum A. Tennyson's "Queen Mary."<sup>2</sup> Are you in the secret?

<sup>1</sup> One of Thackeray's drawings.

<sup>2</sup> Tennyson's first drama just published; produced April, 1876.

## To George Crabbe

[July, 1875]

*Mon cher Georges,*

J'ai reçu votre Lettre. Oui, je pense assurément que j'irai à Merton—mais je ne puis à présent certifier le "quand." Peut-être que le jeune A. Charlesworth—fils de cet E.C. qui laisse sa femme et ses Enfants pour suivre la Géologie—peut-être (dis-je) qu'il me fera une visite vers le milieu de ce mois de Juillet—le pauvre Garçon—qui s'ennuie toujours dans un emploi sédentaire à Londres tandis qu'il brûle—c'est le mot précis—de se faire marin—matelot même—mais sa mere ne veut pas qu'il s'en aille; et le bon garçon ne veut pas lui désobéir. Cependant, je pense que tôt ou tard, il s'échappera. C'est une folie de résister ainsi à une idée fixe de la part du jeune homme. S'il vient par ici, je l'amènerai à Aldbro'; ce qui sera "jeter de l'huile *sur la flamme*" n'est-ce Pas? Mais, d'ailleurs, je ne puis l'entretenir dans ce Château à présent, moi qui ne loue qu'une Chambre là-dedans, qui me sert (comme dit la chanson) de Salon, de Chambre, de tout.

Un Paysage pour vous, mon cher? Mais je pensais toujours que vous ne vous intéressiez pas dans ce genre-là. Ah! Dans les années passées, j'aurais bientôt pourvu à votre demande: mais maintenant! Vous savez qu'à peine je me mets en voyage—surtout pour ce "Baby-hondres"—mais nous verrons. Je voudrais savoir auelle *sorte* de paysage serait à votre goût.

À propos de cela—j'achetai un pamphlet de *Ruskin* sur l'Académie de celte Année—Je vous l'enverrai quand Miladi Biddell l'aura lu: car je le lui ai envoyé. Eh bien: j'étais si bien content de ce pamphlet, que la folie m'est venue en tête, d'écrire à Ruskin le Grand! Et pour-

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quoi, pourriez-vous l'imaginer? Seulement pour lui mander que j'avais envie de lui envoyer une petite Esquisse de mon vieil Ami Nursey! Une petite Esquisse, dis-je, d'une seule Vague, qui se brise sur la plage d'Aldboro! Voilà tout: ce n'est pas du tout parfait et je commence à craindre que "le Jeu ne vaudra pas la Chandelle"—mais, enfin—voici la réponse du celebre Q. (Vous verrez qu'il me parle d'une certaine Traduction Persane que j'ai faite; au sujet de laquelle il m'écrivit de son propre autrefois une lettre de louange Enfantin—vous.

To Alfred Tennyson

Woodbridge  
July 9/75

*My dear old Alfred,*

I had bought your Play a few days before your Gift-copy reached me. I have not had sufficient time to *digest* either you see: though I have read through twice. I must leave it for the Papers and Magazines to judge in a few hours what took you, I suppose, Weeks and Months in concocting. I could speak of parts, I think: but not yet of the whole: and you can very well afford (can't you?) to wait till "The Great Twalmley" pronounces? One thing—I don't quite understand why you have so much relinquished "Thee" and "Thou" with their relative verbs for "you," etc. I know that we have had more than enough of Thee and Thou in modern Plays and Poems; but it should surely rule in the common *talk* of Mary's time. I suppose however that you have some very good reason for so often supplanting the old Form by the New.

Still your old FitzCrotchet, you see, still! And so will be to the end, I suppose. I am not over-well just now, and see very little of Books; all day on the River, or talking to the ducks and barndoors

But ever yours the same

Old Fitz

If the other AT be with you still, pray thank her for her Letter dated from Aldworth. And do not forget [to remember] me to your Wife: I know she is far from well: but I think your Play came directed by her hand. The "other AT" said also that the F. Lushington I met in *the Wight* was with you where you now are: if so, please to tell him I do not forget his good Company.

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<sup>1</sup> Franklin Lushington, brother-in-law of Tennyson's sister Cecilia, was also a house guest when EFG visited the Tennysons at Farringford in 1854.

## To George Crabbe

Woodbridge  
13 Juillet/75

*Mon cher Georges,*

Je crois vraiment que j'eusse été chez vous cette semaine même, si le jeune Arthur Charlesworth ne m'aurait proposé une visite ici bas. Vous savez peut-être que c'est le fils de cet Edouard Charlesworth, bon Géologiste, père médiocre et quoique je m'ennuie assez en amusant ces jeunes gens, j'ai grande pitié de ce pauvre garçon, et enfin je l'emmène aujourd'hui même (s'il arrive de Londres) à Lowestoft où il y a de quoi l'amuser, j'espère. Je reviendrai ici la semaine prochaine, je pense: et peut-être que je vous proposerai une visite à Merton la semaine après. Nous verrons.

En attendant il faut absolument envoyer à Mademoiselle la pièce de faïence dont je vous ai parlé. Mons<sup>r</sup> Hayward l'emballera et l'expédiera par le Chemin de fer tout de suite. Ce sera dommage de ne pas remplir la corbeille de ses fleurs tandis qu'il y a des fleurs pour s'en servir.

Ces cataclysmes en France! Ne sont-ils pas affreux? Ceci m'enrage que, pendant que nos Banquiers, nos grands Négociants, nos Marchands contribuent beaucoup d'argent pour les infortunés, les Milords, les Squires, etc., ne donnent presque rien—eux qui voyagent tant dans la France, s'entêtent de ses modes, sa cuisine, ses livres, son théâtre, etc. Je vois dans le Daily News d'aujourd'hui que jusqu'à hier, il n'y avait que £13,000 de souscriptions à la Mansion House: une somme que quelques uns de ces fous ont donné pour trois ou quatre daubs de Linnell & Co. Et le Duc de Westminster (n'est-ce pas?) achète un seul cheval pour cette somme même!

Je vous ai envoyé le Pamphlet de Ruskin—vous l'avez reçu? Certainement je ne me sens du tout empressé de aller le voir—l'Académie, c'est à dire.

Eh bien, il faut songer à mon voyage. Adieu!—mon cher Georges. Mille compliments à Mademoiselle de la part de votre ami sincère

E.FG.

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To Mrs. Cowell

*Lowestoft*  
*July 17/75*

*Dear Elizabeth,*

Your Letter reached me here yesterday—here, where Arthur Charlesworth is with me. He wanted to get to the Sea for part of his Holyday: my House at Woodbridge was too full of Nieces to entertain him there: so I have taken Lodgings here for a week, and here we both are. I am glad to find that he seems much the same Boy he was five years ago: except for a growing moustache, might be taken for fifteen instead of twenty. Boyish too in mind—which may not be so much to his worldly advantage. However, I am glad to give him a little Recreation for his short Holyday from the Desk. He does not seem to like that better than before, though he does not complain of it: I do not, I assure you, at all excite him to rebel, though I don't think he will ever do much in a way of Life he has no turn for. He met me here on Tuesday: and I think I shall return home early next week.

You do not tell me where you are both going for your Holyday: but I suppose to Wales as before. If I go anywhere, it will be to our North Coast—but very likely no farther than this ugly Lowestoft, where (at any rate) one feels at home. I am not particularly well—for the last three months: but must expect not to be immortal any more. I heard of Mr. Manby's ill-health from one of the Cobbolds who frequents Felixstow.

Have you and Cowell read Tennyson's *Mary Tudor*? He sent it to me: but I told him I did not yet know what to think of it. It has not left any deep impression as yet: but I can wait—and so can he.

Arthur is gone off to the Volunteer Camp near the Dutchman's Cottage: he seems as desirous to be a Soldier—if a *Horse* Soldier—as a Sailor. My Nephew Edmund Kerrich, who is Adjutant here, will show him a little Attention, busy as he is with his own Duties.

I am afraid I must miss Cowell at Ipswich, though I dare say I should have done so had I been at Woodbridge. But I am yours and his always and truly

E.FG.

July 1875

## To Fanny Kemble

*Lowestoft*  
*July 22/75*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

I have abstained from writing since you wrote me how busily your Pen was employed for the Press: I wished more than ever to spare you the trouble of answering me—which I knew you would not forgo. And now you will feel called upon, I suppose, though I would fain spare you.

Though I date from this place still, I have been away from it at my own Woodbridge house for two months and more; only returning here indeed to help make a better Holyday for a poor Lad who is shut up in a London Office while his Heart is all for Out-of-Door, Country, Sea, etc. We have been having wretched Holyday weather, to be sure: rain, mist, and wind; St. Swithin at his worst: but all better than the hateful London Office—to which he must return the day after Tomorrow, poor Fellow!

I suppose you will see—if you have not yet seen—Tennyson's *Q. Mary*.<sup>1</sup> I don't know what to say about it; but the Times says it is the finest Play since Shakespeare; and the Spectator that it is superior to Henry VIII. Pray do you say something of it, when you write:—for I think you must have read it before that time comes.

Then Spedding has written a delicious Paper in Fraser about the late Representation of *The Merchant of Venice*,<sup>2</sup> and his E. Terry's perfect personation of his perfect Portia. I cannot agree with him in all he says—for one thing, I must think that Portia made “a hole in her manners” when she left Antonio trembling for his Life while she all the while [knew] how to defeat the Jew by that knowledge of the Venetian Law which (oddly enough) the Doge knew nothing about. Then Spedding thinks that Shylock has been so pushed forward ever since Macklin's time<sup>3</sup> as to preponderate over all the rest in a way that Shakespeare never intended. But, if Shakespeare did not intend this, he certainly erred in devoting so much of his most careful and most powerful writing to a Character which he meant to be subsidiary, and not principal.<sup>4</sup> But Spedding is more likely to be right than I: right or wrong he pleads his cause as no one else can. His Paper is in this July number of Fraser: I would send it you if you had more time for reading than your last Letter speaks of; I *will* send if you wish.

I have not heard of Donne lately: he had been staying at Lincoln

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with Blakesley, the Dean: and is now, I suppose, at Chislehurst, where he took a house for a month.

And I am yours ever and sincerely

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> The book, not a production.

<sup>2</sup> "*The Merchant of Venice* at the Prince of Wales's Theater," *Fraser's*, July, 1875, pp. 65-71.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Macklin (c. 1699-1797), Irish actor and dramatist. Shylock was his greatest part.

<sup>4</sup> For further comments, see following letter to Wright, [July 30].

To W. A. Wright

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*Friday [July 30, 1875]*

*My dear Wright,*

You will have guessed, I hope, that I was not at Lowestoft when your Note arrived there. As to my being "bored," I should have been very glad to welcome you there, but here I *was*, and *am*, and I suppose should gain nothing by proposing a later Visit from you; as you say only "a few days" at Beccles. I wish you could come here, but I have no room in my own house for mine own self, being obliged—by stress of Nieces—to live at the Sun Inn, hard by. This, however, is no infliction on me: as I doubt I love the Street better than my own comparative Isolation here. (What twaddle!)

I have not been very well these four months—never indeed since Dorla's<sup>1</sup> Story without an End of which you heard a very small instalment. But I fancy I am finding out Old Age at last: not to be called Old Age by some in these days of Immortality, but, on the other hand, getting close to Psalmist's Measure.

I see your Man Turner of Grundisburgh is back, and canoe-ing it on our river: where also I sail every day I can, and should like to sail you also. Mr. Spalding has taken to himself a Partner—for Life, I hope—in the way of Business, I mean: being long ago accommodated with a Wife. Does your Shakespeare go on? Spedding has (as you know) a delicious little Paper about the Merchant of Venice in July Fraser: but I think he is wrong in subordinating Shylock to the Comedy Part. If that were meant to be so, William miscalculated, throwing so much of his very finest writing into the Jew's Mouth; the downright human

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Nature of which makes all the Love story Child's play, though very beautiful Child's play indeed.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Dorla, conductor of the band on the pier at Lowestoft.

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Aug. 1, [1875]

*Dear Elizabeth,*

I perfectly remember Arthur's telling me at Lowestoft when I first saw him, that his Brother would have gone to Sea if his Mother could have had him go as an Officer—or Gentleman. And I then ridiculed so foolish a Pretension. Arthur himself has probably something of this: but also he really seems to me to know and aspire to essential Gentlemanliness, not that of Station and Title only: his Tastes, and habits, seem to me as yet refined: no turn at all for Eating, Drinking, Smoking, etc. At the same time I know that there is a disadvantage in his very refinement as regards the Clerkship he is put into: though he quite admits it is the best kind of Clerkship he knows of. It is possible that all three Lads unluckily inherit some of their Father's inconstancy, or waywardness: only I feel sure that, up to this, Arthur keeps to the Calling provided for him out of regard to his Brother and to Maria and you who have been so good to him. He never will like Business, I feel sure: and it is in vain to bid one like anything, you know. Poor Maria! I know what sacrifices she has made, and I cannot understand Arthur saying to you that she had forgotten them. The other Brother at home I don't know: but certainly that last cool request of his that you tell me of looks very much like the Father.

I kept poor Arthur to the last of his Holyday. Two days before it came to a close I had a very kind Letter from Allenby desiring me to take A. a cruise in his "Witch" to Lowestoft, and to Lynn. This offer, you see, came too late: but, had it come in time, the weather would not have permitted. I don't know how we got through the wet days, I am sure—mainly sitting and looking out of the window on the gloomy Sea: I should have expected to be very weary of a young fellow with nothing to amuse him: but Arthur really has a *naïve* originality of his own which is entertaining: much observation and

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self-decision too under that softish look and manner. Yet I think he might be lead away if once he yielded to Temptation. You see that my Letters pour in on you—at least as fast [as] yours on me. After this I dare say we shall fall silent for ever so long. And Cowell never writes to me now: which I do not wonder at with all he has to write beside. I hope he is better, as you know. I am not well, but better than many a better man, and ever yours

E.FG.

I could not read dear Annie Thackeray's Kensington<sup>1</sup> which you liked so much: but I must look for "Dally's Mother." Let Cowell tell me what he thinks of Queen Mary, which the Spectator thinks *above* Henry VIII.

<sup>1</sup> *Old Kensington*, 1873.

To E. B. Cowell<sup>1</sup>

[Woodbridge]  
[August, 1875]

*My dear Cowell,*

I was very glad to have a Letter from you at last; I don't wonder, however, that sensible men, who have plenty of other pen-work to do, revolt from Letter-writing, unless on especial occasion. You don't tell me, however, what you think of Queen Mary, which I wanted to know. I could only tell the Author that I didn't know what to say about it. At present it has left no Impression upon me, whether for Character or Action.

I have been reading over some of Carlyle's Letters—chiefly about Naseby, and am transcribing parts of them into a Book with some others. The originals I shall make over to some sure hand that will not let them fall into vulgar or mercenary keeping. It is a pity to destroy them: and yet there is always danger of preserving such things in these inquisitive Days.

I told Elizabeth, I think, all I had to write about Arthur C. I had a letter from him a few days ago, hoping to see me in London, where I thought I might be going about this time, and where I would not go without giving him notice to meet me, poor lad. As yet however I cannot screw my Courage to go up: I have no Curiosity about what is to be seen or heard there; my Day is done. I have not been very



well all this Summer, and fancy that I begin to "smell the Ground," as Sailors say of the Ship that slackens speed as the Water shallows under her. I can't say I have much care for long Life: but still less for long Death: I mean a lingering one.

Did you ever read Madame de Sévigné? I never did till this summer, rather repelled by her perpetual harping on her Daughter.<sup>2</sup> But it is all genuine, and the same intense Feeling expressed in a hundred natural yet graceful ways: and beside all this such good Sense, good Feeling, Humour, Love of Books and Country Life, as makes her certainly the Queen of all Letter writers. St<sup>e</sup> Beuve says she has something of Montaigne, of Molière, and even of Rabelais in her. All those she loves, as also Corneille, near whose Throne she won't let Racine approach. Like old Catherine of Russia, who said of Corneille, "C'est mon homme." I found I could read *him* too on her recommendation.

Annie Thackeray and her Publishers are at last going to publish a Volume of her Father's better sketches and Drawings—as I wanted to have done ten years ago, when WMT was the Hero of the Day. It is only Windus & Chatto's impudent Book called "Thackerayana" which has moved them at last. I have sent them all I have of his Drawings. They hope to have the Book out by Christmas—by way of a Christmas Present, I suppose: I will present one to you if you care for it.

I could not get on with old Kensington,<sup>3</sup> and have not tried the last, Miss Angel. Plenty of beautiful little bits, but not harmonized into a Picture, I think, and so many of the Characters in that Greatest Sphere of all most uninteresting to me. Oh, read of Bella Wilfer with her Father Rumty\* in Dickens' bad Novel of "Our Mutual Friend," and then—to Miss Austen & Co. with what Appetite you may. I should like to read one or two of these Wilfer Scenes to you—sitting on some Rock, or Greensward, in Wales—or on the Garden-chair beside my own house here. And one seems as likely as the other now. But I am yours and Elizabeth's always

E.FG.

Lusia Kerrich was here for some three weeks: she talked a great deal of you both, and wished that she and her Sisters were settled at Cambridge rather than at Bowdon. She is now however gone back to Italy, where I somehow fancy she will finally settle though she protests, not.

I will write you out a little bit of Carlyle in his more humane moods—from a Letter dated Sept. 14, 1847—only one pretty sentence though as my Paper fails. He has been pleased with Derbyshire—its gray

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Villages "silent as Churchyards" and "above all, a cleanly, diligent, well-doing People, in whom, as in a *living* Bank of England, one could trace the funded Virtues of many Generations of humble good men."

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Letters and Literary Remains* the first two paragraphs of this letter are printed in III, 196-97; paragraphs three and four on 178-79, as though fragments of separate letters. The remainder, hitherto unpublished, is in the University of Cambridge Library. The other portions are at Trinity.

<sup>2</sup> Françoise-Marguerite, Comtesse de Grignan; Madame de Sévigné, for all her sophistication and brilliance, was a doting, indulgent mother.

<sup>3</sup> Published in 1873.

<sup>4</sup> Reginald Wilfer, called "Rumty" by his fellow clerks in the pharmacy where he worked.

To Bernard Quaritch

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*August 23, [1875]*

Dear Sir,

Can you get, and send me these three musical works—

1 Berlioz *Soirées de l'Orchestre*

2 Halévy's *Origines de l'Opéra*

3 Adolphe Adam's *Souvenir d'un Musicien*

I should like to know also if there be any good *Life* of Rossini in French.

And am yours truly,  
E. FitzGerald

To Fanny Kemble

*Woodbridge*  
*Aug. 24, [1875]*

Now, my dear Mrs. Kemble, you will have to call me "a Good Creature," as I have found out a Copy of your capital Paper,<sup>1</sup> and herewith post it to you. Had I not found this Copy (which Smith and Elder politely found for me) I should have sent you one of my own, cut out from a Volume of Essays by other friends, Spedding, etc., on condition

that you should send me a Copy of such Reprint as you may make of it in America. It is extremely interesting; and I always think that your Theory of the Intuitive *versus* the Analytical and Philosophical applies to the other Arts as well as that of the Drama. Mozart couldn't tell how he made a Tune; even a whole Symphony, he said, unrolled itself out of a leading idea by no logical process. Keats said that no Poetry was worth [anything] unless it came spontaneously, as Leaves to a Tree, etc. I have no faith in your Works of Art done on Theory and Principle, like Wordsworth, Wagner, Holman Hunt, etc.

But, one thing you can do on Theory, and carry it well into Practice: which is—to write your Letter on Paper which does not let the Ink through, so that (according to your mode of paging) your last Letter was crossed: I really thought it so at first, and really had very hard work to make it out—some parts indeed still defying my Eyes. What I read of your remarks on Portia, etc., is so good that I wish to keep it: but still I think I shall enclose you a scrap to justify my complaint. It was almost by Intuition, not on Theory, that I deciphered what I did. Pray you amend this. My MS is bad enough, and on that very account I would avoid diaphanous Paper. Are you not ashamed?

I shall send you Spedding's beautiful Paper on the Merchant of Venice if I can lay hands on it: but at present my own room is given up to a fourth Niece (Angel that I am!) You would see that S[pedding] agrees with you about Portia, and in a way that I am sure must please you. But (so far as I can decipher that fatal Letter) you say nothing at all to me of the other Spedding Paper I sent to you (about the Cambridge Editors, etc.,) which I must have back again indeed, unless you wish to keep it, and leave me to beg another Copy. Which to be sure I can do, and will, if your heart is set upon it—which I suppose it is not at all.

I have not heard of Donne for so long a time, that I am uneasy, and have written to Mowbray to hear. M[owbray] perhaps is out on his Holyday, else I think he would have replied at once. And "no news may be the Good News."

I have no news to tell of myself; I am much as I have been for the last four months: which is, a little rickety. But I get out in my Boat on the River three or four hours a Day when possible, and am now as ever yours sincerely

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "On the Stage," *Cornhill Magazine*, Dec., 1863.

August 1875

To William Crowfoot  
(Fragment)

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*Aug. 26/75*

I cannot say I have been very well since Spring; and I think I feel the first Approaches to the latter Stage. But I have no reason at all to complain of Life; I have seen pretty nearly all that one is likely now to enjoy: and only pray to escape the opposite to sudden Death.

To Bernard Quaritch

*Woodbridge*  
*[September 5, 1875]*

Please buy me Berlioz "Orchestre" and A. Adam's "Souvenir."  
I want to know of a good, but not voluminous Edition of Madame de Sévigné's Letters.

E.FG.

To Bernard Quaritch

*Woodbridge*  
*Sept<sup>r</sup> 10, [1875]*

Can you get me Berlioz *Mémoires*—mentioned in the "Souvenirs d'Orchestre" as published since his Death?

E.FG.

To Bernard Quaritch

*Woodbridge*  
*Sept<sup>r</sup> 12/75*

*Dear Sir,*

I should like to know the date of the two Editions of Sévigné you tell me of—in 8, and 6 Volumes. I doubt that none are exact till the last Edition—edited by Regnier, I think:<sup>1</sup> and that I fear is in many volumes. Can you tell me about this also?

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I shall be glad of Berlioz's Memoirs and, when I have it, I can send Order for that, and the two others sent before.

And by the by—If you have made any so fair profit of Omar, etc., as to repay you for trouble as well as outlay, I think you should give of it something towards the relief of the Toulouse\* Floods and also of my poor Icelanders.<sup>2</sup>

I have already given some little to both—scarce enough I think. It is a shame that the English Nobility and Gentry who travel in France, adopt its fashions, read its Books—in short almost depend upon it for Civilisation have done so little—next to nothing—for them in this case of need.

Yours truly  
E.F.G.

\* £5. Q. [Quaritch notation]

<sup>1</sup> The edition known as *Des Grands Écrivains* begun by L. J. Monmerque (d. 1860); completed by J. A. Regnier, published 1862-68. The edition includes 12 volumes of text, a two-volume dictionary, and a volume of plates. The number of volumes is variously given as 12, 14, and 15.

<sup>2</sup> Floods, most severe in the Toulouse area, had occurred in southern France in June. In Iceland, within a few hours on Easter Monday, a volcanic eruption in the Vatna Jökull region had covered an estimated 3,000 square miles with pumice and ash. Some of the most fertile valleys of the island were reduced to barren wasteland.

To Thomas Carlyle

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*Sept. 12, [1875]*

*My dear Carlyle,*

I do not write often because I do not wish to trouble you to dictate an answer, in return for the nothing I have to tell. And some one or other has generally told me a word about you; but people don't write to me now: no blame to them; for you know men do not like Letter-writing more as they get older, and my old friends naturally think that I might go and be with them—much better than writing. So it is, I think I generally attack you twice a year: but I have let you alone now even more than half a year. I dare say you are away from London: perhaps among your old Dumfriesshire solitudes. I find an account of your lonely rambles there in a Letter of yours of more than thirty years ago; in the time of Cromwell indeed. What a Business that was

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to you! Your Naseby Letters have come back upon me strangely: the Ink of them is now turning a little yellow—into the sere and yellow leaf, like Writer and Reader. I have not been well all this Summer: I think I begin to “smell the Ground,” as Sailors say of Ships when they slacken speed as the Water shallows. I should be glad to hear that you are as well as last winter you were. Your Norway Kings were quite delightful to me. We have a Saint Olave’s Priory<sup>1</sup> on the River Wave-ney: the People call it “Saint Tuler’s.” I wonder if an old Gentleman of Ipswich be of that kingly Blood: an Inscription there runs:

In peaceful silence let great Tooley rest,  
Whose charitable Deeds bespeak him best.

Perhaps this will make you smile a very little; and, if so, my letter will be something better than a bore. If you get it, do let me have a dictated line, just to tell me how you are—no more, if you are not in the mind: but believe me your sincere Ancient,

Edward FitzGerald.

<sup>1</sup> Located at Herringfleet between Lowestoft and Yarmouth. In his *Early Kings of Norway* Carlyle notes the mutations which converted St. Olave’s Street, London, to Tooley Street, remarking, “Such are the metamorphoses of human fame.” EFG’s “old Gentleman” was Henry Tooley, wealthy exporter-importer who in 1551 willed the bulk of his estate to Ipswich charities and to defray costs of civic needs.

## To Bernard Quaritch

[September, 1875]

Dear Sir,

If you ever turn to S<sup>te</sup> Beuve’s *Causeries du Lundi* for 16 Dec<sup>r</sup> 1861 you will see that according to him there was no genuine text of Sévigné till that edited by Regnier, published by Hachette, and of which only two Volumes were then out. Up to that time, all Editions went on the text modified by the Chevalier Perrin in 1734/1754.

I suppose it is this last and genuine Edition of Regnier’s that Nephew has in fifteen great octavos: I really have not room for such: and the large French Type is quite as bad to my Eyes as the very small.

This is a long story: but it may be of use to you to see S<sup>te</sup> Beuve’s short Article on the Subject.

I do not wish to dictate what you might give to the French and

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Icelandic sufferers. If you find you can afford the £5.5.0\* and volunteer to give it, why do give it. You tell me there is already enough for the French: are you sure of that? If not pray give some of the money to them and the rest to poor Iceland which I have a love for. You can hand over the money to Mr. Magnússon,<sup>1</sup> if you please: I think it might go under the name of Omar which will represent you and

yours truly,  
E.FG.

I see by today's Paper there are fresh floods in the South of France. Forget you were enemies,<sup>2</sup>

\* £5. 5. 0 [Quaritch notation]

<sup>1</sup> Erikr Magnússon, a native of Iceland and one of the century's foremost scholars of old Norse literature, who took an active part in raising funds for the relief of his countrymen following the 1875 volcanic eruptions. He had taken up residence in Cambridge during the 1860's while engaged in translating the *Bible* into Icelandic, and there remained until his death in 1913. He served as lecturer on his native literature and as under-librarian at the University Library. Magnússon translated many ancient Icelandic works, some in collaboration with William Morris.

<sup>2</sup> In the Franco-Prussian War. Quaritch was a native of Saxony.

## To Bernard Quaritch

[September, 1875]

Dear Sir,

I am sorry to have troubled you about Sévigné: that 14 Vols. Regnier, with its blazing large type, is too much for me. You did not mention the date of the 6 Vol. Edn. But it is not worth your while to take more trouble about it. If a good clear Type it might do "pro tempore."

I should not have adverted to Omar at all, but for you having given me to understand (a year ago, I think) that his last Edition was almost coming to an end<sup>1</sup>—insomuch that you even hinted at another. I am only surprised that there should have been any such likelihood; I daresay you now find he has pretty well run his course which has been much better run than ever I thought of. Why, he has had an immortality of nearly fifteen years!<sup>2</sup>

Yours, etc.  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The third edition, 1872.

<sup>2</sup> Actually, more than sixteen years.

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To E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]  
[September 18, 1875]

My dear Cowell,

This brisk return of Letters reminds me of so many years ago. However, you have done your part handsomely: you have plenty of other work to do: pray do not answer this present Letter of mine—I who have nothing else to do! But I know that a Letter is not so unwelcome away from home, when one is not wanted to answer. I shall indeed put no Question to you.

I saw your Uncle's Death in the Ipswich Journal: I saw the account of his Funeral in Today's,<sup>1</sup> and was glad not to see your name among the Followers. There were plenty to do full honour to his Memory: and it would have been a great pity to break up your well-earned Holyday.

I remember your Uncle well—that is, his polite Entertainment of us on that day, and also his very polite attention to me a few years ago when I got a little Job done at his Press. I did not however remember his Person. Everyone speaks of him as a very just, sensible man of great weight in the Ipswich World he confined himself to.

I cannot go so far as to agree with you that there is much of *Character* in Queen Mary: but, as you say, little fire enough to animate it. And the *Action* gives little idea of the Time.

I think your Breton Ballads must be the same I remember Tennyson admiring so much twenty years ago. Tom Taylor versified some in English:<sup>2</sup> but with the "false gallop" entirely. I have no doubt of their merit, and may one day get to see the Book.

I have only a Selection—two Selections of Sévigné, and have been corresponding with Quaritch about the whole. He recommends this and that Edition, but he did not know that till about 1860 the true text was not given—having previously been doctored by some Chevalier de St. Perrin to whom Mad<sup>e</sup> de Simiane (Sévigné's Grand-daughter) entrusted the Edition. Sévigné spoke out much more boldly—always innocently. I want to visit her "Rochers."<sup>3</sup>

If I should have to run to London for a Day, I shall look up Arthur. The Spirit that Tennyson once wrote of begins to talk to himself in the Gardens now.

Ever yours and Elizabeth's  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Samuel H. Cowell, printer and wholesale stationer of Ipswich, had died



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September 12. The funeral was reported in the *Suffolk Chronicle*, also published in Ipswich, not in the *Journal*. Mr. Cowell had printed a small—hence extremely rare—edition of *Salámán and Absál* in 1871. See, also, letter to Mrs. Cowell, [c. Jan. 12, 1870].

<sup>2</sup> *Ballads and Songs of Brittany* translated from the *Barsaz Briez* of Vicomte Hersart de Villemarqué with original melodies by Mrs. Taylor, 1865.

<sup>3</sup> Madame de Sévigné's estate near Vitre, Brittany.

To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge  
[September, 1875]

Dear Sir,

I enclose you a P.O. for £1.6 for the Sévigné—which pleases me well for its Binding, at any rate.

As to old Omar—I think he has done well, considering that he began his English Life as an “*Enfant Trouvé*”—or rather “*perdu*” in Castle Street fifteen years ago.

I only wonder he has survived up to this time. We will leave at present to smoulder away what Life is in him—perhaps as much as in myself.<sup>1</sup> I had once wished to associate him with the *Jámí*—which I altered, but which I suppose no one would care for with all my alterations—

Enough for the present from

Yours truly  
E.FG.

I should give to the Herzegovinians if I knew what was proper to do:<sup>2</sup> though I fancy they ought to be released from Turkish Rule. But I don't know the Rights of the case, and do not suppose Lord John Russell could tell me.

I dare say Mr. Magnússon will report himself in time. I think it was he to whom I sent my Name as a Subscriber to some Icelandic Work: but I never was called on for my Subscription, nor ever received the Book; though it came out, I believe. I did not want it, but was asked to subscribe by Aldis Wright.

<sup>1</sup> A reprint of the 1872 *Rubáiyát* was issued at some unknown date. The title page and pages of text in the original copies carry a line border. In the reprint the border appears also on the reverse of the title page. There is no border on that page of the first printing. EFG never learned of the later copies.

<sup>2</sup> Famine in the Balkans combined with oppression by Turkish officials had incited Herzegovinia to rebel in July.

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To Mrs. Thompson

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*Sept<sup>r</sup> 23, [1875]*

*Dear Mrs. Thompson,*

It is very good of you to write to me, so many others as, I know, you must have to write to. I can tell you but little in return for the Story of your Summer Travel: but what little I have to say shall be said at once. As to Travel—I have got no further than Norfolk, and am rather sorry I did not go further North—to the Scottish Border, at any rate. But now it is too late. I have contented myself with my Boat on the River here; with my Garden, Pigeons, Ducks, etc.: a great Philosopher indeed! But (to make an end of oneself) I have not been well all the summer; unsteady in head and feet—the Beginning of the End, I suppose; and if the End won't be too long spinning out, one cannot complain of its coming too soon. It is, I hope, needless to say that I wish your Master better: but I think he will have to bear with himself, for better or worse, much longer than I with my ditto.

I had a kindly Letter from Carlyle some days ago: he was summering at some place near Bromley in Kent, lent him by a Lady Derby—once, he says, Lady Salisbury—which I don't understand. He had also the use of a Phaeton and Pony; which latter he calls "Shenstone"<sup>1</sup> from a partiality to stopping at every Inn door. Carlyle had been a little touched in revisiting Eltham, and remembering Frank Edgeworth who resided there forty years ago "with a little Spanish Wife, but no pupils." Carlyle would name him with a sort of sneer in the Life of Sterling<sup>2</sup>—could not see that any such notice was more than needless, just after Edgeworth's Death. This is all a little Scotch indelicacy to other people's feelings. But now Time and his own Mortality soften him. I have been looking over his Letters to me about Cromwell—the amazing perseverance and accuracy of the Man, who writes so passionately! In a letter of about 1845 or 6 he says he has burned at least six attempts at Cromwell's Life: and finally falls back on sorting and elucidating the Letters, as a sure Groundwork.

But—what about "Queen Mary?" I bought, and read it: then the Author sent it me; I read it again: and acknowledged the Gift by saying—I did not know *what* to say! Nor do I up to this time. Only, as yet it has left no deep impression upon me, whether for Action, or Character.

Cowell has written to me from Barmouth, where he is enjoying himself very much. I am glad to find that he has not deemed it neces-

sary to rush to Suffolk to attend an Uncle's Funeral at which there were plenty of Nephews and other Kinsfolk to satisfy anybody.

Ten Years ago I entreated Annie Thackeray and her Publishers to make up a Volume from Thackeray's better Drawings—which surely would have been *then* sure to pay, if other considerations were wanting. They "would consider of it," etc. And now they are driven to do something of the sort to take the wind out of Windus (pun unintended) and Chatto's sails, who have (as you may know) published a Volume of what they call "Thackerayana." So I have sent up all the Drawings I have: not many now, and all the best given away, or lost. But no doubt plenty will turn up from other Quarters. They talk of having the Book out by Christmas, by way of a Present, I suppose; and it can scarce fail of being a good one.

I have this Summer made the Acquaintance of a great Lady, with whom I have become perfectly intimate, through her Letters, Madame de Sévigné. I had hitherto kept aloof from her, because of that eternal Daughter of hers; but "it's all Truth and Daylight," as Kitty Clive said of Mrs. Siddons. Her Letters from Brittany are best of all—not those from Paris—for she loved the Country, dear Creature; and now I want to go and visit her "Rochers"—but never shall.

I am really afraid I have paid you too largely for your Letter: in bad MS, too, which ought not to be when one writes to a Lady. But I am yours and The Master's

Ever sincerely  
E. FitzGerald

Do remember me to the Master and Mistress of Sidney one day.

<sup>1</sup> William Shenstone, 18th-century minor lyric poet.

<sup>2</sup> Part II, chap. IV. Actually, there is more praise than disparagement in the passage.

## To George Crabbe

[*Little Grange*]  
[September 23, 1875]

Mais, mon cher Georges, votre lettre hier reçue est tout à fait admirable soit par son humeur pittoresque, soit aussi par le français dont vous vous êtes servi. Avec tout mon Dictionnaire, je ne pourrai pas l'égaliser, quoique vous penseriez bien que *si*. Mais laissons les compliments. Seulement Ecris-moi, je vous prie, de telles drôleries quand

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elles Eclatent autour de vous. Oh, l'on voit la présente Dame Matthews si empressée dans ses politesses; on *l'entend* raisonner le *pourquoi* de votre refus avec ses filles; je parierai qu'elle décida que c'était l'orgueil qui vous faisait résister à ses importunités, et rester là avec les Pauvres. Mais peut-être aussi qu'elle vous connaît mieux. C'est fort drôle, quelle que soit sa pensée intérieure.

Je ne sais si je vous ai mandé qu'enfin Annie Thackeray et ses Editeurs Smith & Elder se sont décidés à publier une Libraeion des Esquisses de Thackeray, pour effacer, s'il se peut, la vilaine publication de Windus & Chatto. Je leur envoie tout ce que j'ai de WMT. Le Volume doit être publié à Noël: quasi pour une éternne; je vous donnerai un Exemplaire, mon cher, s'il vous plaira. Voilà une affaire en train qui aurait dû être accomplie il y a dix ans, quand WMT était le héros du jour. Ce que je disais à sa fille et à ses Editeurs; mais tout poliment, on ne se souciait pas de mon avis.

E. Cowell m'écrit une Lettre de Barmouth (en Galles) qu'il trouve très belle, et bonne pour la Santé. Je me suis amusé un peu en relisant quelques Lettres de Carlyle, écrites il y a plus de trente ans—au sujet de Cromwell et le Champ de Naseby lequel appartenait alors à nous. Et je suis à vous toujours

E.FG.

To Frederick Tennyson

Woodbridge  
Sept. 29/75

*My dear Frederick,*

It is now 9½ P.M. I have written two Letters: but since that have drunk three Glasses of 1870 Port (which only wants about twenty-five years over its head to make it a very fine Wine), and so I am inspired to "take up my Pen" again and write to you. For it is now some time since I have heard from you: and, when I write, it is more to get an answer than for the mere pleasure of writing which some people feel—chiefly Women, I suppose. Well: I want to know how you are: that is the main thing; I suppose not doing much beyond reading, writing, and ruminating. I cannot say much for myself: though every one tells me in what rude health I look, etc.; and in spite of taking countless Bottles of which a sixth part is marked out by so many stages in each Bottle. But I shall not say any more on this score: let me hear you are well, at any rate.

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I am so vexed that I cannot find a bundle of your Letters from Italy thirty years ago, which I carefully preserved: which I know I had on Markethill: and which I am now wanting to transcribe Extracts from, as I had done (you know) from Morton and from Carlyle. I have looked where I can: but my Nieces have been taking up all my home except one room, and I still hope to find the letters in some Box where I deposited them before I moved from Markethill hither. They were becoming faint and yellow in their Ink: and that is why I wanted to transcribe parts: as was the case with Morton's.

I have been proposing to go up to London, and hear a Selection from Lohengrin at the Promenade Concerts: but Indolence, and Despair of any Satisfaction, has left me where I am. *Malim Mozartii recordari quam cum Wagnero versari*<sup>1</sup>—if that be Latin. Tell me: tell me of yourself also, and believe me ever yours,

E.FG.

Now—To Bed. But—To Sleep? That is the Question.

<sup>1</sup> "I would choose rather to recall Mozart than to converse with Wagner." The fact that Shenstone had been recently brought to EFG's attention (see preceding letter) could have reminded him of an epitaph by Shenstone engraved on the tomb of a cousin. Translated, it reads: "Alas! How little the pleasure of conversing with those who are left compared with that of remembering thee!"

To Herman Biddell

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*Sept<sup>r</sup>, [1875]*

*Dear Biddell,*

I am sorry to have missed you yesterday: just missed, as I was told, by a few minutes, on returning from my Everlasting Boat. I want also to thank you for your fine Bunch of Grapes which I think will make me a dinner tomorrow, along with a *Hunch* of Bread.

Anna, your Sister, is now, I suppose in the Northern Counties, from which she will bring us back some Adventures. I have charged her especially with a Visit to Epworth, Wesley's Birthplace, not far from Mr. Sweeting's Parish.

She (Anna) told me you read Ruskin's Pamphlet on this year's Academy:<sup>1</sup> temperate enough, and I doubt only too just in his report of the Decay of Art in the Country: which is pretty sure to follow high Prices given for bad and hasty Production. I have had no Curiosity to go up to see the Show.

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Make my Compliments, if you please, to Mrs. Biddell, and believe me yours truly

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> *Notes on Some of the Principal Pictures . . . of the Royal Academy, 1875*, a shilling pamphlet.

To W. A. Wright

*Little Grange: Woodbridge  
October 1/75*

*My dear Wright,*

Little Quaritch sent £5 from "Omar" to your friend (I think) Mr. Magnusson, for the benefit of the poor Icelanders. But Quaritch writes me word he had as yet no Acknowledgment. I do not doubt his good faith in the matter: still less Mr. Magnusson's: only, if there be some unseen *hitch*, I write to say that I wish poor Iceland to have what is her due. I had sent her a little before this: for I have a mysterious Love for the Island. Carlyle is pleased that one is pleased with his Norway Kings: he has been staying in Kent at a House lent him by some Lady Derby—who was a Lady Salisbury, he says: and he writes as if he were better in health and spirits than when I first knew him, over thirty years ago. He said he should run back to Chelsea when the rains set in: so I suppose he is there before this.

Mr. Spalding and I have accepted your N. & Q. Note about Shikspur's Ring as very conclusive:<sup>1</sup> and he is a better Authority than I. But now I shall make amends for any deficiency in the critical faculty by a story concerning W.S. I found in a Book which you and he would never think of reading. There is an Opera of Macbeth—by a French Composer, Chélard:<sup>2</sup> which was played one night at Dublin Theatre. The Sleep-walking Scene opened, with Doctor and Nurse, mute: and so long and mysterious a Symphony before Lady M. came on, that a Voice from the Gallery called out to the Leader of the Band (Levey) —"Ah now, Levey my dear, just tell us, is it a Boy or a Girl?"

Ever yours  
E.FG.

[Enclosure:]

Looking for some word in my Italian Dictionary, I was pleased that they had found almost the same word for *Mud* as our Suffolk: *Malm*; *malmy*: Italian: *Melma*—*melmoso*.

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<sup>1</sup> Wright contended that a ring bearing the letters WS, which had been found in a field near Stratford and included among the relics at Shakespeare's birthplace, was a betrothal ring and not Shakespeare's seal ring as commonly believed. The initials, joined by a love knot, Wright stated, were those of an engaged couple. (See *Notes and Queries*, Sept. 18, 1875, p. 224, and a response, Oct. 13, p. 393.)

<sup>2</sup> H. A. Chélard (1789-1861). *Macbeth* was his most successful opera.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge

Saturday [October 2, 1875]

All Right about Quaritch and my Pound of Flesh. He sends me *Mistress Magnusson's* Acknowledgment of it, her Husband not yet home from the poor little Land.

So there is no need your troubling yourself or them about it.

A dozen years ago I entreated Annie Thackeray, Smith & Elder, etc., to bring out a Volume of Thackeray's better Drawings. Of course they wouldn't—now Windus & Chatto have, you know, brought out a Volume of his inferior: and now Annie T., S. and E. prepare a Volume—when it is not so certain to pay, at any rate, as when WMT was the Hero of the Day. However, I send them all I have: pretty confident they will select the worst; of course, for my own part, I would rather have any other than copies of what I have: but I should like the world to acknowledge he could do something beside the ugly and ridiculous. Annie T. sent me the enclosed Specimen: very careless, but full of Character: I can see WMT drawing it as he was telling one about his Scotch Trip. That disputatious Scotchman in the second Row with Spectacles, and—*teeth*. You may know some who will be amused at this: but send it back, please: no occasion to write beside, to yours

E.FG.

To Fanny Kemble

[Woodbridge]

October 4, [1875]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

I duly received your last legible Letter,<sup>1</sup> and Spedding's Paper: for both of which all Thanks. But you must do something more for me. I see by *Notes and Queries* that you are contributing Recollections

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to some American Magazine; I want you to tell me where I can get this, with all the back Numbers in which you have written.

I return the expected favour (*Hibernicé*) with the enclosed Prints, one of which is rather a Curiosity: that of Mrs. Siddons by Lawrence when he was *ætat.* 13. The other, done from a Cast of herself by herself, is only remarkable as being almost a Copy of this early Lawrence—at least, in Attitude, if not in Expression. I dare say you have seen the Cast itself.

And now for a Story better than either Print: a story to which Mrs. Siddons' glorious name leads me, burlesque as it is.

You may know there is a French Opera of *Macbeth*—by Chélarde. This was being played at the Dublin Theatre—Viardot, I think, the Heroine. However that may be, the Curtain drew up for the Sleep-walking Scene; Doctor and Nurse were there, while a long mysterious Symphony went on—till a Voice from the Gallery called out to the Leader of the Band, Levey—"Whisht! Lavy, my dear—tell us now—is it a Boy or a Girl?" This Story is in a Book which I gave 2s. for at a Railway Stall; called *Recollections of an Impresario*, or some such name:<sup>2</sup> a Book you would not have deigned to read, and so would have missed what I have read and remembered and written out for you.

It will form the main part of my Letter, and surely you will not expect anything better from me.

Your hot Colorado Summer is over: and you are now coming to the season which you—and others beside you—think so peculiarly beautiful in America. We have no such Colours to show here, you know: none of that Violet which I think you have told me of as mixing with the Gold in the Foliage. Now it is that I hear that Spirit that Tennyson once told of talking to himself among the faded flowers in the Garden-plots. I think he has dropt that little Poem<sup>3</sup> out of his acknowledged works; there was indeed nothing in it, I think, but that one Image; and that sticks by me as *Queen Mary* does not.

I have just been telling some Man enquiring in Notes and Queries where he may find the beautiful foolish old Pastoral beginning—

My Sheep I neglected, I broke my Sheep-hook, etc.<sup>4</sup>

which, if you don't know it, I will write out for you, ready as it offers itself to my Memory. Mrs. Frere of Cambridge used to sing it as she could sing the Classical Ballad—to a fairly expressive tune: but there is a movement (*Trio*, I think) in one of dear old Haydn's Symphonies almost made for it. Who else but Haydn for the Pastoral! Do you



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remember his blessed Chorus of "Come, gentle Spring," that opens the Seasons?<sup>5</sup> Oh, it is something to remember the old Ladies who sang that Chorus at the old Ancient Concerts rising with Music in hand to sing that lovely piece under old Greatorex's Direction. I have never heard Haydn and Handel so well as in those old Rooms with those old Performers, who still retained the Tradition of those old Masters.<sup>6</sup> Now it is getting Midnight; but so mild—this October 4—that I am going to smoke one Pipe outdoors—with a little Brandy and water to keep the Dews off. I told you I had not been well all the Summer; I say I begin to "smell the Ground," which you will think all Fancy. But I remain while above Ground

Yours sincerely  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Fanny Kemble, Aug. 24.

<sup>2</sup> *The Enterprising Impresario*, 1867, by Walter Maynard, pseudonym of Thomas W. Beale, producer of operas in London and the provinces, and a minor composer.

<sup>3</sup> "A spirit haunts the year's last hours," included in standard editions of Tennyson's works.

<sup>4</sup> "Amynta" by Sir Gilbert Elliot (1722-77). EFG's response was not published.

<sup>5</sup> Joseph Haydn's last oratorio.

<sup>6</sup> The Concert of Ancient Music, also called The King's Concerts, established 1776. No composition less than 20 years old was included in the programs. Thomas Greatorex conducted from 1793 until his death in 1831. The series ended in 1848. See text that follows.

*FitzGerald's "love of music was one of his earliest passions, and remained with him to the last," Aldis Wright states in introducing F. H. Groome's reminiscences on the subject in the preface to the Letters and Literary Remains. "He was a good performer on the piano," said Groome, "and could get such full harmonies out of the organ that stood in one corner of his entrance room at Little Grange as did good to the listener. Sometimes it would be a bit from one of Mozart's Masses, or from one of the finales of some one of his or Beethoven's Operas. And then at times he would fill up the harmonies with his voice, true and resonant almost to the last. I have heard him say, 'Did you never observe how an Italian organ-grinder will sometimes put in a few notes of his own in such perfect keeping with the air which he was grinding?' . . . Then what pleasant talk I have had with him about the singers of our early years; never forgetting to*

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*speak of Mrs. Frere of Downing, as the most perfect private singer we had ever heard. And so indeed she was. Who that had ever heard her sing Handel's songs can ever forget the purity of her phrasing and the pathos of her voice? She had no particle of vanity in her, and yet she would say, 'Of course, I can sing Handel. I was a pupil of John Sale, and he was a pupil of Handel.' . . . Pleasant was it also to hear him speak of the public singers of those early days. Braham, so great, spite of his vulgarity; Miss Stephens, so sweet to listen to, though she had no voice of power; and poor Vaughan, who had so feeble a voice, and yet was always called 'such a chaste singer.' How he would roar with laughter, when I would imitate Vaughan singing*

*His hiddeus (sic) love provokes my rage,  
Weak as I am, I must engage,*

*from Acis and Galatea. Then too his reminiscences of the said Acis and Galatea as given at the Concerts for Ancient Music. 'I can see them now, the dear old creeters with the gold eyeglasses and their turbans, noddling their heads as they sang*

*O the pleasures of the plains!*

*These old creeters being, as he said, the sopranos who had sung first as girls, when George the Third was king."*

## To George Crabbe

[October, 1875]

*Mon cher Georges,*

Votre Grand Seigneur avec son offîche manquée me réjouit beaucoup: mais le nom de ce monsieur? Pourquoi ne me le dites-vous pas, afin que le conte ne perde pas un brin de son sel. Et ce brave Monsieur Sutton. Mandez-lui mes compliments quand vous le reverrez.

La Veuve Carthew est morte tout soudainement Vendredi dernier. Elle souffrait depuis plusieurs ans d'un Cancer: mais ce n'était pas ça qui la tuait: mais, selon ce qu'on m'a dit l'éternel Douleur de Coeur—qui probablement l'a épargnée les plus terribles souffrances de l'autre Maladie. C'était une bonne, et brave, Femme. Voilà (comme me plaint ma vieille Châtelaine, Mistress Howe) Voilà perdue une autre de ce peu de Ladies qui nous restaient encore à Woodbridge.

Le vieux Donne me mande que son fils Mowbray doit se rendre

à Wickham ce Samedi prochain. Ainsi peut-être qu'il me fera Visite dans la semaine suivante: mais sans doute il m'avertira de bonne heure. Je vous ai dit ce que je sens toujours à propos de ces visites de mes amis: ainsi il ne vaut pas le répéter. Seulement, croyez—ce que je pense que vous croyez bien—que, pour moi seul, je ne voudrais rien de plus qu'une visite de votre part: mais cela me gênerait si je savais que vous vous défléchissiez de votre route pour y parvenir.

J'espère que vous serez à Hastings cet hiver. Bournemouth me paraît assez triste.

Vous savez que je fis une proposition à Ruskin de lui envoyer un petit Paysage de mon ancien Ami Nursey. Quand je regardai le Tableau de plus près, je m'en doutai qu'il ne vaudra pas la peine de l'envoyer, j'écris à cet effet à R. mais il veut néanmoins voir le Tableau, quand il sera arrivé à Oxford au commencement de Novembre. Je ne connais pas son Adresse: mais on pourra la trouver.

J'ai peur qu'on va gâter ce livre de Thackeray dont je vous ai parlé; Mons<sup>r</sup> Loder me dit qu'on l'avertit déjà sous le Titre—"orphan of Pimlico"—ce qui sent encore *Punch*, et j'aurais bien voulu une autre chose. Nous verrons. En attendant, j'aurai de vos nouvelles avant votre départ, n'est-ce pas? et croyez-moi toujours tout à vous

E.FG.

To Bernard Quaritch

[Woodbridge]

[October, 1875]

Question Philologique

Le syllable final de votre Patronymique, n'est-ce pas le même que le Fitz. initial du mien? Fitz, Vitz, etc.

Que Diable m'envoyez vous vos grands et superbes Catalogues—moi, qui n'achète rien et que personne n'achète.

{N.B. Si vous auriez une seule Copie d'un Livre (en Elephant Folio) qui s'appelle "Polonius"—mais je m'en suis longtemps désespéré.}

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To Bernard Quaritch

*Little Grange, Woodbridge  
Octbr 10, [1875]*

*Dear Sir,*

Do me a little Service. There are some two Volumes of French Classics published by Garnier 8<sup>vo</sup>. I want Molière, Corneille, and La Fontaine.

I should have some trouble in explaining all this to a Woodbridge Wiseacre: you can do it without trouble, if you will descend to such a little thing for yours truly,

E. FitzGerald

I received the Polonius which I only enquired for in Joke. I can send *you* a Copy if you are in immediate and desperate want of one.

Addressee Unidentified<sup>1</sup>

*Little Grange, Woodbridge  
Oct. 14, '75*

*Dear Sir,*

I am half afraid to send you the little Picture I wrote you about, for fear that it should after all give you more trouble than pleasure. You love (I think you say) clear skies and water: but here is a dark sky ("half a gale," as sailors say) and one of our muddy Dutch seas under it: only not painted by my old Amateur as old Dutchmen did. My "Ware"<sup>2</sup> however would hold its own among the New Old Masters now annually exhibited—the Cromes, Cotmans, etc.—which I daresay will not encrease your wish to see it. So I have troubled you for nothing, but fear troubling you more.

I have one good Picture—too dark to be very agreeable in the climate: a Landscape Sketch: with a lake, a Castled height, Trees, etc., and a spired church in the Distance: all in Twilight. That ruffian Morris Moore, whom I once tried to help, thought it resembled the country about Cadore: and he attributed it to him who was born there.<sup>3</sup>

You are now moved, I suppose, from *your* Cadore in Westmoreland: but I know not where else to address this Letter. Just fifty years ago I was boating with Tennyson on Windermere: and he quoted to me

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from his yet unpublished 1842 Book (the mountain reflected in the Water, etc.)—

Nine days she wrought it, sitting all alone  
Among the hidden bases of the hills.

“I don’t think that so bad, Fitz”—I did not think so either, then or Since; but rather that he had better have left King Arthur alone from that time forth, instead of turning him into Prince Albert, and otherwise quite failing in the Legendary World, which is best shadowed in the old Prose Romance. Is it not?

This last Query is, however, only meant to qualify my own Dogma, not really to invite an Answer from you who have plenty else to do. Pray do not trouble yourself in my behalf, but believe me your truly  
Edward FitzGerald

I forgot to mention (I see) that the Subject of my Cadore etc. is *Abraham* (in a Venetian red Dress) driving on Isaac with the Sticks on his Shoulder.

<sup>1</sup> The source of the text is *Call Back Yesterday* by Lady Charnwood (1937), p. 226.

<sup>2</sup> “A Cow in a Pool” by James Ward, R.A. (1769-1859), noted for his painting of animals, was among EFG’s pictures sold at Christie’s for his executors, December 8, 1883. The editors believe that Ward was misread Ware in transcribing EFG’s MS for Lady Charnwood’s book.

<sup>3</sup> Titian. EFG bequeathed the picture to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge where it was identified as a work of Ippolito Scarsella and was given the title, “Landscape with Abraham and Isaac,” which the postscript explains. EFG acquired the picture in 1847 when Moore (see letter to Milnes, [June, 1847]) informed him that it could be bought for 60 guineas. EFG made a bid by sending the owner “an immense packing case or two of Pictures he had grown tired of and Thirty Pounds,” and the picture was his.

To Anne Thackeray

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*Octr. 16, [1875]*

Dear AT,

I can’t remember whose *Atelier* your Father studied at in Paris when he was there about 1834-1835, when he made those Sir Roger Drawings.<sup>1</sup> You will see there is a Copy from Bonington in my Book—Arabian Nights—and he sent me a much more finished from that

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Bonington you know of—Francis 1<sup>st</sup> and his Sister, with the Writing on the Window. This latter Drawing I gave to my Sister Kerrich to keep for me: but, after thirty years and more I suppose it got to be considered as part of her household, etc. Poittevin<sup>2</sup> was one of the French Artists of that time whom your Father admired and copied.

I know of no other Caricaturist of those days except Cruikshank,<sup>3</sup> and your Father did take some lessons in Etching of him. I remember going with him to where C. lived in Islington: I suppose about 1835-6.

I had certainly thought of Maclise's Drawing by way of Frontispiece:<sup>4</sup> but I supposed that you had the Original (as have you not?) which of course would be best to engrave from.

As to quoting any letter of mine in your Preface—if I were a known man there might be some use in it: but, as it is, depend upon it, none, or less than none. And why should you feel any Difficulty about the Preface? What *you* say on the subject will be listened to: but I don't see any necessity of saying anything; except that, a Book having been published of your Father's slight Schoolboy Sketches, and without your being consulted, the forthcoming Volume was to show the World that he [could] do far other and better than W. & Chatto left the World to suppose.<sup>5</sup> I think one Sentence—or two—would say all that was necessary: and surely no one would say it better than yourself. Certainly not yours notwithstanding

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Illustrations for a volume of Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley essays that EFG once proposed publishing. (See letters to Allen, June, 1834, and to Thackeray, July 29, 1835, n.7.)

<sup>2</sup> Richard Bonington (1801-28), promising landscape artist of English birth; a resident of Paris from the age of 15. Edmond le Poittevin (1806-70), landscape painter.

<sup>3</sup> George Cruikshank (1792-1878), chiefly known as satiric caricaturist and illustrator, but also one of the foremost etchers of the century.

<sup>4</sup> For the volume of Thackeray's drawings being prepared by Anne Thackeray for her father's publishers, Smith, Elder and Co. The portrait of Thackeray at the age of 21 by Daniel Maclise serves as the frontispiece to Volume III of the Thackeray Biographical Edition and is reproduced in Dr. Ray's *Letters and Papers of Thackeray*, I, 238.

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to *Thackerayana*, published by Chatto and Windus, post-dated 1875.

To W. A. Wright

[Woodbridge]  
[Autumn, 1875]

My dear Wright,

I like your Lear very much indeed, Preface, and Note: especially about Aesthetic;<sup>1</sup> where, I suppose, you *had* thought of flinging our Cat in the German Face.

But don't you put your own foot a little way into it by calling K.L. "the *greatest* Tragic Picture"? That might be a Battlefield for endless Aesthetic: Hallam, Macaulay and Mackintosh<sup>2</sup> would have jawed about it from 10 A.M. till Dinner.

I have always stumbled a little at such a great Passion resting on so small a base as the Sister's three verbal Professions called for by old Lear: who, I dare to think, might have made up his mind *previously*—judging—mis-judging—from their seeming Behaviour for Years past. Perhaps he did, but he doesn't say so. And perhaps the simple, and more startling, Legend was best adapted to the half barbarous Audiences of those Days.

As to dear old Johnson approving of Tate's Alteration<sup>3</sup>—I wish you had added, *Why*: which was that he had been so much distressed at the original Version that he had never read it, after first reading, till he had to edit it. I can't point to the passage: but I think I can *swear* it is somewhere—perhaps in his Preface to the Play.

As to Lamb's beautiful Criticism—one must yet suppose that W.S. intended Lear to be acted, for all that.

[I.1.84-85]<sup>4</sup> Might not the lines run (omitting "Speak," which not wanted and soon repeated, and leaving the preceding line in measure),

What can you say

To draw a Third more opulent than your Sisters?

[I.5.34] Seven Stars—Great Bear? which always above Board, to point to the Pole Star, and by its own Revolution indicate the Seasons?

[III.1.12] Perhaps it *was* "Dug-drawn Bear."

[IV.6.215] "The main Descry," etc. Can W.S. have taken all that Pains to be so unintelligible?

[V.1.32] May read "With the *ancient* of War," etc. (Three Syllables)

[I.2.3] Capital Note that on "Stand in the Plague of Custom," etc.


I think you should have noticed old Spedding's suggestion that Act IV, long as it is, had better go on and take in Scene 2 of Act V—

so as to leave Interval for the Battle: tho' I know it would fall flat after Lear's sick Scene, etc.

All the Lears I have seen erred in making too much of the Curse in Act I—*because of being only Act I*—clearing the way, kneeling down, etc. One may almost dare think W.S. came it a little too strong so early. Anyhow, it should, I think, be hurried over, half articulately, as in a Whirlwind of Wrath—not so solemn an Imprecation.

If "*cadent Tears*" [I.4.285]—where one must think *falling* would have been better—it is an instance of what I have presumed to think; that W.S. sometimes *over*-Latinized his Diction, to keep up perhaps with the pedantic fashion of the Day, and to prove that he knew a little more than Jonson credited him with. So "*festinate—stelléd—Questrists—renege*, etc. in *this here* play.

E.FG.

 I fear this Letter is a Bore: but you know you need not read—for I want no Answer.

<sup>1</sup> EFG had been vexed by "aesthetics" for forty years and more. (See letters to Pollock, Feb. 15, and to Thompson, Feb. 18, 1841.) "One main object of these editions" (the Clarendon), Wright states, "is to induce those for whose use they are expressly designed to read and study Shakespeare himself, and not to become familiar with opinions about him . . . [which] are in reality too personal and subjective. . . . They would interfere with the independent effort of the reader to understand the author, and would substitute for that effort a second-hand opinion acquired from another." Wright's statement clarifies, in part at least, the meaning EFG applied to the term and discloses the reason for his tenacious animus. To him the functions of critic and editor were objective exposition and evaluation, not subjective interpretation.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Hallam (1777-1859), Sir James Mackintosh (1765-1832), and Macaulay, historians all, and all brilliant conversationalists with exceptional memories and extensive knowledge of history and cultures.

<sup>3</sup> Nahum Tate (1652-1715), poet and dramatist. Chiefly known for his adaptations of Shakespeare plays to suit Restoration taste. In *Lear* he provided a love between Cordelia and Edgar and concluded the play "happily" with their marriage and the restoration of Lear to the throne. Tate's mangled version proved popular and held the stage for 150 years. Macready revived the original text in 1837.

<sup>4</sup> Locations in Wright's Cambridge edition.



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To Fanny Kemble

[Woodbridge]  
[October, 1875]

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

My last Letter asked you how and where I could get at your Papers; this is to say, I have got them, thanks to the perseverance of our Woodbridge Bookseller, who would not be put off by his London Agent, and has finally procured me the three Numbers which contain your "Gossip."<sup>1</sup> Now believe me; I am delighted with it; and only wish it might run on as long as I live: which perhaps it may. Of course somewhat of my Interest results from the Times, Persons, and Places you write of; almost all more or less familiar to me; but I am quite sure that very few could have brought all before me as you have done—with what the Painters call so free, full, and flowing a touch. I suppose this "Gossip" is the Memoir you told me you were about; three or four years ago, I think: or perhaps Selections from it; though I hardly see how your Recollections could be fuller. No doubt your Papers will all be collected into a Book; perhaps it would have been financially better for you to have so published it now. But, on the other hand, you will have the advantage of writing with more freedom and ease in the Magazine, knowing that you can alter, contract, or amplify, in any future Re-publication. It gives me such pleasure to like, and honestly say I like, this work—and—I know I'm right in such matters, though I can't always give the reason why I like, or don't like, Dr. Fell: as much wiser People can—who reason themselves quite wrong.

I suppose you were at School in the Rue d'Angoulême near about the time (you don't give dates enough, I think—there's one fault for you!)—about the time when we lived there: I suppose you were somewhat later, however: for assuredly my Mother and yours would have been together often—Oh, but your Mother was not there, only you—at School. We were there in 1817-18—signalised by The Great Murder—that of Fualdès<sup>2</sup>—one of the most interesting events in all History to me, I am sorry to say. For in that point I do not say I am right. But that Rue d'Angoulême—do you not remember the house cornering on the Champs Elysées with some ornaments in stone of Flowers and Garlands—belonging to a Lord Courtenay, I believe? And do you remember a Pépinière over the way; and over that, seeing that Temple in the Beaujon Gardens with the Parisians descending and ascending in Cars? And (I think) at the end of the street, the Church of St.

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Philippe du Roule? Perhaps I shall see in your next Number that you do remember all these things.

Well: I was pleased with some other Papers in your Magazine: as those on V. Hugo, and Tennyson's Queen Mary:<sup>3</sup> I doubt not that Criticism on English Writers is likely to be more impartial over the Atlantic, and not biassed by Clubs, Coteries, etc. I always say that we in the Country are safer Judges than those of even better Wits in London: not being prejudiced so much, whether by personal acquaintance, or party, or Fashion. I see that Professor Wilson said much the same thing to Willis forty years ago.

I have written to Donne to tell him of your Papers, and that I will send him my Copies if he cannot get them. Mowbray wrote me word that his Father, who has bought the house in Weymouth Street, was now about returning to it, after some Alterations made. Mowbray talks of paying me a little Visit here—he and his Wife—at the End of this month:—when what Good Looks we have will all be gone.

Farewell for the present; I count on your Gossip: and believe me (what it serves to make me feel more vividly)

Your sincere old Friend  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Old Woman's Gossip*, an account of her life until her marriage with Pierce Butler in 1834, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1875, to April, 1877. With major additions the work was published in London as *Records of a Girlhood* in 1878.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Fanny Kemble, [Nov., 1875].

<sup>3</sup> In the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*: "Victor Hugo," an essay by T. S. Perry, pp. 167-74; a review of the published version of Tennyson's tragedy, pp. 240-41. See letter to Perry, November 23, n.1.

To Anne Thackeray

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
(There being an Ex-policeman E.FG.: to whom my Letters  
sometimes go; as his to me.)

[c. November 1, 1875]

Dear AT,

I return you the three Sketches which are (of course) good in their way—especially the Scotch Children—but I should still have to see something in *another* way, as you know.

Of course I am glad the Letter was a Comfort, not a Sorrow, to you.<sup>1</sup>

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Only yesterday I lighted upon some mention of your Father in the Letters of that mad man of Genius, Morton, who came to a sudden and terrible end in Paris not long after. He was a good deal in Coram Street, and no one admired your Father more, nor made so sure of his "*doing something*" at last, so early as 1842. A Letter of Jan. 22/45 says: "I hear of Thackeray at Rome. Once there, depend upon it he will stay there some time. There is something glutinous in the soil of Rome, that, like the sweet Dew that lies on the lime-leaf, ensnares the Butterfly Traveller's foot." Which is not so bad, is it?—and again—still in England, and harping on Rome, whose mere name, he says, "moves the handle of the Pump of tears in him" (one of his grotesque fancies), he suddenly bethinks him (Feb<sup>r</sup> 4/45), "This is the last day of Carnival. Thackeray is walking down the Corso with his hands in his Breeches pockets: stopping to look at some little Child. At night, millions of Moccolotti, dasht about with endless Shouts and Laughter," etc.

I wanted some of these bits of Letters to go into some Magazine: and your Father who knew one of the Blackwoods, tried in that Quarter:<sup>2</sup> but he had not yet *done the Something* which makes Publishers listen: and of course no one ever would (or *will!* Do you blush?) when I recommend anything on the Strength of my *Taste*, which is the one good that I pretend to offer.

But I doubt if you have got thus far: and I am yours still

E.FG.

Mowbray Donne and Wife are just now staying at my Chateau with me. He told me that he had lately met you somewhere.

I don't know why your Sister should care for my Regards: but you can but offer them from me.

<sup>1</sup> Anne's sister, Mrs. Leslie Stephen, had been gravely ill in October. She died in childbirth November 27.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Bernard Barton, [April 24, 1844].

To Horace Basham

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 5/75

Dear Horace,

Will you please to get cashed the Enclosed for Fisher, who might not do it so handily for himself?

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I have not lately heard of the Lowestoft Fishing, but all last week I suppose they could do nothing, the nights being (I am told) too dark if not too windy. Now that the Wind has turned off shore, I suppose you get to Sea—for Sprat, if not for Herring.

Yours always  
E.FG.

To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge  
Nov. 9, [1875]

Dear Sir,

You had the trouble to send before for "Agamemnon" for some Gentleman from America, as I suppose your present Enquirer may be. He is very welcome to a Copy; I had about 100 printed only for myself and Friends; I suppose it is my old and kind friend Mrs. Kemble who has spoken of it there.

I hope your Customer will find it worth the asking for, and am yours truly,

E.FG.

As this is not the first time you have been asked for it, you may be asked again by one of your Transatlantic Friends who are my Omar's best Friends also. So I will send you half a dozen Copies in case you be asked again. If not asked the Copies (with their vile *Powder-bleu* Paper) won't take up much of your room, and if lost won't cause stocks to fall.

To Anna Biddell

Woodbridge  
Nov 23, [1875]

Dear Miss Biddell,

About sending you Doré's Spain<sup>1</sup>—shall it be now, or after Miss Bland has had a Look at it? All the same to me; and to her too, I doubt not: and as she never leaves home, one time will do as well for her as another. I am sorry to have finished the Book—which I have gone

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through by my Reader, of nights: it is, I think, a good Book: and so unlike a Frenchman's usual way of writing, that it is accurate and sober instead of being clever and entertaining. The Doré illustrations are generally very good, I think. There are plenty of Spanish Verses and Proverbs interspersed which I make my Reader construe: but which you (not having the benefit of so learned a Pundit as myself to interpret) must pass over. So much for that.

I have a Note from Annie Kerrich this morning, telling me that she is still awaiting a promised Escort to Italy. I tell her I think it will be quite as well if her promised Escort fails her: for I think these stays abroad only unsettle People from living at home.

The other night, or morning, I dreamed that I was at some large Party where you also were: that I made my way to you, and asked whether you did not very much like a Lady to whom I had introduced you—and, when I woke, I found I had introduced you to—Yourself. This was just as I tell you.

I must go over to Ipswich one day, I think, though there is no Garden now to sit in. *My* Garden is nearly done: and now I am told the Beds are so small there will be no room for larger Flowers. Today, the new Roses were got in, however.

I thought that your Sister in law, Mrs. W.B., seemed a very sensible pleasant Woman: you should have stopped and eaten G. Crabbe's Chicken, which was—so good!

So with kind Regards to your Sisters, believe me yours truly

E.FG.

Would you like my friend Mrs. Kemble's reminiscences in an American Magazine?

<sup>1</sup> Jean Charles Davillier, *L'Espagne*, illustrée par Gustave Doré, Paris, 1874. English translation by John Thomson, post-dated 1876.

To T. S. Perry<sup>1</sup>

*Little Grange*  
*Woodbridge: Suffolk*  
Nov. 23/75

Dear Sir,

Mr. Quaritch duly forwarded me your Note—about Omar, I mean. I am sure I ought to be grateful to America for the favour she has

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shown my old Omar, and to yourself for doing what you have done for me, and now taking the trouble to ask for more of my handy work. That consists chiefly of things taken—I must not say, translated—from foreign sources; and printed partly to give to Friends, and partly because (as I suppose is the case with others) I can only alter for my best when reflected in Type.

So I had some 100 Copies of some of these printed; and, though I have not 100 Friends, I find I am come near an end. As you have taken the trouble to write about them all across the Atlantic, I am glad to be able to send you—perhaps more than you will care to read; none, I feel sure, that you will take Interest in as in Omar. For his *Subject* must interest all us poor Mortal men, right or wrong.

However, I send you another Persian,<sup>2</sup> by way of Antidote to him: two Calderon plays; and Aeschylus' Agamemnon, which I think well of, so far as the Conduct and Dialogue of the Play is concerned.

So now you have drawn on your head more than you bargained for. But there is the Atlantic between us, and you need not read more than you like; nor say anything more about them in reply than that you have received them (I suppose in about some three weeks from this Date) from yours very truly

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Sergeant Perry of Boston, the period's most capable and active American critic of European literature, whose articles and reviews appeared chiefly in the *Nation* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. For a time he contributed a "Boston Letter" to the *Academy* in London.

In "A Poet Redivivus" (*Nation*, Aug. 31, 1871, pp. 146-47), Perry briefly but enthusiastically praised EFG's *Rubáiyát*. He reviewed *Agamemnon* in the *North American Review*, Jan., 1877, pp. 154-55, and followed this with "Mr. FitzGerald's Translations," a comprehensive critique in the June *Atlantic Monthly*, pp. 730-38.

<sup>2</sup> *Salámán and Absál*.

To FitzEdward Hall<sup>1</sup>

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
Nov. 23, [1875]

Dear Sir,

I had heard that you were collecting a Suffolk—or East Anglian—Vocabulary: and Mr. Rouse lately told me that you would like a Copy of some Sea Words I had picked up along this Coast.<sup>2</sup> If so, I wish I

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could lay hands on a Copy, which I cannot just now: you would have been very welcome to it, though I doubt it would have been of very little use to you. For it was done more as Christmas Sport than anything else: though the words were genuine, and as fairly defined as I could.

I made indeed a MS abstract of the words which had been distributed in three Christmas Numbers of the "East Anglian"; and this Abstract you would be very welcome to if you care to trouble your Eyes with bad MS to very little purpose.

I had a line from Cowell the other day; he seems well, and is of course very busy, doing many People's work rather than his own.

Yours faithfully  
Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> See Biographical Profile.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly the manuscript notebook of "Sea Words" now in Trinity College Library. For the abstract subsequently referred to, see letter to the *East Anglian*, [Dec., 1868].

## To Blanche Donne

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 24, [1875]

*My dear Blanche,*

I must not leave you and Valentia quite without answer to the Letters you wrote me—of thanks more than my Shawls deserved. However, they give occasion for a little interchange of Letters between us.

Your Letter, I think, said that Valentia was just going or gone to spend the Evening with "the Laurences:" who are, I suppose, no other than the Painter and his Wife. I did not know that *she* was well enough—or well off enough—to entertain: but I am glad if it be so, on either account. I heard that he (of course) missed finishing the Prince's Portrait: the Prince will be eat by a Tiger sooner than Fate will permit that.

A Mr. Masson<sup>1</sup> has sent me a Letter proposing that I should add my Name to a Letter of Congratulation to be presented by eighty Friends of Carlyle on his eightieth Birthday, December 4 next: together with a Golden Medal *of himself*. He sends me no list of the *other* eighty Friends: I can't think Carlyle would like the whole Job,

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which savours of the *gush*; and anyhow I scarce care to figure in such a thing, be the other eighty Great or Little: I cannot think how Mr. Masson—of Edinburgh—came to know of my Existence.

Edith sent me a Photo of Irving: which has a *Kemble* look about it: but what a very large Ear? I have no desire to see him, or anyone, unless Jefferson,<sup>2</sup> nor to hear any of the new Music. But that is simply—growing Old—and yours, and Valentia's, and Father's

old and sincere Friend

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> David Masson, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at the University of Edinburgh. He was an active contributor to magazines and had been the first editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, founded in 1858. Masson is chiefly known for his six-volume biography of Milton and an edition of the poet's works. He had known and admired Carlyle since 1843.

<sup>2</sup> "Joe" Jefferson had returned to England to repeat the success, in Dion Boucicault's version of *Rip Van Winkle*, which he had scored exactly a decade before when the play ran for 172 nights. Jefferson was the most popular nineteenth-century American actor to perform in Britain.

## To Fanny Kemble

[Woodbridge]

[November, 1875]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

The Mowbray Donnes have been staying some days with me—very pleasantly. Of course I got them to tell me of the fine things in London: among the rest, the Artists whose Photos they sent me, and I here enclose. The Lady, they tell me—(Spedding's present Idol)<sup>1</sup>—is better than her Portrait—which would not have so enamoured Bassanio. Irving's, they say, is flattered. But 'tis a handsome face, surely; and one that should do for Hamlet—if it were not for that large Ear—do you notice? I was tempted to send it to you, because it reminds me of some of your Family: your Father, most of all, as Harlow has painted him in that famous Picture of the Trial Scene.<sup>2</sup> It is odd to me that the fine Engraving from that Picture—once so frequent—is scarce seen now: it has seemed strange to me to meet People who never even heard of it.

I don't know why you have a little Grudge against Mrs. Siddons—perhaps you will say you have not—all my fancy. I think it was noticed at Cambridge that your Brother John scarce went to visit her when she was staying with that Mrs. Frere, whom you don't remember



with pleasure. She did talk much and loud: but she had a fine Woman's heart underneath, and she could sing a classical Song: as also some of Handel, whom she had studied with Bartleman.<sup>3</sup> But she never could have sung the Ballad with the fulness which you describe in Mrs. Arkwright.

Which, together with your mention of your American isolation,<sup>4</sup> reminds me of some Verses of Hood, with which I will break your Heart a little. They are not so very good, neither: but I, in England as I am, and like to be, cannot forget them.

The Swallow with Summer  
Shall wing o'er the Seas;  
The Wind that I sigh to  
Shall sing in your Trees:  
The Ship that it hastens  
Your Ports will contain—  
But for me—I shall never  
See England again.<sup>5</sup>

It always runs in my head to a little German Air, common enough in our younger days—which I will make a note of, and you will, I dare say, remember at once.

I doubt that what I have written is almost as illegible as that famous one of yours: in which however only [paper] was in fault: and now I shall scarce mend the matter by taking a steel pen instead of that old quill, which certainly did fight upon its Stumps.

Well now—Professor Masson of Edinburgh has asked me to join him and seventy-nine others in celebrating Carlyle's eightieth Birthday on December 4—with the Presentation of a Gold Medal with Carlyle's own Effigy upon it, and a congratulatory Address. I should have thought such a Measure would be ridiculous to Carlyle; but I suppose Masson must have ascertained his Pleasure from some intimate Friend of C.'s: otherwise he would not have known of my Existence for one. However Spedding and Pollock tell me that, after some hesitation like my own, they judged best to consent. Our Names are even to be attached somehow to a—White Silk, or Satin, Scroll! Surely Carlyle cannot be aware of that? I hope devoutly that my Name come too late for its Satin Apotheosis; but, if it do not, I shall apologise to Carlyle for joining such Mummery. I only followed the Example of my Betters.

Now I must shut up, for Photos and a Line of Music is to come in. I was so comforted to find that your Mother had some hand in Dr.

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Kitchener's Cookery Book,<sup>6</sup> which has always been Guide, Philosopher, and Friend in such matters. I can't help liking a Cookery Book.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

No: I never turned my tragic hand on Fualdès; but I remember well being taken in 1818 to the Ambigu Comique to see the "Château de Paluzzi," which was said to be founded on that great Murder. I still distinctly remember a Closet, from which came some guilty Personage. It is not only the Murder itself that impressed me, but the Scene it was enacted in; the ancient half-Spanish City of Rodez, with its River Aveyron, its lonely Boulevards, its great Cathedral, under which the Deed was done in the "Rue des Hebdomadiers."<sup>7</sup> I suppose you don't see, or read, our present Whitechapel Murder—a nasty thing, not at all to my liking. The Name of the Murderer—as no one doubts he is, whatever the Lawyers may disprove—is the same as that famous Man of Taste who wrote on the Fine Arts in the London Magazine under the name of Janus Weathercock,<sup>8</sup> and poisoned Wife, Wife's Mother and Sister after insuring their Lives. De Quincey (who was one of the Magazine) has one of his Essays about this wretch.

Here is another half-sheet filled, after all: I am afraid rather troublesome to read. In three or four days we shall have another Atlantic, and I am ever yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Ellen Terry.

<sup>2</sup> George H. Harlow's *Trial of Queen Catherine*, from Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, which includes portraits of Mrs. Siddons and her two brothers, John and Charles Kemble, in character roles.

<sup>3</sup> James Bartleman (1769-1821), bass singer at the Ancient Concerts. Mrs. Robert Arkwright, Fanny's cousin, wife of the grandson of Richard, inventor of the spinning frame.

<sup>4</sup> At Branchtown, six miles from Philadelphia.

<sup>5</sup> "The Exile" by Thomas Hood (1799-1845), with deviations resulting from EFG's customary polishing practices. The original reads:

The swallow with summer  
Will wing o'er the seas,  
The wind that I sigh to  
Will visit thy trees,  
The ship that it hastens  
Thy ports will contain,  
But me—I must never  
See England again!

<sup>6</sup> Dr. William Kitchiner (1775-1827), physician, miscellaneous writer, and

epicure. Convinced that good health depends upon the proper preparation of food, he experimented in his home and emerged from his research a skillful cook. *Apicius Redivivus, or the Cook's Oracle*, 1817, deals with economical housekeeping as well as cooking.

<sup>7</sup> The body of Antoine Fualdès, a retired magistrate of Rodez, about 50 years of age, was taken from the River Aveyron the morning of March 20, 1817, his throat "fearfully cut." Circumstances indicated a planned murder involving Fualdès' godson Bastide-Grammont, a merchant and distant relative who was in debt to the magistrate. Investigation resulted in the arrest of eight prime suspects, including two more relatives of the victim, one of them Jausion, a banker, and three minor accomplices. Fualdès, Bastide, and Jausion were all prominent in Rodez business and social circles. Two mysterious "gentlemen," never identified, were also present when the murder was committed.

Three hundred twenty witnesses were summoned for a trial that opened August 18. The verdict, returned September 12, condemned five men and one woman to death and two men to life at hard labor; one man was fined and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. A successful appeal made a second trial necessary. The final verdict, returned May 5, 1818, condemned four men and one woman to death; imprisoned one woman for life at hard labor, and imprisoned one man for a year. However, the death sentence was commuted for the woman and one man. Bastide, Jausion, and a minor accomplice were executed. No motive for the crime was defined clearly in either action, nor were its tangled ramifications explained. Two witnesses declared that a number who were implicated had not been arrested. Twenty-three years later excavations in a garden formerly owned by Jausion uncovered the skeletons of two organ-grinders who appear to have been unwitting accomplices in the crime.

EFG's "guilty Personage" was a woman, Clarisse Manzoni, a socially prominent divorcée who, dressed as a man, had arrived at the house, the site of the crime, shortly before Fualdès was brought in to be killed. Mme. Manzoni was in fact hidden in a closet, where she was discovered after the murder was committed. In the trial she proved to be an evasive and perplexing witness ("The Murder of Fualdès," *All the Year Round*, Aug. 1, 1863, pp. 549-52; "A Judicial Drama," *The Southern Magazine*, Sept., 1874, pp. 239-45).

<sup>8</sup> Henry Wainwright (not Thomas) had been arrested October 11 in possession of two heavy bundles containing the dismembered body of a woman identified as his common-law wife. The body had been concealed for a year in a dwelling leased by, but no longer occupied by, Wainwright in the Whitechapel slums. He was executed December 21. His brother Thomas was imprisoned as an accessory to the crime.

Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, the "famous Man of Taste" was a journalist, subject painter, and art critic who, under a number of pseudonyms, contributed "flippant art and other criticisms" to the *London Magazine*; but his talents and versatility failed to provide adequately for his extravagant scale of living. In 1828 an uncle with whom he was living died and Wainwright inherited his estate. The deaths of his mother-in-law and his wife's half-sister, whose life he had insured for £20,000, followed within two years. All three died suddenly and "in great agony." After residing in France for six years, Wainwright returned to England where he was arrested and tried, not for the murders but on a warrant

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taken out by the Bank of England for an 1826 forgery. He pleaded guilty and was transported to Tasmania for life. EFG errs in including Wainewright's wife among the murder victims, and her half-sister was the only one whose life had been insured. The insurers refused to honor the policies.

## To Alfred Tennyson

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*Dec<sup>r</sup> 6/75*

*My dear Alfred,*

The time of Year is come about when I think I have earned a right to hear a little about you all—Mrs. Tennyson especially. But I suppose I must wait till one of your Boys is at home: which must soon be, for here is Christmas close by. Then a Son must write me a bit of letter. You know that I wish you all well and happy at Christmas, and after. I have been told of Mrs. Leslie's Death,<sup>1</sup> which must be a terrible thing to Annie T. Only about a Fortnight ago, she was telling me (by Letter) what a Sister she had.

As Spedding and Pollock (whom I asked about it) told me they had given in their names to the Carlyle Conspiracy, so did I, much wondering how Masson came to know of my Existence. But I must say I thought the whole thing rather a Cockney Affair—*Address, and Medal, and—White Satin Scroll*—which some dozen years ago, I think Carlyle would have been tempted to blow his nose upon, as the Sandwich Islanders did with their Playbills at the Theatre. Only I never did see Carlyle use a Handkerchief: and only once his fingers: which he did very adroitly without smearing them. It is fine of him to be Eighty: I shall write him also my last 1875 Letter. He seems to [have] passed the Summer cheerfully and well in Kent.

I see Browning has another of his uncouth Poems out:<sup>2</sup> I call him the great Prophet of The Gurgoyles School—in England: in France they have a much greater man, but equally disagreeable to me—Victor Hugo. I think it partly is because the Beautiful Things have been done from the time of the Greeks—to  $\Delta$  and so those who can't do them better prove their originality by descanting on the Ugly: and they have their day. And I am your sincere and trusty old bedesman,

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Leslie Stephen.

<sup>2</sup> *The Inn Album*.

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To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 7/75

Dear Sir,

Surely you must have misunderstood me about those few Agamemnons.<sup>1</sup> Surely I distinctly wrote along with them that they were to be *given* to any American who troubled himself to ask for them, as two or three have done before—just to save further trouble to all Parties. And now a cutting from one of your Catalogues has [been] sent me announcing the Play for sale—at some terrible price for such a Scrap<sup>2</sup>—and moreover *with my Name*, which I had always declined publishing—and such a Puff about me and my little works as I am really ashamed to read again.<sup>3</sup> It is quite true that I might some day, if there was likely to be any demand, have published the Play, and some Calderon: but I am quite sure I never asked you to put the few Copies I sent you up to sale.

I now see by the Catalogue you have sent me, that the Copy advertised is quoted under the head of some Thisleton Library. If it were so, well and good: you could, of course, sell it, and for what charge you pleased. But even then my Name should not have been added; and such praise, as (instead of doing me any good) will only make your Readers say “Who is this Mr. E.F.G. so belauded, etc.?” And I think it will hurt, rather than advance my cause—such as it is.

However, it is done, and I cannot help it: but I think you should explain and exonerate me from any share in it, as far as you can.

This you will think making Much Ado about very little; and finding fault when you thought to give me a Lift. But thus it is.

I have had to send off two Agamemnons to America—one to a Mr. Perry of Boston; another to Mr. Norton who writes to Carlyle about it. I post you a Copy of the Calderon for your Customer (I suppose, American too) and

remain yours, etc.  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> From the edition privately printed in 1869.

<sup>2</sup> The price, 7s 6d.

<sup>3</sup> See letter to Mrs. Cowell, [Dec. 21, 1875].

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To Mary Aitken<sup>1</sup>

Woodbridge  
Dec. 9/75

Dear Miss Aitken,

It is a fact that the night before last I thought I would write my half-yearly Enquiry about your Uncle: and at Noon came your Note. I judge from it that he is well. I think he will *thrash* me (as Bentley said)<sup>2</sup> even now.

I must say I scarce knew what to do when asked to join in that Birthday Address. I did not know whether it would be agreeable to your Uncle: and of course I could not ask him. So I asked Spedding and Pollock, and found they were of the Party: so it did not become me to hesitate. I hope we were not all amiss.

But as to Agamemnon the King: I shall certainly send Mr. Norton<sup>3</sup> a Copy, as he has taken the trouble to send across the Atlantic for it. But as to Mr. Carlyle, "c'est une autre affaire." It was not meant for any Greek Scholar, and only for a few not Greek, who I thought would be interested, as they have been, in my curious Version. Among these was Mrs. Kemble, who I suppose it is has praised it in a way that somehow gains ground in America. But your Uncle—a few years ago he would have been perhaps a little irritated with it; and now would not, I feel sure, care to spend his Eyes over its sixty or seventy pages. He would even now think—but in Pity now—how much better one might have spent one's time (though not very much was spent) than in such Dilettanteism. So tell him not quite to break his heart if I don't put him to the Trial: but still believe me his, and, if you will allow me, yours sincerely,

E. FitzGerald

P.S. I mean to send him a Brace of Pheasants when they are fine. I have heard them banging away over the River, at Lord Rendlesham's—the inheritor of all that was left by Chancery of the famous Thellusson Property.<sup>4</sup> I think your Uncle drove round by the place, *last August twenty years!*

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle's niece who, from 1868 until his death, was his companion and amanuensis. In 1879 she married her cousin, Alexander Carlyle.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Bentley (1662-1742), classical scholar. "Dr. Bentley used to say to his nephew, 'Tom, I shall trash thee': meaning that he should outlive him" (William Bowyer, *Miscellaneous Tracts*, 1785, p. 521).

<sup>3</sup> Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard. See Biographical Profile.

<sup>4</sup> See letter to Caroline Crabbe, January, 1861, n.7.

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To C. E. Norton<sup>1</sup>

*Little Grange, Woodbridge, Suffolk*  
*Dec<sup>r</sup> 9/75*

*My dear Sir,*

Mr. Carlyle's Niece has sent me a Card from you, asking for a Copy of an Agamemnon: taken—I must not say, translated—from Aeschylus. It was not meant for Greek Scholars, like yourself; but for those who do not know the original, which it very much misrepresents. I think it is my friend Mrs. Kemble who has made it a little known on your wide Continent. As you have taken the trouble to enquire for it all across the Atlantic, beside giving me reason before to confide in your friendly reception of it,<sup>2</sup> I post you one along with this letter. I can fancy you might find some to be interested in it who do not know the original: more interested than in more faithful Translations of more Ability. But there I will leave it: only begging that you will not make any trouble of acknowledging so small a Gift.

Some eighty of Carlyle's Friends and Admirers have been presenting him with a Gold Medal of himself, and an Address of Congratulation on his eightieth Birthday. I should not have supposed that either Medal or Address would be much to his Taste: but, as more important People than myself joined in the Thing, I did not think it became me to demur. But I shall not the less write him my half-yearly Letter of Good Hopes and Good Wishes. He seems to have been well and happy in our pretty County of Kent during the Summer.

Believe me, with Thanks for the Interest you have taken in my *Libretti*, yours sincerely

E. FitzGerald

P.S. I am doing an odd thing in bethinking me of sending you two Calderon Plays,<sup>3</sup> which my friend Mrs. Kemble has spoken of also in your Country. So you might one day hear of them: and, if you liked what came before, wish to see them. So here they are, for better or worse; and, at any rate, one Note of Thanks (which I doubt you will feel bound to write) will do for both, and you can read as little as you please of either. All these things have been done partly as an amusement in a lonely life: partly to give some sort of idea of the originals to friends who knew them not: and printed, because (like many others, I suppose) I can only dress my best when seeing myself in Type, in the same way as I can scarce read others unless in such a form. I suppose there was some Vanity in it all: but really, if I had

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that strong, I might have done (considering what little I *can* do) like Crabbe's Bachelor—

I might have made a Book, but that my Pride<sup>1</sup>  
In the not making was more gratified.

Do *you* read more of Crabbe than *we*, his Countrymen?

<sup>1</sup> See Biographical Profile.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding, no doubt, to the part Norton had played two years before in identifying EFG as translator of the *Rubāiyāt*. (See text and following letters, mid-April, 1873.) Prior to that Norton had praised EFG in a review of the second (1868) edition of the poem and J. B. Nicolas's *Quatrains de Khèyam*, 1867. Norton never mentioned his essay to EFG, and there is no evidence in the latter's correspondence that he had any knowledge of the critique in which Norton specified the essential qualities responsible for EFG's eminence as poet-translator. "In the whole range of our literature there is hardly to be found a more admirable example of the most skilful poetic rendering of remote foreign poetry than this work of an anonymous author affords," Norton maintained. "It has all the merit of a remarkable original production. . . . It is the work of a poet inspired by the work of a poet; not a copy, but a reproduction, not a translation but the redelivery of a poetic inspiration. . . . In the strength of rhythmical structure, in force of expression, in musical modulation, and in mastery of language, the external character of the verse corresponds with the still rarer interior qualities of imagination and of spiritual discernment which it displays" (*North American Review*, Oct., 1869, pp. 575, 576).

<sup>3</sup> *The Mighty Magician and Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of*.

<sup>4</sup> *Tales of the Hall*, "The Old Bachelor," which reads, "Yes, I had made a book," etc.

From Fanny Kemble<sup>1</sup>

York Farm  
Branchtown, [Pa.]  
Tuesday, Dec. 14, 1875

My dear Edward FitzGerald,

I have got a printing machine and am going to try and write to you upon it and see if it will suit your eyes better than my scrawl of handwriting.<sup>2</sup> Thank you for the Photographs<sup>3</sup> and the line of Music; I know that old bit of tune it seems to me. I think Mr. Irving's face more like Young's<sup>4</sup> than my Father's. Tom Taylor, years ago, told me that Ellen Terry would be a consummate comic actress. Portia should never be without some one to set her before the Public. She is my model woman.

[No signature]



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<sup>1</sup> Text taken from Frederick Spalding transcript, Trinity College Library.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Fanny Kemble, Aug. 24, [1875].

<sup>3</sup> Prints of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry enclosed in EFG's letter of [Nov., 1875].

<sup>4</sup> Charles Young (1777-1856), comedian.

To E. B. Cowell

[Woodbridge]

[December, 1875]

*My dear Cowell,*

I wrote to Elizabeth as I supposed that, busy as she often is with Letter writing, she is still the least busy of you two. Anyhow, thank you for answering my Question about the Trinity Master. You say nothing about your own Readings, which I doubt not are mainly Oriental, but I suppose you find time for other and lighter things between whiles.

I have bought a goodish Book on Spain: by a Frenchman, who (strange to say) is moderate, sensible, and rather dull: illustrated by Doré who, I expected, would do this work well: as I think he has done. There are little bits of Ballads, Coplas, Proverbs, etc., always coming in (Spanish, I mean) and very agreeable to me. My Reader has got to hammer them out in a way that at least I can understand. Sometimes on Sunday I make him read a Collect and Gospel out of a Spanish Prayer book given me by Annie Kerrich; and then I explain and elucidate—as E. B. Cowell did to me thirty years ago. What a pretty Name we had last night—"Dama de Noche" for some Night-blowing Flower. Doré has done one thing which, more carefully done, would make a pretty Picture: a Father on all fours, with his head as to attack in Bull fashion, and his Children with sticks and lances bringing up for *toreros*.

I think you are mistaken in fancying that Arthur prefers being with me to you: nothing can be more genuine, I am sure, than his Enjoyment in your Company, as well as his Love for yourself.

Yours always  
E.FG.

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To Bernard Quaritch

*Little Grange, Woodbridge  
Decr 18/75*

*Dear Sir,*

I find I have come to the last *Seven* of the Play.<sup>1</sup> I dare say the odd three will be enough for my further want: so I send you the four you ask for. I suppose these are for some of my American Friends: anyhow, as I did not print them for Sale I do not wish them to be sold, especially, to such as take the trouble of sending all across the Atlantic for them.<sup>2</sup> I think it will be well for yourself that my little Stock is exhausted: so as you will not have the trouble to write any more about it, but simply tell any who "enquire within" that the Well is dry.

Yours  
E.F.G.

"À propos de Bottes"—It is hardly right to announce my Omar as a "faithful" Interpretation as you have done; it being indeed quite the reverse. Fraser's Magazine had a better puff,<sup>3</sup> if wanted.

À propos N<sup>o</sup> 2—Can you get me "The Sketcher" by the Revd. John Eagles?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Agamemnon*.

<sup>2</sup> Quaritch had asked for four copies of the play, offering 20s. for them.

<sup>3</sup> The review by T. W. Hinchliff, June, 1870.

<sup>4</sup> Published 1856.

To Smith and Elder, Publishers

*Little Grange: Woodbridge  
Decr 19/75*

*Sir,*

If the Book and Drawings of Mr. Thackeray that I sent you are yet in your keeping, I shall be obliged to you to return them to me safely packed. For three of them belong to others who entrusted them to me.

If these are with Miss Thackeray, of course I shall not trouble her, nor wish her to be troubled, at such a time of Grief and Mourning. I am very anxious to know how she bears up under it.

Your obedient Servant  
Edward FitzGerald

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P.S. I am supposing that you have done with the Drawings, etc., inasmuch as the Book is published.<sup>1</sup> I may as well say that I have it; but cannot but say that I wish there were less of the Caricature, etc. But I dare say you know better what the World at large will like.

<sup>1</sup> *The Orphan of Pimlico* "and other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings" by her father that Anne had been preparing. The book, an over-sized prestige volume designed for Christmas trade, is post-dated 1876. The contents include only a few of the superior drawings EFG had urged Anne to publish.

To Thomas Carlyle

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*Dec<sup>r</sup> 19/75*

*Dear Carlyle,*

I was going to write one line to Miss Aitken to ask her to write "Yes" or "No" on the enclosed Card: just to signify to me whether a Brace of Pheasants sent off ten days ago has yet come to hand. You know (I hope) I don't want Thanks: but, if my Birds missed their way, the Rail must hear of it.

Thus much, I say, I was just about to write to her; when I thought, here is Christmas, and I will write a few lines to Carlyle himself. But pray be assured, imprimis, that I do not wish you to dictate a word in reply if you are not quite at ease to do so. I guessed from Miss Aitken's last Note that you were pretty well; and that is the main thing I want to make sure of in my half yearly Letters. Therefore, do not trouble yourself now; and if we live till Midsummer, then I will ask you for a Word of your own.

I am of course very glad that you approve and like the—what shall I call it?—Testimonial?—a matter I did not feel so sure of before. You know that you have acknowledged my individual Share in it by the Circular Reply you have sent to all of us. So that needs no more said about.

A letter from Miss Crabbe this morning, adverting to this Business, says what a Pleasure it has always been to remember you at her Father's Vicarage at Bredfield.<sup>1</sup> You were struck by her quiet unpretence—"Simplex munditiis" you quoted about her. She is the same now as then: living on very little, thinking it quite enough, and doing all that can be done for others out of it.

I doubt Mrs. Leslie's Death will be almost next to a Death-blow to her Sister. And in the midst of this morning, comes out a Volume of

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Caricatures from WMT! I begged Annie T. and her Publishers to show the World some of his *not* caricature Drawings, of which I had several, and others more: the World having enough of his Ugly and Absurd, good as it is. But they wouldn't take my Advice; perhaps you would not either: but believe me your loyal old Bedesman still,

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> When Carlyle visited EFG in August, 1855.

To Mrs. Cowell

[Woodbridge]

[December 21, 1875]

*Dear Elizabeth,*

You know that Cowell answered all the Questions I put to you; so you had no need to write; but it is all the better for me that you have done so. And the weather, and the War,<sup>1</sup> and the absence of my Reader for awhile have set me upon writing my Yearly, or half Yearly, Letters to Carlyle, Tennyson, etc. So I am in good trim, you see, for answering you.

By the way, you have read, or heard, I suppose, of the Testimonial presented to Carlyle on his eightieth Birthday. I was invited to join in it by the Mover (I suppose), Professor Masson, tho' how he came to know of my Existence I know not. Anyhow, the whole Concern appeared so Cockney—Address, Medal, and Names enrolled on white Satin! so utterly unlike what Carlyle would (I should have thought) approved that I enquired of Spedding and Pollock what they had done. They had acceded, after considerable hesitation; so it did not become me to decline it. Though Men change; and at eighty one *may* like what one could not swallow thirty and twenty years before, I *cannot* think Carlyle will relish this: and a Note which he dictated to me *after* all was public, said not a word on the subject.

Now for *my* Honours. The Master of Trinity wrote to me enclosing what I now enclose to you

Aeschylus, Agamemnon, a tragedy, (translated into English verse by Fitzgerald) 12 mo. sd. 7s.6d. (*Privately printed*, 1875<sup>2</sup>)

The universal interest which has been excited by the marvellous poem called "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," has created a

strong desire on the part of the public to know more of Mr. Fitzgerald and his works. The Agamemnon will help readers to a larger and no less sympathetic acquaintance with the Unknown Poet who has contrived to link, in the form of translation, the subtlest graces of poesy with the deep and strange imaginings of an unfamiliar philosophy.

The History of it being—that, three or four Americans having written to Quaritch for Copies of this Play, I sent him half a dozen to *give* to any other Americans who asked, and to save the trouble of writing between us. And now he does this: publishing my Name which I had always forbidden. I was very angry at first, and wrote to say so; but (with his German indelicacy) perhaps he thought he was pleasing *me* by such an Advertisement, and such a *Puff* as makes me ashamed to look at it again. I tell all this long Story for Cowell rather than for your Edification; because (as I think Quaritch sends him Catalogues) I do not wish him to think I had any hand whatsoever in advertizing that which I had asked him to keep private. Whatever Quaritch's motive, he has done very unwarrantably. (NB. It is Mrs. Kemble, I think, who has set me going in a small way in America. They are a very odd People.)

Too much of that. I have heard from some of the Felixtow Folks that poor Allenby was in a very bad way: indeed Arthur wrote me something of it. Allenby spoke to me of the Comfort they had in the Sister. He looked and talked to me so very much like Mr. Kerrich in his attitudes that I felt sure he must fall into the same depressions.

Think of poor dear little Annie K. now travelling to Italy, where I read that the Railways are stopped with snow. My Sister Andalusia's younger Daughter is dying, I believe—of Decline; and my Sister's own Health is broken.

Here is a long Screed, and I am always yours and Cowell's

E.F.G.

P.S. Wednesday morning. The foregoing was written last night: the enclosed Letter from T.C.'s Niece came this morning, to tell me all was right with him. I will enclose it to you because you may like to hear of his Snow-boots and Plutarch.

N.B. The Present I sent was Pheasants: and I only wanted a Card to say they had arrived, as our G.E.R.<sup>3</sup> is not always to be relied on in these matters.

Oh—and "My Book." What do you think it can be? Only that

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*Agamemnon* which an American gentleman asked Carlyle for: and he asked me: and I sent one to the American: but told Carlyle he would not care to give ten minutes Eyesight to it.

A note from Arthur this morning tells me that he and his are moving.

<sup>1</sup> The Herzegovinian revolt against Turkey and the impending threat, fulfilled, that it would be supported by other Balkan peoples.

<sup>2</sup> The copies EFG had sent Quaritch were part of the privately printed 1869 edition. Quaritch's edition was not ready until July, 1876.

<sup>3</sup> Great Eastern Railway.

To E. B. Cowell

*Little Grange—Woodbridge*  
*Dec<sup>r</sup> 21/75<sup>1</sup>*

*My dear Cowell,*

Arthur writes me that he proposes going to you for his Xmas Holyday: which I think is much the best thing he can do. If he should have a spare Day (over the Saturday and Sunday) you will do him good by letting him hire a horse for a Ride: which I found was a great thing at Lowestoft. No doubt there are plenty of *Screws* in the Livery Stables at Cambridge during Holyday time. I know you don't mind my giving you this hint, to make as much of the poor Lad's Holyday as you can.

You, no doubt, saw Carlyle's Answer to our Cockney White Satin Address. A little Childish, I was sorry to think. Surely ten or five years ago he would have snubbed us all: but, come to eighty! Montaigne would not be surprized, at any rate.

I rather think I have offended C. whether by having doubted whether he would like the Testimonial—or another yet more trivial reason. I shall be sorry if it be so; though it does not much matter to either of us now.

I wrote to reprimand Quaritch for putting up my three penny Gift books to 7s.6d. He professed contrition: and in a few days wrote to offer me 20s. for four Copies! Is it not amazing, his thinking of such little Gains, a man who deals in £200 Books. I see two First Folio Shakespeares in his last Catalogues for £250, and £150 each. However, I have no more Copies to send him for his Americans; so an end of that.

I began this Letter only to speak of the Horse: I may now as well

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wish you and Elizabeth a Happy Time of it. Do not feel at all bound to write your good wishes in return; I am quite sure of them; and you must be glad of a Holyday, too.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The date was actually December 22, as the postscript to the preceding letter to Mrs. Cowell indicates.

To Thomas Carlyle

Woodbridge  
Christmas Day, [1875]

*My dear Carlyle,*

You will think there is to be no end of me, now I have begun. But you know I did sincerely wish you not to write to me now, inasmuch as Miss Aitken has told me—why, told me that you had been striding through the Snow with worsted Stockings over your lower man—and what better could I wish to hear of you than that? But, as you have bid her say you *will* write—why, write you will, I know. Therefore, I have one thing for you to notice—if you please, which is—that, in an Account of Lincolnshire (pubd. 1836) which I lately bought out of a Catalogue, there is quoted a Letter from Cromwell to Colonel Walton, dated from Sleaford, “Sept. 6th or 5th. For Colonel Walton their in London”—and beginning, “Sir, We doe with grieffe of hart receive the sadde condition of our armie in the West,” etc. I only find one Letter to Walton in your Book<sup>1</sup>—about the Death of his Son, etc. Do you know of this other Letter that I speak of? or is it in your Book and escaped me? or is it a sham? It seems to me genuine, and interesting: but I dare say I am Paddy-like wrong in one way or other: whether by missing what you have inserted, or mistaking what you have rejected. This is all about it: if you care to see it—to have it (it seems to retain the original Spelling punctiliously), the Book, or the Page of the Book, shall go to you forthwith.

Which little matter leads me to a very much less. Don’t pray look into the London Library for my little Escapade:<sup>2</sup> it isn’t there, never having been published at all. “In Shade let it rest,” and believe me your humble Servant,

E.FG.

I am reading Boszy’s Memoranda<sup>3</sup> published by the Grampian Club.

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<sup>1</sup> *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*.

<sup>2</sup> *Agamemnon*.

<sup>3</sup> *Boswelliana*, "a Commonplace Book of James Boswell," Charles Rogers, ed., with introductory remarks by R. M. Milnes, Lord Houghton, 1874.

To Anna Biddell  
(Fragment)

[Woodbridge]  
Dec. 1875

Thank you for the paragraph about Shelley. Somehow I don't believe the Story, in spite of Trelawny's Authority. Let them produce the Confessor who is reported to tell the Story;<sup>1</sup> otherwise one does not need any more than such a Squall as we have late had in these Seas, and yet more sudden, I believe, in those, to account for the Disaster.

I believe I told you that my Captain Newson and his Nephew, my trusty Jack, went in the Snow to the Norfolk Coast, by Cromer, to find Newson's Boy. They found him, what remained of him, in a Barn there: brought him home through the Snow by Rail thus far: and through the Snow by Boat to Felixstow, where he is to lie among his Brothers and Sisters, to the Peace of his Father's Heart.

<sup>1</sup> EFG probably refers to a letter to the *Times* from Edward Trelawny relative to the drowning of Shelley near Spezia in 1822. In November Trelawny's daughter, traveling in Italy, relayed to her father a report that an old sailor, who died in 1863, had confessed to being one of a crew on a felucca that rammed Shelley's boat to obtain money the poet was known to have taken aboard. Trelawny accepted the story as true and included it in his *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*, 2 vols., 1878, I, 196-203.

To Fanny Kemble

Woodbridge  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 29/75

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

You will say I am a very good Creature indeed, for beginning to answer your Letter the very day it reaches me. But so it happens that this same day also comes a Letter from Laurence the Painter, who tells me something of poor Minnie's Death, which answers to the



Query in your Letter. Laurence sends me Mrs. Brookfield's Note to him: from which I quote to you—no!—I will make bold to send you her Letter itself! Laurence says he is generally averse to showing others a Letter meant for himself (the little Gentleman that he is!), but he ventures in this case, knowing me to be an old friend of the Family. And so I venture to post it over the Atlantic to you who take a sincere Interest in them also. I wonder if I am doing wrong?

In the midst of all this mourning comes out a new Volume of Thackeray's Drawings—or Sketches—as I foresaw it would be, too much Caricature, not so good as much [of] his old Punch; and with none of the better things I wanted them to put in—for his sake, as well as the Community's. I do not wonder at the Publisher's obstinacy, but I wonder that Annie T. did not direct otherwise. I am convinced I can hear Thackeray saying, when such a Book as this was proposed to him—"Oh, come—there has been enough of all this"—and crumpling up the Proof in that little hand of his. For a curiously little hand he had, uncharacteristic of the grasp of his mind: I used to consider it half inherited from the Hindoo people among whom he was born.<sup>1</sup>

I dare say I told you of the Proposal to congratulate Carlyle on his eightieth Birthday; and probably some Newspaper has told you of the Address, and the Medal, and the White Satin Roll to which our eighty names were to be attached. I thought the whole Concern, Medal, Address, and Satin Roll, a very Cockney thing; and devoutly hoped my own illustrious name would arrive too late. I could not believe that Carlyle would like the Thing; but it appears by his published Answer that he did. He would not, ten years ago, I think. Now—talking of illustrious names, etc., oh, my dear Mrs. Kemble, your sincere old Regard for my Family and myself has made you say more—of one of us, at least—than the World will care to be told: even if your old Regard had not magnified our lawful Desserts. But indeed it has done so: in Quality, as well as in Quantity. I know I am not either squeamishly, or hypocritically, saying all this: I am sure I know myself better than you do, and take a juster view of my pretensions. I think you Kembles are almost Donnes in your determined regard, and (one may say) Devotion to old Friends, etc. A rare—a noble—Failing! Oh, dear!—Well, I shall not say any more: you will know that I do not the less thank you for publicly speaking of [me] as I never was spoken of before—only *too* well. Indeed, this is so; and when you come to make a Book of your Papers, I shall make you cut out something.<sup>2</sup> Don't be angry with me now—no, I know you will not.

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The Day after To-morrow I shall have your new Number; which is a Consolation (if needed) for the Month's going. And I am ever yours

E.F.G.

Oh, I must add—The Printing is no doubt the more legible; but I get on very well with your MS. when not crossed.<sup>3</sup>

Donne, I hear, is fairly well. Mowbray has had a Lift in his Inland Revenue Office, and now is secure, I believe, of Competence for Life. Charles wrote me a kindly Letter at Christmas: he sent me his own Photo: and then (at my Desire) one of his wife:—Both of which I would enclose, but that my Packet is already bulky enough. It won't go off to-night when it is written—for here (absolutely!) comes my Reader (8 P.M.) to read me a Story (very clever) in All the Year Round, and no one to go to Post just now.

Were they not pretty Verses by Hood?<sup>4</sup> I thought to make you a little miserable by them:—but you take no more notice than—what you will.

Good Night! Good Bye!—Now for Mrs. Trollope's Story, entitled "A Charming Fellow"—(very clever).

<sup>1</sup> In Calcutta, 1811. His father was the East India Co. administrator for the area.

<sup>2</sup> A passage of recollections of EFG's parents and praise of him and his works (*Atlantic Monthly*, Dec., 1875, pp. 725-26; quoted in *FitzGerald's Letters to Fanny Kemble*, pp. 92-94, and in *Letters and Literary Remains*, 1902-03, III, 200-02). Fanny deferred to EFG's wishes and omitted the passage in publishing her "Gossip" as *Records of a Girlhood*.

<sup>3</sup> That is, her typed letter of December 14 was superior to her "crossed" letter referred to in EFG's letter of August 24.

<sup>4</sup> In his last November letter.

To Samuel Laurence  
(Fragment)

Woodbridge  
Dec. 30/75

My dear Laurence,

. . . I cannot get on with Books about the Daily Life which I find rather insufferable in practice about me. I never could read Miss Austen, nor (later) the famous George Eliot. Give me People, Places, and Things, which I don't and can't see; Antiquaries, Jeanie Deans,

Dalgettys, etc. . . . As to Thackeray's, they are terrible; I really look at them on the shelf, and am half afraid to touch them. He, you know, could go deeper into the Springs of Common Action than these Ladies: wonderful he is, but not Delightful, which one thirsts for as one gets old and dry.

## To George Crabbe

Woodbridge  
ce 30 Dec<sup>re</sup>/75

Grâce à Dieu, mon cher Georges, ce Noël s'en va, et ce petit monde de Woodbridge reprend enfin son petit train. Même, on prétend que nous devrions être encore plus vifs que jamais: car, vous savez, Milord Mahon devint Milord Stanhope, et voilà que nous cherchons un autre Membre du Parlement à sa place. On ne sait rien de certain jusqu'à ce que le feu Lord soit enterré; c'est l'usage me dit-on: mais on commence à parler—de ce scélérat Tomline, n'en doutez pas: de l'autre côté on parle de Sir R. Wallace: ce serait un bien meilleur Marché. C'était Ernest Doughty qui me parlait hier de ce Coquin Tomline: de quelques bassesses qu'il fait à Martlesham, où E.D. n'a pas reçu de lui un liard pour ses pauvres depuis: (je pense qu'il est Rector là. Mon Voisin Phillips commence déjà *canvasses* (Vous voyez que je ne me sers pas de mon dictionnaire) pour ce Diable: qui lui donne trois ou quatre jours de Chasse en revanche. Je n'ai jamais *voté* (autre élégance de diction) de toute ma vie; mais vraiment, si cet homme-là se présente je me traînerai jusqu'au *polling-booth*.

Vous avez vu, peut-être, que Carlyle se montre assez—mais, très—content de notre Testimonial. Son adresse de réponse est un peu enfantin, il me semble—avec son “*beautifullest*,” etc. L'Athenaeum s'effarouche beaucoup au sujet de cette foule de “*Nobodies*” qui se sont distingués pour ces Souscriptions. “*Pourquoi pas Ruskin—Froude?*”—et probablement l'Editeur, ou le Critique lui-même. Je ne comprends pas l'absence de Froude et Ruskin.

Eh bien, je me suis servi de votre conseil, mon cher: aujourd'hui même je mande à Coutts qu'il vende le demi de mes Certificats Hollandais et m'achète des Rentes Françaises (ce que vous ne m'avez pas conseillé, soit dit en passant). Mais voilà le fait: si la Poste porte ma Lettre, et si cette Lettre s'explique à ces gens de Banque: ce dont je ne m'assure pas du tout. Mais, tôt ou tard, l'affaire s'arrangera.

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Je n'ai plus de nouvelles pour vous. Ah! la Quantité de Dindons, de Soucoupes qu'on a envoyés à Londres! Mon petit Laurence voudrait une Oie, imaginez-vous? Sa femme, il me dit, a pris cette fantaisie. Je vais l'envoyer: et je suis toujours

Votre  
E.FG.

To W. H. Thompson

[Woodbridge]  
[Early January, 1876]

*My dear Master,*

As you know something of Frederick Tennyson, I am sure you will read what I quote from a late Letter of [his] with as much Reverence as I: and with at least as much Humour too. The Grand old Child! Always believing what any little Bagman can disprove of so summarily. Frederick's last (but this one) infatuation was the Scheme of an old Gentleman to blow up the whole Mystery of Freemasonry unless they paid him for revealing their own Secret, which themselves did not know.<sup>1</sup> The last time I saw Frederick was here, on his way to Dublin to act along with this Mystic in his proposal to the Dublin Freemasons, having failed to persuade or terrify those of London. The Mystic died however before he exposed the Secret, or was himself found out.

Well: dear old F. has suffered lately from Disturbance—or rather, he thinks, incipient Paralysis—of the Brain, produced he believes (after countless medical Theories) by Chloral, which he took for some years as a Sleeping Draught. Very likely; for I have heard that Chloral accumulates—even crystallizes—in the Head. However, Frederick (who, you know, firmly believes in Spiritual Table-rappings, Drum-beatings, etc.) has now found Mesmerism as effectual in Bodily Disorder: the High Priest being Dr. Mack in London, “probably” (he says) “the most potent Mesmeriser in this World. Besides, his Diagnosis is infallible. Other Physicians must do as well as they can when they essay to look through walls of Flesh; but Dr. M. has a Couple of Clairvoyants who tell you immediately everything that is going on in your fleshly structure; and he himself, without asking you a single Question, takes you by the two hands, and if there is any unknown or known malady from which you are suffering, he feels it in his own

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Body, and there is informed without any of that cautious investigation which precedes the summing up of orthodox Doctors; and everything he says is confirmed by his Clairvoyants who are not present till called by him to confirm his statements. There cannot possibly be anything fairer than this. Judge for Yourself." The Doctor "certainly did me good in the Head: but ascertained that in the region of the kidneys and pelvis were morbid accumulations," etc., all which would have been dispelled had not F. been summoned away to a Daughter's Marriage.

Can one not see the Dr. and old F. (spectacles on) glaring at one another, face to face, and hand in hand?

Carlyle, you see, seems well pleased with his Medal, etc. "Beautifullest," etc. I began to think he was displeased with me for having hinted beforehand that I thought that doubtful: but a Note from his Niece, acknowledging a Brace of Pheasants, gives me all his old good Wishes. I still think the Address a very Cockney Concern, and that T.C. would have spit on the White Satin Roll a few years ago. But "pauvre et triste Humanité," as old Napoleon said. The Niece says he is very well and walked about thro' the deep Snow with large worsted Stockings over his Boots. And he is now reading Clough's Plutarch. No answer needed.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Pollock, [Aug. 6, 1872].

To E. B. Cowell

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*Jan. 9/76*

*My dear Cowell,*

Miss Crabbe sent me the enclosed, which she thought would interest me because of your Name occurring in it. Have you seen the Book it reviews? And what do you think of Book, and Review?

Arthur has written me that you were to be in London sometime this Holyday; so perhaps you may be there now. He tells me—on account of Elizabeth's Eyes. She too, a Sufferer in that way? You must let me hear about her, whether by your own hand, or Arthur's. I suppose you have some Oriental Work to do, for all your Holyday.

You saw that Carlyle expressed himself pleased with the offering of his Worshippers: but he has not adverted to it in two notes which

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he has since dictated to me. His Niece says he is well, and went about through the Snow in Worsted Stockings drawn over Trousers and Boots, "like a gallant Zouave," she says.

You know I never now read anything that you would care to hear about. I see by the Athenaeum that Browning and Swinburne<sup>1</sup> go on pouring out Volumes of Verse. I wonder it does not strike them it would be better to follow the old Horatian forbearance for nine years:<sup>2</sup> I suppose Gray brooded over his one little Elegy for all that time: and (with all its faults) it endures—as I think nothing which these more aspiring Geniuses do *will*. Dickens said that surely no one ever came down to Posterity with such a little Passport under his Arm:<sup>3</sup> but he *has* come, and will continue, I think.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Swinburne's *Erechtheus*, a verse tragedy, was being reviewed in current periodicals; Browning had published *The Inn Album* in November.

<sup>2</sup> Nine or ten years elapsed between the appearance of the first three books of Horace's *Odes* (23 B.C.) and the fourth (14-13). Subsequently, in one of his *Epistles*, the poet states that he had intended to abandon lyric poetry, but, in fact, he produced other works during the decade.

<sup>3</sup> "Speaking one day of Gray, the author of the Elegy, he said: 'No poet ever came walking down to posterity with so *small* a book under his arm'" (J. T. Fields, *Yesterdays with Authors*, Boston, 1871, p. 239).

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Jan. 12/76

Dear Elizabeth,

I return you the Paper, which you may wish to preserve. Of course I am very glad of any so just praise of Cowell. I did not know he was made *Doctor*,<sup>1</sup> as the Paper says.

And this very morning when your Letter comes, I have one from my little Annie, which I have desired her Sisters at Lowestoft to forward to you when they have read it. I think you will be pleased with it: and I do not want it again.

I should not have expected Cowell to come over here under any Circumstances: and, in this weather, I do not wish him. He ought not, surely, to have left home with such a Cold as you tell me he suffers from.

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Arthur—poor Arthur—did not tell me he had been ill when last he wrote: which was some ten days ago, I think—after Christmas, at any rate. He told me that, much as he should have liked to go to Cambridge, he thought it better to stay with his Mother, and help her in moving, etc. I like Arthur for being (as I think he is) fond of his Mother: whom he is not ashamed to call “Mamma”—fond too of his Sister and Brothers—and—even of his strange Father, who (I doubt not) has much in him to be liked, but scarcely to be very affectionately remembered by his Family.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Cowell had received an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from Edinburgh University the preceding April.

To Bernard Quaritch

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*Jan. 21, [1876]*

*Dear Sir,*

Herewith goes up Agamemnon whom (for one reason or another) I did not take up to revise until two days ago.<sup>1</sup> I had not looked into it since it was printed: and you see I had quite forgotten that the Speakers' names *were* printed at length over their Speeches; in very nice proportion, I think: and I suppose you will have to do the same. But *that* as you see fit.

The Book I send seems to me nicely printed and proportioned.

There are three notes, you see: at pp. 9 and 37. These, I think would do as well at the end of the Play, with due reference to pages of Text, so as not to intrude on it “*en passant*.”

But here again it is for you to judge.

Yours truly,  
E.FG.

I suppose I may as well see the proof: I can engage that there will be little—if anything—to alter *anew*; and I will be answerable for it.

<sup>1</sup> EFG had consented to a proposal by Quaritch to publish the tragedy, privately printed in 1869.

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## H. Schütz Wilson to Bernard Quaritch

185 Regent Street W  
21 Jan. 1876

Sir,

I am about to write, for a leading magazine, a paper upon the Rubáiyát of Omar. I know from my relative, the Rev<sup>d</sup> John Rodwell,<sup>1</sup> (translator of the Koran) that the translator of Omar is Mr. FitzGerald; but I should not like to mention this unless I first knew that he would allow the fact to be made public. May I ask you if you can answer, or obtain me an answer, to this question.<sup>2</sup>

I should further be glad of any particulars about so masterly a translator as Mr. FitzGerald might allow to be published.

I am Sir, Yours faithfully,

H. Schütz Wilson<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> John M. Rodwell, Rector of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, London: member of a Suffolk family.

<sup>2</sup> See EFG's response, letter to Quaritch, Jan. 25.

<sup>3</sup> Minor novelist and frequent contributor to periodicals; Wilson was the first, in England, publicly to identify EFG as Omar's translator. FitzEdward Hall had named FitzGerald in *Lippincott's Magazine*, Philadelphia, the previous February. Early reviewers directed their attention principally to commentary on Omar's philosophy. All, nevertheless, paid tribute to the aesthetic values of the translation which, Wilson stated, "reads like an original work, and that the work of a poet." The result, "masterly" (*Contemporary Review*, March 1876, pp. 559-70).

## To Anna Biddell

Woodbridge  
Jan. 23, [1876]

Now I have next to nothing to say to dear Miss Biddell; and so perhaps you will say to me when you reply: which you must do somehow. What inspires me to "take up the Pen" just now is Herman's excellent Letter in the last old Journal. I am not a Judge of the Question raised in it, but I know he writes as one who can judge and act. It is a pity, I really think, that we have not one of your Brothers for an M.P. We have surely enough of the "gallant officer" kind: likely indeed to be as good M.P.s as Officers. I am only glad that Wretch Tomline<sup>1</sup> feels as yet that he has no Chance, after his late patriotic negotiations with his Country's War Office. You saw perhaps that the Judge-Assessor all



but told him he was a Knave who dared not offer to be asked Questions in the Witness Box. And yet I dare say he thinks himself a much injured Man: so blinded is he likely to have become at his time of Life by Avarice and Self Will. What does Herman think of him now?

I have a Box of Books from Mudie's: Greville's Memoirs<sup>2</sup> which has too much of old Politics that I cannot read: but very sensible, shrewd, and (as I think) generally impartial man, writing very unaffectedly and well. From him we shall go—I and my Reader—to Untrodden Spain,<sup>3</sup> which I count on liking.

By the by, Doré's Spain—you must have it some day. Miss Bland and Loder have had it for Christmas: and Miss Lynn of Wickham is to have it one day, like you. I must toss up to see which shall be the favourite.

I have a little Aconite before my Window which persists in coming Year after Year, in spite of all Digging and Counter-digging. Mr. Churchyard, in his graceful way, used to call the poor little Flower, "New Year's Gifts." How soon one will cease to value them!

Mr. Spalding saw Mrs. Edwards two or three weeks ago and thought her looking older and more worn. *He* was out. I cannot help thinking that they feel he does not *sell*, or make way: but that may be only my Fancy.

Come! I am nearing the end of my Paper even with my little MS. I am sure that you, with a large Stride of the Pen, can do as much. Do so: tell me, at any rate, how you and your Household are, and believe me yours as ever sincerely

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> George Tomline of Orwell Park, Nacton, on the River Orwell, had been M.P. for Grimsby, Lincolnshire, and had roused EFG's ire by his zeal for buying properties. In 1867 he had purchased from the Duke of Hamilton the manor of Walton-cum-Trimley, the lordship of which carried with it many seigniorial rights and privileges. The purchase did not include Fort Landguard, which was surrounded on all sides by foreshore and common land, appurtenant to the manor.

A particular grievance of Tomline's was that the Royal Engineers, in order to insure adequate water supply for the fort, had diverted for a few feet or yards a pipe line from the course it had taken since the fort was built in 1628. Typically, Tomline did not take the matter to law, but took the law into his own hands, at one point shutting off water to the fort.

The hearing EFG refers to was held to determine the value of the land after Her Majesty's government, to prevent further turmoil, moved to acquire, under the Defence Act, all common land and foreshore around and near the fort and put an end to manorial rights and privileges attached to such land and foreshore. The inquiry was held at the Shire Hall, Ipswich, and lasted a week. Tomline had

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claimed £40,000 but was awarded £1,939 (John Henry Leslie, *The History of Fort Landguard in Suffolk*, 1898).

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Pollock, Jan. 9, 1875, n.5.

<sup>3</sup> H. J. Rose, *Untrodden Spain and her Black Country*, 2 vols., 1875. EFG sought out books on Spain to supplement his reading of *Don Quixote*. See letter to Lowell, Aug. 26, 1877.

To C. E. Norton

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
Jan. 23/76

*My dear Sir,*

Let me thank you for taking the trouble to write me about my little Books: of which I will say no more—only: do *not* send any to Carlyle; if he ever *would* have cared to see them, he would *not* if asked to do so: at least if he is what he used to be. I dare say he has forgot all about the matter by this time: if he ever should think of it again I will send him a Copy from a small Edition which that curious man Quaritch is about to print at his own risk; chiefly, if not entirely, I think, with a view to America. I had given him all the Copies I could find—to *give away*—and he advertized one for sale (the curious man!) as *from the Library of some Honourable Litterateur!* I suppose he thought to do me a good turn: but I did not think so at all. However, there is enough of it.

I suppose you may see one of the Carlyle Medallions: and you can judge better of the Likeness than I, who have not been to Chelsea, and hardly out of Suffolk, these fifteen years and more. I dare say it is like him: but his Profile is not his best phase. In two notes dictated by him since that Business he has not adverted to it: I think he must be a little ashamed of it, though it would not do to say so in return, I suppose. And yet I think he might have declined the Honours of a Life of "Heroism." I have no doubt he would have played a Brave Man's Part if called on; but, meanwhile, he has only sat pretty comfortably at Chelsea, scolding all the world for not being Heroic, and not always very precise in telling them how. He has, however, been so far heroic, as to be always independent, whether of Wealth, Rank, and Coteries of all sorts: nay, apt to fly in the face of some who courted him. I suppose he is changed, or subdued, at eighty: but up to the last ten years he seemed to me just the same as when I first knew him thirty-five years ago. What a Fortune he might have made by showing him-

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self about as a Lecturer, as Thackeray and Dickens did; I don't mean they did it for Vanity: but to make money: and *that* to spend generously. Carlyle did indeed lecture near forty years ago before he was a Lion to be shown, and when he had but few Readers. I heard his "Heroes" which now seems to me one of his best Books. He looked very handsome then, with his black hair, fine Eyes, and a sort of crucified Expression.

I know of course (in Books) several of those you name in your Letter: Longfellow, whom I may say I love, and so (I see) can't call him *Mister*: and Emerson whom I admire, for I don't feel that I know the Philosopher so well as the Poet: and Mr. Lowell's "Among my Books" is among mine. I also have always much liked—I think rather loved—O. W. Holmes. I scarce know why I never could take to that man of true Genius, Hawthorne. *There* is a little of my Confession of Faith about your Countrymen, and I should say *mine*, if I were not more Irish than English, but yours sincerely

E. FitzGerald

To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge  
Jan. 25/76

Dear Sir,

I am much obliged to Mr. Wilson<sup>1</sup> for his Good Word, and Good Deed, "re" Omar and myself.

As for my Name. I always told you it would do both of us more harm than good by appearing on Title page or in Advertisement. *Good*, it could not; so many E.FG.'s; no one of them celebrated but the Lord of that name.

Why, there is one beside myself in this very Woodbridge, an Ex-policeman; there lately was another, a Parson, in a neighbouring Village; you knew another to your Cost.<sup>2</sup> In fact one of us was generally hanged in Ireland once a Year till the Law was altered—

Shall all these dispute my Glory?

My name was only put to those first six Plays of Calderon to distinguish them from those of Mr. MacCarthy which came out the same year, and almost the same month.

So much for Title pages, etc. As to Reviews; as I suppose that one of us is known to be the Culprit by several among the small Circles of

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Omarians. Mr. Wilson will do as he finds most convenient to himself in naming one of us as the understood Translator, or simply saying "The Translator" in the Review he kindly proposes, and which of course I shall be glad of.

You can if you choose advertize Agamemnon in your Catalogue as "by the Translator of Omar"—which will have all the more force after Mr. Wilson's Review, I hope.

But I am afraid you will only provoke the Jealous Gods by printing me as if I were a Browning. And the Danger more because of so many of The Gods knowing more of Greek than of Persian. But I suppose you make your Calculation.

Thank you—as once before—for your Invitation to your pleasant Haverstock.<sup>3</sup> But I scarce ever go to London now; and when I do, only to be back the same Day, without looking up even fifty-year-old Friends. But I remain theirs and yours always

One of the E.FG.'s

<sup>1</sup> H. Schütz Wilson.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Marlborough Fitzgerald.

<sup>3</sup> Quaritch's residence in Hampstead, 3 Haverstock Terrace.

## To Fanny Kemble

*Woodbridge*

*Febr 2/76*

Now, my dear Mrs. Kemble, I have done you a little good turn. Some days ago I was talking to my Brother John (I dared not show him!) of what you had said of my Family in your Gossip. He was extremely interested: and wished much that I [would] convey you his old hereditary remembrances. But, beside that, he wished you to have a Miniature of your Mother which my Mother had till she died. It is a full length; in a white Dress, with blue Scarf, looking and tending with extended Arms upward in a Blaze of Light. My Brother had heard my Mother's History of the Picture, but could not recall it.<sup>1</sup> I fancy it was before your Mother's Marriage. The Figure is very beautiful, and the Face also: like your Sister Adelaide, and your Brother Henry both. I think you will be pleased with this: and my Brother is very pleased that you should have it. Now, how to get it over to you is the Question; I believe I must get my little Quaritch, the Bookseller, who has a great American connection, to get it safely over to you.

But if you know of any surer means, let me know. It is framed: and would look much better if some black edging were streaked into the Gold Frame; a thing I sometimes do only with a strip of Black Paper. The old Plan of Black and Gold Frames is much wanted where Yellow predominates in the Picture. Do you know I have a sort of Genius for Picture-framing, which is an Art People may despise, as they do the Milliner's: but you know how the prettiest Face may be hurt, and the plainest improved, by the Bonnet; and I find that (like the Bonnet, I suppose) you can only judge of the Frame, by trying it on. I used to tell some Picture Dealers they had better hire me for such Millinery: but I have not had much Scope for my Art down here. So now you have a little Lecture along with the Picture.

Now, as you are to thank me for this good turn done to you, so have I to thank you for Ditto to me. The mention of my little Quaritch reminds me. He asked me for copies of Agamemnon, to give to some of his American Customers who asked for them; and I know from whom they must have somehow heard of it. And now, what Copies I had being gone, he is going, at his own risk, to publish a little Edition. The worst is, he *will* print it pretentiously, I fear, as if one thought it very precious: but the Truth is, I suppose he calculates on a few Buyers who will give what will repay him. One of my Patrons, Professor Norton, of Cambridge Mass., has sent me a second Series of Lowell's "Among my Books," which I shall be able to acknowledge with sincere praise. I had myself bought the first Series. Lowell may do for English Writers something as Ste. Beuve has done for French: and one cannot give higher Praise.

There has been an absurd Bout in the Athenaeum between Miss Glyn and some Drury Lane Authorities.<sup>2</sup> She wrote a Letter to say that she would not have played Cleopatra in a revival of Antony and Cleopatra for £1000 a line, I believe, so curtailed and mangled was it. Then comes a Miss Wallis, who played the Part, to declare that "the Veteran" (Miss G.) had wished to play the Part as it was acted: and furthermore comes Mr. Halliday, who somehow manages and adapts at D. L., to assert that the Veteran not only wished to enact the Desecration, but did enact it for many nights when Miss Wallis was indisposed. Then comes Isabel forward again—but I really forget what she said. I never saw her but once—in the Duchess of Malfi—very well: better, I dare say, than anybody now; but one could not remember a Word, a Look, or an Action. She speaks in her Letter of being brought up in the grand School and Tradition of the Kembles.

I am glad, somehow, that you liked Macready's Reminiscences: so

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honest, so gentlemanly in the main, so pathetic even in his struggles to be a better Man and Actor. You, I think, feel with him in your Distaste for the Profession.

I write you tremendous long Letters, which you can please yourself about reading through. I shall write Laurence your message of Remembrance to him. I had a longish Letter from Donne, who spoke of himself as well enough, only living by strict Rule in Diet, Exercise, etc.

We have had some remarkable Alternations of Cold and Hot here too: but nothing like the extremes you tell me of on the other side of the Page.

Lionel Tennyson (second Son), who answered my half-yearly Letter to his father, tells me they had heard that Annie Thackeray was well in health, but—as you may imagine in Spirits.

And I remain yours always  
E.FG.

How is it my Atlantic Monthly is not yet come?

<sup>1</sup> A few days after Fanny Kemble received the miniature, H. H. Furness, without knowledge of John FitzGerald's gift, gave her "an old engraving of my mother in the character of Urania, . . . which was undoubtedly the original of Mrs. FitzGerald's miniature" (*Further Records*, I, 250-51). See letters of March 16, 1876, and April 25, [1879].

<sup>2</sup> The "bout," pitting Isabel Glyn against Ellen Wallis and Andrew Halliday, producer of an abridged *Antony and Cleopatra* that had recently closed after a run of 80 nights, took place in the January 1, 15, 22, and 29 issues of the *Athenaeum*. Except for one point, EFG's summary is accurate. There is no evidence that Miss Glyn performed as an understudy. When approached, Halliday stated, she "assented at once" on condition that "she should be allowed to play *Cleopatra* till the end of the run."

To C. E. Norton

[Woodbridge]  
[February 7, 1876]

My dear Sir,

I will not look on the Book you have sent me as any Return for the Booklet I sent you, but as a free and kindly Gift.<sup>1</sup> I really don't know that you could have sent me a better. I have read it with more continuous attention and gratification than I now usually feel, and always (as Lamb suggested) well disposed to say Grace after reading.

Seeing what Mr. Lowell has done for Dante, Rousseau, etc., one does not wish him to be limited in his Subjects: but I do wish he would do for English Writers what Ste. Beuve has done for French. Mr. Lowell so far goes along with him as to give so much of each Writer's Life as may illustrate his Writings; he has more Humour (in which alone I fancy S.B. somewhat wanting), more extensive Reading, I suppose; and a power of metaphorical Illustration which (if I may say so) seems to me to want only a little reserve in its use: as was the case perhaps with Hazlitt. But Mr. Lowell is not biassed by Hazlitt's (by *anybody's*, so far as I can see) party or personal prejudices; and altogether seems to me the man most fitted to do this Good Work, where it has not (as with Carlyle's Johnson) been done, for good and all, before. Of course, one only wants the Great Men, in their kind: Chaucer, Pope (Dryden being done), and perhaps some of the "minora sidera" clustered together, as Hazlitt has done them. Perhaps all this will come forth in some future Series even now gathering in Mr. Lowell's Head. However that may be, this present Series will make me return to some whom I have not lately looked up. Dante's face I have not seen these ten years: only his Back on my Book Shelf. What Mr. Lowell says of him recalled to me what Tennyson said to me some thirty-five or forty years ago. We were stopping before a shop in Regent Street where were two Figures of Dante and Goethe. I (I suppose) said, "What is there in old Dante's Face that is missing in Goethe's?" And Tennyson (whose Profile then had certainly a remarkable likeness to Dante's) said: "The Divine." Then Milton; I don't think I've read him these forty years; the whole Scheme of the Poem, and certain Parts of it, looming as grand as anything in my Memory; but I never could read ten lines together without stumbling at some Pedantry that tipped me at once out of Paradise, or even Hell, into the Schoolroom, worse than either. Tennyson again used to say that the two grandest of all Similes were those of the Ships hanging in the Air, and "the Gunpowder one," which he used slowly and grimly to enact, in the Days that are no more. He certainly then thought Milton the sublimest of all the Gang; his Diction modelled on Virgil, as perhaps Dante's.

Spenser, I never could get on with, and (spite of Mr. Lowell's good word) shall still content myself with such delightful Quotations from him as one lights upon here and there: the last from Mr. Lowell. Then, old "Daddy Wordsworth," as he was sometimes called, I am afraid—from my Christening—he is now, I suppose, passing under the Eclipse consequent on the Glory which followed his obscure Rise.

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I remember fifty years ago at our Cambridge, when the Battle was fighting for him by the Few against the Many of us who only laughed at "Louisa in the Shade," etc. His Brother was then Master of Trinity College; like all Wordsworths (unless the drowned Sailor) pompous and priggish. He used to drawl out the Chapel responses so that we called him the "Mēēserable Sinner" and his Brother the "Mēēserable Poet." Poor fun enough: but I never can forgive the Lakers all who first despised, and then patronized, "Walter Scott," as they loftily called him: and *He*, dear, noble, Fellow, thought they were quite justified. Well, your Emerson has done him far more Justice than his own Countryman Carlyle, who won't allow him to be a Hero in any way, but sets up such a cantankerous narrow-minded Bigot as John Knox in his stead. I *did* go to worship at Abbotsford, as to Stratford on Avon: and saw that it was good to have so done. If you, if Mr. Lowell, have not lately read it, pray read Lockhart's account of his Journey to Douglas Dale on (I think) July 18 or 19, 1831. It is a piece of Tragedy, even to the muttering Thunder, like the Lammermuir, which does not look very small beside Peter Bell and Co.

My dear Sir, this is a desperate Letter; and that last Sentence will lead to another dirty little Story about my Daddy: to which you must listen or I should feel like the Fine Lady in one of Vanbrugh's Plays, "Oh my God, that you won't listen to a Woman of Quality when her Heart is bursting with Malice!" And perhaps you on the other Side of the Great Water may be amused with a little of your old Granny's Gossip.

Well then: about 1826, or 7, Professor Airy (now our Astronomer Royal) and his Brother William<sup>2</sup> called on the Daddy at Rydal. In the course of Conversation Daddy mentioned that sometimes when genteel Parties came to visit him, he contrived to slip out of the room, and down the garden walk to where "The Party's" travelling Carriage stood. This Carriage he would look into to see what Books they carried with them: and he observed it was generally "Walter Scott's." It was Airy's Brother (a very veracious man, and an Admirer of Wordsworth, but, to be sure, more of Sir Walter) who told me this. It is this Conceit that diminishes Wordsworth's Stature among us, in spite of the Mountain Mists he lived among. Also, a little Stinginess; not like Sir Walter in that! I remember Hartley Coleridge telling us at Ambleside how Professor Wilson and some one else (H.C. himself perhaps) stole a Leg of Mutton from Wordsworth's Larder for the fun of the Thing.

Here then is a long Letter of old World Gossip from the old Home.



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I hope it won't tire you out: it need not, you know. But pray believe me with sincere thanks

Yours sincerely  
E. FitzGerald

P.S. By way of something better from the old World, I post you Hazlitt's own Copy of his *English Poets*,<sup>3</sup> with a few of his marks for another Edition in it. If you like to keep it, pray do: if you like better to give it to Hazlitt's successor, Mr. Lowell, do that *from yourself*.

P.S. Imprimis. I addressed you as *Esquire*, because I had done so when you were [in] London, where (I was told by another Professor) People liked to leave their Seats behind them. I forgot my manners when you were back to your *Roost*.

<sup>1</sup> Lowell's *Among My Books*, Second Series, 1876.

<sup>2</sup> George Airy and EFG's friend, the Reverend William Airy who had died in 1874.

<sup>3</sup> *Lectures on the English Poets*, 1818. The book, a first edition, is now in the Houghton Library, Harvard.

To George Crabbe

Woodbridge  
le 15 Février/76

*Mon cher Georges,*

Vraiment vous m'avez écrit une lettre très amusante: je l'ai reçue ce matin même:—je ne sais si j'aurais répondu si tôt mais enfin mon Lecteur n'arrive pas ce soir-même à huit heures et demie, quoique la Pluie est toute passée, et voilà l'Orion tout fier et magnifique, avec sa ceinture enflammée son Epée resplendissante et son Chien de Train se pavanant dans le Sud: Mais le Lecteur ne se révèle pas avec Orion: ainsi je me mets à mon Bureau, et je commence une réponse: peut-être qu'elle ne sera pas finie jusqu'à demain. C'est égal.

Ce Lecteur m'a lu *Journal du Shah de la Perse*, dont je me suis assez réjoui. Il me paraît un brave bon homme, qui voyageait les yeux ouverts, qui s'instruit, et qui s'explique en tout cas avec une simplicité point du tout Orientale. J'ai aussi parcouru, plutôt que lu, les *Mémoires de Gréville*; il y avait trop de fade Politique pour l'y fier au mot par mot procès de mon Lecteur (Je doute si cette dernière phrase se fait entendre—n'importe). Mais enfin je me suis assez amusé en parcourant *Greville* avec mes propres yeux. . . .<sup>1</sup> ma voisine.

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Miss Bland, qui—à ce moment même, je pense—s'enfonce dans ce Livre—elle me mande qu'elle aime cette vieille Politique, dont elle se souvient presque aussi longtemps que moi-même—l'ancienne Demoiselle. Car elle m'avouait ses soixante quatre ans, l'année passée. C'est une assez brave femme: et je prends plaisir à lui prêter de ces livres, et à lui faire de petites offrandes quelquefois—soit un poulet, des oeufs, une paire de Pigeons etc. Et elle est si tout à fait "*Lady*" qu'elle recoit ces petites amitiés sans excuse et sans compliments banaux.

Voici une Semaine Sainte à Woodbridge. C'est-à-dire, de "*Missions*." Votre Evêque de Norwich prêchait trois fois (le pauvre homme) Dimanche: hier au Soir quelque Missionnaire à St. Mary's, dont mes vieux gens (Howe) ne se tiraient qu'à peu pres neuf heures et demie. Ce soir, je les ai envoyés à l'Hôtel de ville où l'on attendait le renommé Mons<sup>r</sup> Fowler de Gunton pour Prophète: mais mes vieillards reviennent de trop bonne heure: "pourquoi ça?" je leur demande, en patrouillant (?) mon Jardin—Parceque le Prophète se trouvait malade; et il n'y avait qu'un Mons<sup>r</sup> Wood pour remplacer sa place. Alors les bonnes gens se précipitent chez soi. Notre bon Mons<sup>r</sup> Holesgrove, avec sa bonne femme, nous laisse bientôt: quelqu'un lui a donné un petit *Living*, je ne sais pas où. N'etes-vous pas content de ce Fou de Folkestone? Aussi du sage Maconochie (certes, ce dernier doit être Irlandais—ou Ecossais?) du sagissime Evêque de Lincoln (L'Evêque du sage Hatherley et Gladstone avec son titre de "Reverend"? Vraiment ces fous ont tant avancé qu'il leur faudra avancer à Rome où se rendre à la Loi.

Voila Neuf Heures déjà sonnées; mon papier s'est rempli (sans Dictionnaire!) mes yeux sont assez fatigués:—je vais chercher un Biscuit, un verre de Sherry—peut-etre deux—après cela, une Pipe de Tabac—Enfin—Bonsoir-Bonne Nuit à nous deux.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Edge of letter torn.

To Fanny Kemble

Woodbridge  
Febr 17/76

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

I ought to have written before to apprise you of your Mother's Miniature being sent off:—by Post. On consideration, we judged that

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to be the safest and speediest way: the Post Office here telling us that it was not too large or heavy so to travel: without the Frame. As, however, our Woodbridge Post Office is not very well-informed, I shall be very glad to hear it has reached you, in its double case: wood within, and tin without (quite unordered and unnecessary), which must make you think you receive a present of Sardines. You lose, you see, the Benefit of my exalted Taste in respect of Framing, which I had settled to perfection. Pray get a small Frame, concaving inwardly (Ogee pattern, I believe), which leads the Eyes into the Picture: whereas a Frame convexing outwardly leads the Eye away from the Picture; a very good thing in many cases, but not needed in this. I dare say the Picture (faded as it is) will look poor to you till enclosed and set off by a proper Frame. And the way is, as with a Bonnet (on which you know much depends even with the fairest face), to try one on before ordering it home. That is, if you choose to indulge in some more ornamental Frame than the quite simple one I have before named. Indeed, I am not sure if the Picture would not look best in a plain gold Flat (as it is called) without Ogee, or any ornament whatsoever. But try it on first: and then you can at least please yourself, if not the Terrible Modiste who now writes to you. My Brother is very anxious you should have the Picture, and wrote to me again to send you his hereditary kind Regards. I ought to be sending you his Note—which I have lost. Instead of that, I enclose one from poor Laurence to whom I wrote your kind message; and am as ever

Yours  
E.FG.

You will let me know if the Picture has not arrived before this Note reaches you?

<sup>1</sup> See February 2 letter to Fanny Kemble.

To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge  
Febr 17, [1876]

Dear Sir,

I have troubled you before as to sending a parcel to America.

Now, it is only a small Book which would go quite well by Post; but if you know of a safer way—as in any parcel over the Atlantic—

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I should be glad to send it by the safest—to Professor Norton of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Yours truly,  
E.F.G.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
Feb. 17/76

*My dear Wright,*

I am sorry to have troubled you—busy man—when I might as well have “writ” to the Treasurer at once. However, now that I have gone thus far, I trouble you with my Subscription—whether Enough or not I forget—Voila!

Your “occupied” is capital. Does it throw any light on “Othello’s occupation’s gone.”

It struck me the other day that if you and your Colleague<sup>1</sup> (how is he, poor Fellow?) *altered* Shikspur—which I don’t think you should have done—only *omitted*—as good old Bowdler does—you might—instead of your curtailed Bagpipe—have written—

Cannot contain their *passion*—<sup>2</sup>

which leaves the meaning apt to Body or Soul—if they be—but it is *Mission* week here, and I won’t finish the sentence.

Do you go to see Irving or Salvini, etc., in Shikspur? Oh, go, go! I dare say Irving is pretty bad.

My Shikspur reminds me of Thackeray once asking Carlyle how he got on with “Oliver Crummles.” “Oh, Thackeray, Thackeray! You’re too bad!”

But how that Ancient took the Masson—ic dose! That comes of living to eighty, “Which that we may all do may God,” etc. As the Divine said after quoting some Text about “Mercy and Truth have kissed each other.”

Now, here is a little good fun in answer to your scant Epistles. But I know you are a busy man. Do you know Mowbray Donne’s capital Story about Salvini—mentioned above?

Now, I want you, when next you come these ways, to bring my old Alfred Volume—not for me to keep at all—but to see—and add a word or two. The Volume is *yours*, by these Presents: and so I will

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write (if you like) on the Title page: but I can't read him out of the new Editions: and altogether think he had better have shut up after 1842. But he said, and I dare say, says things to be remembered: decisive Verdicts; which I hope some one makes note of—post me memoranda.

Ever yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> W. G. Clark, collaborator with Wright until 1872.

<sup>2</sup> *Merchant of Venice*, IV.1. 49-50.

To W. F. Pollock

Woodbridge  
March 5, [1876]

*My dear Pollock,*

I have taken Courage to write my yearly Letter to Spedding—telling him I shall be content if he answers me only in print: if that print be of any Paper of his. And now you see I launch another Person's MS at you: Mrs. Kemble's, whose words about Macready I fancy you may like to read. You need not return it, nor make me any answer if you be busy or disinclined.

I saw your name in the Paper as being present at Professor Tyn-dall's Marriage:<sup>1</sup> also that of Thomas Carlyle. Was he "Best Man"? I also saw too that he attended Forster's Funeral:<sup>2</sup> which must have been a rather touching sight. I am sorry Forster did not complete his Swift, though I suppose (not having read what is out) that he would have gone the anti-Thackeray extreme—just as he tried to make a Solomon of Goldsmith in opposition to what such fools as Johnson, Reynolds, and that envious Coterie thought. One must perhaps be "un peu Irlandais" oneself to understand that case: as also Burke. I suppose Forster had not much humour.

Though I date from my home, I am writing at Lowestoft; whither I brought Mad<sup>e</sup> de Sévigné along with me—you know, not a Book, but a living Woman—of the best. Of course, too much about her "precieuse" Daughter: but all sincere, and wonderful for the unpremeditated variety and grace of repetition. The Letters from the *Country* seem to me best of all: wonderful for a French woman of that time. One sees where our friend Walpole formed himself, and no blame to him neither. Bless them both!

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Then I bought Little Dorrit at the Stall: not read since it came out: with not very much worth reading, but yet (as in all D.'s later and inferior works) with better bits than in his earlier and better. Such is old Dorrit's, after twelve years confinement in the Marshalsea,<sup>3</sup> wondering—or affecting to wonder at—the St. Bernard Monk contenting himself with his narrow bounds of world.

Pray make my very kind Remembrances to Lady Pollock, and believe me yours as heretofore

E.F.G.

[FitzGerald's enclosure from Mrs. Kemble's letter:]

"I liked Macready's Book extremely, and felt a sense of loss in not having known a man with such an inveterate mind to be good—the book touched me immensely and made me feel quite sorry I had not known him better. You are mistaken however if you think that my distaste for the Profession of an Actor was the same as his. He was able to feel enthusiastic about the exercise of it—to study it, to think it *in itself* a thing worth doing—and worth succeeding—being great in—for itself—what he disliked it for was what he considered its inferior *social position* to other callings and the disadvantage at which he thought Actors stood in the world's esteem compared with men of other professions—a consideration for which I have no sympathy whatever. *The occupation itself* seemed to me a *paltry* one—and a pernicious one in some respects and I despised it for its own sake—and hated it for the personal exhibition it involved which went against the stomach of my pride immensely. As for the social estimate of the profession and its *professors* it is in the main a right one, in my opinion."

<sup>1</sup> John Tyndall, lecturer in sciences at the Royal Institution, 1853-87.

<sup>2</sup> John Forster, historian, and friend and biographer of Dickens, died February 1, 1876.

<sup>3</sup> London prison for debtors.

To W. B. Donne

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
March 15, 1876

My dear old Friend,

I was very glad to have your letter giving so fair an account of your health; and you see that I lose no time in telling you so—there

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has been but a Cup of Coffee between my reading and now replying to it. To Mowbray I wrote only two days ago, I think; in reply to a letter from him. I think it very good of him to write to me, so much other writing as he doubtless has to do; and his letters are always very agreeable in all respects, especially when they tell me that you are well.

I ventured a letter to Spedding a week ago—really my one yearly letter—saying I should be well contented with any printed Paper of his by way of answer. That, I suppose, will ensure his silence. Mowbray tells me he had met him once or twice lately—"younger than ever" and as pleasantly "paradoxical," all which is good news to me. Perhaps he will write to me in his own good time.

Yes, I too was touched by Carlyle's attendance at Funeral and Wedding!<sup>1</sup> a thing he would scarce have done when a younger and stronger man. Like you I can now think of him as "dear old Carlyle" which I had not thought of before. I wonder if he sometimes meditates on his old acerbities and thinks they have not come to much.

Pollock, to whom I sent a page of Mrs. Kemble's letter containing warm and sincere praise of Macready's book, wishing she had known, when she knew him what a good Man he was. Pollock has written me among other things, that he hardly knows what to say of Irving's two last Shakespeares. But Miladi, it appears, continues her worship, which I presume is duly returned by her God—to whom she turns the same look when he sets, etc.

I wrote Mowbray how very much pleased Mrs. Kemble is with a full-length miniature of her Mother before her marriage with Charles Kemble in character of "Urania." Mrs. K. thinks and I begin to fancy (as she does) that I remember an old engraving of it, which I have begged Mrs. Edwards to look for. The Miniature was my Mother's, and (my Brother thinks) my Grandfather's before her; it is quite like Adelaide, when young. It is my Brother who wished to make this Present to Mrs. K.; and she returns him very warm thanks, which we know are always sincere,

As I am ever yours  
E.FG.

P.S. My dear Donne, I must add this scrap to tell you of an article in last Saturday's "Spectator" about "Tacitus' Annals," which you may like to see, and which you can judge of better than I. Of this I tell you with some little hesitation, as the Paper has been sent me, because of its containing a laudation of "Omar K.," which I daresay you will agree

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with also. But certainly it is for "Tacitus" not for "Omar K." that I refer you to the "Spectator."<sup>2</sup> Indeed I should have cut the "Tacitus" out, and sent it to you along with this letter, but that I sent the whole Paper last night to Miss Crabbe—to whom I do send all my few laudations, because she takes more than enough interest in all that concerns one who is so connected with old Bredfield days. I am sure you will understand all this.

I thought of you when I read the "Tacitus" Paper, which has come to Mind again just when I had finished my letter to you.

<sup>1</sup> The funeral of John Forster. The wedding was that of John Tyndall.

<sup>2</sup> An excellent critique of EFG's poem and of Omar as "a great poet of denial and revolt." "It is somewhat a disgrace to us," the critic observed, "that such a translation of such a poem should have been amongst us for fifteen years without becoming generally known" (*The Spectator*, March, 1876, pp. 334-36). Donne wrote to F. H. Groome a few days later: "I am so delighted at the glory E.F.G. has gained by his translation of the Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyam. The 'Contemporary Review' and the 'Spectator' newspaper! It is full time that Fitz should be disinterred, and exhibited to the world as one of the most gifted of Britons" (*Two Suffolk Friends*, p. 86).

## To Fanny Kemble

Lowestoft  
March 16/76

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

Directly that you mentioned "Urania," I began to fancy I remembered her too. And we are both right; I wrote to a London friend to look out for the Engraving: and I post it to you along with this Letter. If it do not reach you in some three weeks, let me know, and I will send another.

The Engraving stops short before the Feet: the Features are coarser than the Painting: which makes me suppose that it (Engraving) is from the Painting: or from some Painting of which yours is a Copy—(I am called off here to see the Procession of Batty's Circus parade up the street—)

The Procession is past: the Clowns, the Fine Ladies (who should wear a little Rouge even by Daylight), the "performing" Elephants, the helmeted Cavaliers, and last, the Owner (I suppose) as "the modern Gentleman" driving four-in-hand.

This intoxication over, I return to my Duties—to say that the Engraving is from a Painting by "P. Jean," engraved by Vendramini:



published by John Thompson in 1802, and dedicated to the "Hon. W. R. Spencer"—(who, I suppose, was the "Vers-de Société" Man of the Day; and perhaps the owner of the original: whether now yours, or not. All this I tell you in case the Print should not arrive in fair time: and you have but to let me know, and another shall post after it.

I have duly written my Brother your thanks for his Present, and your sincere Gratification in possessing it. He is very glad it has so much pleased you. But he can only surmise thus much more of its history—that it belonged to my Grandfather before my Mother: he being a great lover of the Theatre, and going every night I believe to old Covent Garden or old Drury Lane—names really musical to me—old Melodies.

I think I wrote to you about the Framing. I always say of that, as of other Millinery (on which so much depends), the best way is—to try on the Bonnet before ordering it; which you can do by the materials which all Carvers and Gilders in this Country keep by them. I have found even my Judgment—the Great Twalmley's Judgment—sometimes thrown out by not condescending to this; in this, as in so many other things, so very little making all the Difference. I should not think that Black next the Picture would do so well: but try, try: try on the Bonnet: and if you please yourself—inferior Modiste as you are—why, so far so good.

Donne, who reports himself as very well (always living by Discipline and Rule), tells me that he has begged you to return to England if you would make sure of seeing him again. I told Pollock of your great Interest in Macready: I too find that I am content to have bought the Book, and feel more interest in the Man than in the Actor. My Mother used to know him once: but I never saw him in private till once at Pollock's after his retirement: when he sat quite quiet, and (as you say) I was sorry not to have made a little Advance to him, as I heard he had a little wished to see me because of that old Acquaintance with my Mother. I should like to have told him how much I liked much of his Performance; asked him why he would say "Amen stu-u-u-ck in my Throat" (which was a bit of wrong, as well as vulgar, Judgment, I think). But I looked on him as the great Man of the Evening, unassuming as he was: and so kept aloof, as I have ever done from all Celebrities—yourself among them—who I thought must be wearied enough of Followers and Devotees—unless those of Note.

I am now writing in the place—in the room—from which I wrote ten years ago—it all recurs to me—with Montaigne for my Company,

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and my Luggier about to be built. Now I have brought Madame de Sévigné (who loved Montaigne too—the capital Woman!) and the Luggier—Ah, there is a long sad Story about that!—which I won't go into—

Little Quaritch seems to have dropt Agamemnon, Lord of Hosts, for the present: and I certainly am not sorry, for I think it would only have been abused by English Critics: with some, but not all, Justice. You are very good in naming your American Publisher, but I suppose it must be left at present with Quaritch, to whom I wrote a "Permit," so long as I had nothing to do with it.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

To Collector of Customs, Woodbridge

*Little Grange: Woodbridge  
March 18/76*

I hereby attest that I have known John Howe<sup>1</sup> for fourteen Years: and always known him for a very sober, honest, truthful, and peaceably-minded, Man: quite domestic in his habits and given to no bad habit whatsoever, so far as I know of myself or have heard from general report. He is one that I should entirely trust myself, and doubt not that he is quite fitted for the Post he would fill.

Edward FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> John A. Howe, former second hand on the *Scandal*; son of John and Mary Howe, who kept house for EFG at Little Grange. The recommendation supported "Jack's" successful application for appointment as an inspector of customs. (Information supplied by Mrs. John Gray and Grace Howe, John A. Howe's daughters. Mrs. Gray, Mary Ann, lived with her grandparents at Little Grange for 15 years from the age of five until EFG's death in 1883. EFG agreed to the arrangement "because he liked to have children around.")

To Mrs. Cowell

*12 Marine Terrace: Lowestoft  
March 29, [1876]*

*Dear Elizabeth,*

Thank you for your warm expression of Regard. Quaritch sent me the Review and Spectator,<sup>1</sup> which I should have liked well enough if

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they had pitched their Praise somewhat lower. And you will see that any next Critic who shall care to take up the subject will only do so to pull one to pieces, irritated by fore-gone Praise. But I am now too old to care much about all this, one way or other. On Friday next—March 31—I shall have completed my 67th Year and during it have felt some intimations that make me doubt if I shall have much Praise or Blame to survive, or, at any rate, to be conscious of.

I shall be very glad to see Maria's new Book:<sup>2</sup> which is sure to be very acceptable to my Nieces here—the two Elder, I mean. Annie and Lusie are in Florence: but talk of coming home this Spring.

I read that First Chapter of Maria's "Sequel" only a short time ago—not with dry Eyes. It is very beautiful: and I am glad that I pulled one feather out of it that I think was a Blot on the rest.

I have not heard anything of poor Arthur lately: the last was, Mowbray Donne's writing that he looked unwell. You know perhaps that I introduced Arthur to Mowbray and his Wife.

When I look back again on your Letter, my dear Lady, I think I ought to feel ashamed of what you write—but then it is your old way, you know, and *I* know it is sincere. Cowell ought to have done the Mesnavi years ago, and then the Critics would have had something else to find out, and deeper.

I suppose you don't go away from Cambridge for Easter. And when Summer Vacation comes, away you will go to Wales, I suppose. If I could screw Courage up, I really should like to go to Brittany: partly to see my dear Sévigné's Place. Lusie Kerrich has *something* of her.

Ever yours and Cowell's

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Praise induced by the recent reviews of the *Rubáiyát*. See letter to Donne, Mar. 15, n.2.

<sup>2</sup> *Oliver of the Mill*, by Maria Charlesworth, Mrs. Cowell's sister.

## To George Crabbe

12 Marine Terrace: Lowestoft  
Mars 29/76

*Mon cher Georges,*

Voici une assez triste lettre de Mons<sup>r</sup> Spalding. On voit là, comme toujours, de la délicatesse presque poétique dans son caractère et dans son langage. Peut-être que c'est ce goût supérieur de l'homme qui l'a un peu gâté pour le marchand: on s'étonna toujours qu'il laissât ses

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affaires pour aller chercher des oiseaux, des plantes, des "fossils," des livres, des Faïences, etc.: comme si c'aurait été un gentilhomme oisif. Mais ceci n'explique pas la cause de sa faillite; on ne conçoit pas comment un homme d'aussi bon sens que de bon goût se plongeât dans une tel embarras; et cependant toujours gai. Cela sent plus nous Irlandais que vous autres *Britons*. Il faut espérer que ce bouleversement ne lui [fera] aucun mal sérieux, soit corporel, soit spirituel.

(Les Oiseaux dont il parle sont de "Stuffed Birds," préparés très soigneusement par les mains de son Père. Il faut les acheter pour le fils, qui aimait et respectait ce Père fort loyalement.)

Oui, le petit Juif de Piccadilly, Quaritch, m'envoya une "Contemporary" et un "Spectator" avec les Revues dont vous m'instruisiez. Tous deux sont un peu—et plus—excessifs dans leurs louanges (c'est drôle, après quinze ans—mais peut-être qu'ils s'amuse avec un tel déterrement) des louanges qui, à la mode de ces critiques, effaroucheront quelqu'autre contre moi, si quelqu'autre s'avise de moi. C'est une toute petite chose: et ne m'intéresse que très peu à mon âge. Savez-vous que ce vendredi prochain—le 31 Mars—j'aurai achevé mes soixante-six Ans? En vérité je ne m'assure pas du tout d'un autre: c'est à dire je ne m'assure pas d'une Santé qu'on puisse nommer la Vie. J'ai senti mes forces diminuer depuis un An: les jambes d'un côté, et la Tête de l'autre s'affaiblir: je vous l'ai dit: je le sens presque toujours: c'est assez dit: personne n'a moindre droit de se plaindre jusqu'à présent. Buvez un verre à ma mémoire, mon cher, ce Vendredi fatal.

Voilà le Vent à S.W. et quelque pressentiment du Printemps dans l'air. Une belle Barque Italienne se heurta près d'ici sur le "Scroby Land" et maintenant se brise à vue d'oeil à l'entrée du Port.

Toujours à vous  
Votre plus que Sexagénaire

To Mrs. Cowell

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
April 8/76

Dear Elizabeth,

I am sorry that you took the trouble to write your second Letter—writing being a trouble to you, you say. And Cowell really must now mend his ways: not work *double-tides* for others, and take care of his Eyes. I can't get a Nephew of mine here—rather younger, I think, than E.B.C.—to consult a Doctor about some Symptoms which, if

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taken in time, at his time of Life, may be checked; but, if neglected, will form into a Habit. It is very clear, without a Doctor, that what Cowell wants is, simply, Relaxation; for Eyes, Mind, and Body: and he will mar the very usefulness which he aims at by overdoing his Effort now. Oh the Goose of the Golden Egg!

I did not know your elder Nephew, but am not surprized to hear of his disappointing you all in the way you tell me. I suppose he may be like Arthur, who scarce ever will, or can, take to learn, I think: something almost childish about him (one sees it in his face) with yet a great deal of quiet intuitive shrewdness below. They would, I fancy, both have done better with some simply active Employment from the first. But it is easy enough to judge when one has not the responsibility.

If you go to Brittany you *must* go to my dear Sévigné's "Rochers."<sup>1</sup> If I had the "Go" in me, I should get there this Summer too: as to Abbotsford and Stratford. She has been my Companion here; quite alive in the Room with me. I sometimes lament I did not know her before: but perhaps such an Acquaintance comes in best to cheer one toward the End.

Mowbray Donne told me that Quimper in Brittany was a quaint and delightful Place: so you must go there if to Brittany at all. But should you not go a little more South, if Sunshine it is you want? I suppose Brittany is in Climate little warmer than Kent or Sussex.

I had a pleasant Letter from Annie a few days ago: in Florence now—but purposing to return to England before Summer is quite set in.

Now, pray do make Cowell submit to Discipline; perhaps you want some such Advice too. Anyhow, believe me—both of you—

Yours always and truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The Sévigné estate near Vitré, Brittany.

## To Bernard Quaritch

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
Saturday, [April 15, 1876]

Dear Sir,

The Revise of first half sheet comes to me this morning from Woodbridge.<sup>1</sup> I will return it after making a correction suggested by your Reader, and shall leave it to him to see accomplished.

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Half sheet 2 Revise will come in time, I suppose. I wonder the Printer cares to have the Thing so long in hand.

I suggested American Co-operation because I thought America the better, if not the only, Market for this little piece of Goods. If you think otherwise, of course I shall not sanction any American Edition while this of yours goes on. Nor do I think any such will be tried without me: as I told Professor Norton (of Cambridge, Mass.) and Mrs. Kemble that you were about publishing it; and I suppose America can wait a reasonable time before being reduced by Despair to take it on herself!

Yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Agamemnon* proof.

To Fanny Kemble

[*Lowestoft*]  
[*c. April 20, 1876*]

*My dear Mrs. Kemble,*

From Lowestoft still I date: as just ten years ago when I was about building a Lugger, and reading Montaigne. The latter holds his own with me after three hundred years: and the Lugger does not seem much the worse for her ten years' wear, so well did she come bouncing between the Piers here yesterday, under a strong Sou'-Wester. My Great Captain has her no more; he has what they call a "Scotch Keel" which is come into fashion: her too I see: and him too steering her, broader and taller than all the rest: fit to be a Leader of Men, Body and Soul; looking now Ulysses-like. Two or three years ago he had a run of constant bad luck; and, being always of a grand convivial turn, treating Everybody, he got deep in Drink, against all his Promises to me, and altogether so lawless, that I brought things to a pass between us. "He should go on with me if he would take the Tee-total Pledge for one year"—"No—he had broken his word," he said, "and he would not pledge it again," much as he wished to go on with me. That, you see, was very fine in him; he is altogether fine—A Great Man, I maintain it: like one of Carlyle's old Norway Kings, with a wider morality than we use; which is very good and fine (as this Captain said to me) "for you who are born with a silver spoon in your mouths." I did not forget what Carlyle too says about Great

Faults in Great Men: even in David, the Lord's Anointed. But I thought best to share the Property with him and let him go his way. He had always resented being under any Control, and was very glad to be his own sole Master again: and yet clung to me in a wild and pathetic way. He has not been doing better since: and I fear is sinking into disorder.

This is a long story about one you know nothing about except what little I have told you. But the Man is a very remarkable Man indeed, and you may be interested—you must be—in him.

"Ho! parlons d'autres choses, ma Fille," as my dear Sévigné says. She now occupies Montaigne's place in my room: well—worthily: she herself a Lover of Montaigne, and with a spice of his free thought and speech in her. I am sometimes vexed I never made her acquaintance till last year: but perhaps it was as well to have such an acquaintance reserved for one's latter years. The fine Creature! much more alive to me than most Friends—I *should* like to see her "Rochers" in Brittany.

"Parlons d'autres choses"—your Mother's Miniature. You seemed at first to think it was taken from the Engraving: but the reverse was always clear to me. The whole figure, down to the Feet, is wanted to account for the position of the Legs; and the superior delicacy of Feature would not be gained *from* the Engraving, but the contrary. The Stars were stuck in to make an "Urania" of it perhaps. I do not assert that your Miniature is the original: but that such a Miniature is. I did not expect that Black next the Picture would do: had you "tried on the Bonnet" first, as I advised? I now wish I had sent the Picture over in its original Frame, which I had doctored quite well with a strip of Black Paper pasted over the Gold. It might really have gone through Quaritch's Agency: but I got into my head that the Post was safer. (How badly I am writing!) I had a little common Engraving of the Cottage bonnet Portrait: so like Henry. If I did not send it to you, I know not what is become of it.

Along with your Letter came one from Donne telling me of your Niece's Death.<sup>1</sup> He said he had written to tell you. In reply, I gave him your message; that he must "hold on" till next year when peradventure you may see England again, and hope to see him too.

Sooner or later you will see an Account of "Mary Tudor" at the Lyceum.<sup>2</sup> It is just what I expected: a "succès d'estime," and not a very enthusiastic one. Surely, no one could have expected more. And now comes out a new Italian Hamlet—Rossi—whose first appearance is recorded in the enclosed scrap of *Standard*. And (to finish Theatrical or Dramatic Business) Quaritch has begun to print Agamemnon—

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so leisurely that I fancy he wishes to wait till the old Persian is exhausted, and so join the two. I certainly am in no hurry; for I fully believe we shall only get abused for the Greek in proportion as we were praised for the Persian—in England, I mean: for you have made America more favourable.

“Parlons d’autres choses.” “Eh? mais de quoi parler,” etc. Well: a Blackbird is singing in the little Garden outside my Lodging Window, which is frankly opened to what Sun there is. It has been a singular half year; only yesterday Thunder in rather cold weather: and last week the Road and Rail in Cambridge and Huntingdon was blocked up with Snow; and Thunder then also. I suppose I shall get home in ten days: before this Letter will reach you, I suppose: so your next may be addressed to Woodbridge. I really don’t know if these long Letters are more of Trouble or Pleasure to you: however, there is an end to all: and that End is that I am yours as truly as ever I was

E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Charles Donne, Jacky Kemble’s daughter, who had died April 15.

<sup>2</sup> Tennyson’s play opened April 18, but despite the praise of critics when published the previous year and the prestige of Henry Irving who played Philip II, the play closed after a run of five weeks.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge

Thursday [April 20, 1876]

*My dear Wright,*

I think there is nothing in your Letter which “could offend the chastest Eye or Ear”—as my Mother used to quote from the Advertisement to a Puppet Show.

I thought afterward that I was hasty in engaging to get a glimpse of you by Rail on Saturday. Not on account of Trouble, or early Hour; not at all; but that I am shy of running the Railway Gauntlet—modest young Thing!—unless especially wanted. So if you don’t see me, this is all. If we live, we shall meet somewhere when Summer comes, and then you shall have Squire.<sup>1</sup> I would post him: but you will read him through in half an hour; and it will be something to look for.

I have Today a note from “*Judah Credous*” as a man once quoted—asking to print two Calderon Plays: but I have had enough of his Catalogued Editions, and such little Public as I have would soon have



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more than enough of that "omni-traducing Mr. FG." If ever again,  
all shall lump in one Volume

Fare you well

Ever yours  
E. Littlegrange

As I wish I could call myself instead of by my proper name.

*Charles Cowell*,<sup>2</sup> a thorough Man of Sense and Business, had always bid me keep my Russian Bonds till—the Day you came—when a letter from him told me he thought they would be nothing worth, if War is to be. And War he thought would be, because of Dizzy's turn that way,<sup>3</sup> and no one to oppose him now. I believe I forgot to ask you about it: if you are not bored, tell me in—a Line—nay, even a Word. I expect some Row of Turk and Russ Soldiery will precipitate things—may have done so by this, for aught I know.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Carlyle, June 29, 1847, and note.

<sup>2</sup> Ipswich business man, E. B. Cowell's brother.

<sup>3</sup> Disraeli's "Hands-off" policy in regard to Turko-Balkan conflicts was a decisive factor in bringing about the 1877-78 war between Russia and Turkey. May, 1876, according to G. M. Trevelyan, was "the beginning of the affair."

## To George Crabbe

*12 Marine Terrace: Lowestoft*  
*Avril 21, [1876]*

Toujours à Lowestoft vous voyez, mon cher Georges. Cependant je pense toujours que je serai de retour à Woodbridge au commencement de Mai. De plus, mon Neveu Edmund, sa Femme, son Petit, etc. seront chez moi au même temps. Fanny et Elizabeth K. y viendront pour les mois de Juin et Juillet; après cela elles reviendront ici, selon l'avis [conseil?] du Docteur Worthington. Ainsi je n'aurai pas ma maison remplie comme autrefois. Certainement je m'obstine à vous faire une petite visite: cela s'arrangera facilement. Caroline m'a mandé qu'elle doit quitter sa maison; j'en suis fâché; je ne pense pas qu'elle en trouvera une autre si agréable, toute isolée, et avec ce petit jardin. Elle dit que si ce n'était par égard à sa soeur, elle se mettrait en "Lodgings": ce que, je suppose, Marie ne veut pas: et nous savons que Caroline se résigne toujours à la volonté d'autrui.

Ce pauvre Monsieur Spalding s'obstine beaucoup rontre son amical "Trustee" Cobbold; je lui ai écrit qu'il doit se soumettre. Car il m'avait

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écrit une lettre de résistance presque insensée. (Mais il avait aussi bu toute une bouteille de vin d'Oporto de 1870 pour se guérir de Neuralgie) et John Loder, le tout bienveillant, m'a mandé qu'on avait peur qu'il ne s'égarât dans son obstination. Je pense que sa Mère devint folle: je ne sais même si elle ne se noya pas. On est tenté de croire que c'était quelque Égarement de cerveau qui conduisit un homme aussi raisonnable à de telles Extravagances et une telle ruine: un Égarement, en vérité, de plusieurs Années. Je ne sais pas encore si l'on a trouvé la "raison d'être" de tant de dettes: il était fort réservé—secret même—sa femme ne savait rien jusqu'à la découverte totale. C'est un Enigme: mais la "pauvre et triste Humanité"—comme disait Napoléon—n'est guère autre chose. Spedding même a son Bacon: c'est une tête enragée sur ce sujet. Mais il y a un Article de lui dans "La Contemporaine" de ce mois<sup>1</sup> à propos d'un Docteur Abbot qui a publié une Edition des Essais de Bacon, préfacés d'une toute nouvelle théorie de son Caractère par le Docteur. Oh! quel Article! d'une Fronie toute Platonique, toute raisonnable, tout à fait beau! C'est la vivisection la plus douce du pauvre Docteur: c'est Apollon écorchant Marsyas.

Je devrais écrire le français beaucoup mieux, car je lis ma chère de Sévigné presque tous les jours. Je ne sais guère si je dois me plaindre de l'avoir connue si tard dans ma vie (car ce n'était que l'année passée que je fis sa connaissance) ou si au contraire je ne devrais pas me féliciter d'avoir fait une connaissance si délicieuse dans ma Vieillesse. Elle est presque plus vivante pour moi que la plupart de mes amis que je ne vois plus, et qui m'écrivent si rarement. J'ai grande envie de voir son Château et ses terres dans la Bretagne; mais probablement je n'irai jamais. Savez-vous laquelle est la route la plus courte et la moins ennuyeuse à ce pays? Ce même mot "pays" me fait souvenir d'une . . .<sup>2</sup> ne sais si mes péroraisons sur un tel sujet vous amusent ou non; certes c'est à vous de les lire ou non.

Je lis aussi "Gallenga's Italy Revisited"—un livre que j'ai vu beaucoup loué. Vous avez vu peut-être que la "Mary Tudor" de Tennyson a été représentée au Théâtre: où elle achevait, je pense, un "succès d'estime" qui ne durera pas et ne payera pas les frais de Costumes, Mise-en-scène, etc. . . .<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 653-678. Abbott's reply to Spedding's criticism was published in the same magazine, June, 1876, pp. 141-67.

<sup>2</sup> The bottom of the page is torn off.

April 1876

To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge

April 25/76

Dear Sir,

I really think it better *not* to publish the Spanish Plays separately:<sup>1</sup> for whatever might be their reception in America which has so much befriended me, I feel sure that here in England the Critics would soon turn against "that terribly Encyclopaedic Translator Mr. FG., etc."

I think it better to wait; if any call be hereafter made for my "Works," they may come out all together in a lump: if not they may die at once—which is probably some dozen years before they die altogether.

Besides I do not like things coming out separately, in 4<sup>to</sup> shape, and at a price which they are not worth.

Yours truly

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *The Mighty Magician and Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of*, "about one hundred" copies of which were printed privately in 1865.

To H. Schütz Wilson<sup>1</sup>

12 Marine Terrace: Lowestoft

April 26 [1876]

My dear Sir,

I had better say at once that the Packet containing Colonel Gordon's Omar<sup>2</sup>—in three Divisions—came safe to hand this morning, along with your Note. Thank you for both. I shall look over the Colonel at once: as I am to return to my own home at the dull Town of Woodbridge on Monday next.

I scarce dare *look* even at the Persian text, which, with its Dots, etc., puzzles and distracts my Eyes sorely, no longer young, and very seriously injured by reading by smoky Paraffin some years ago. I remember that Tennyson had to leave off Persian, which he began to read some thirty years ago: because of the character worrying the Eyes: those Dots are as good as the "Muscae volitantes."<sup>3</sup>

I began to remember that the literal Translation of Omar which I wrote you of, was *not* in Professor Cowell's hand, but (I now think)

May 1876

in mine, after reading the original with him, who taught it to me. So I would not offer it as *his* exactly. And I am not sure that I could lay hand on it now after twenty years. I will look however.

I have had many felicitations from Friends on account of your very handsome praises in the *Contemporary*, which you will think it sham modesty in me to say were far beyond desert: but I do sincerely think so; and am not the less yours sincerely obliged,

Edward FitzGerald

I shall ask Colonel Gordon *how* I should [send] him back his Parcel. It is a long roundabout from here to Cheltenham.

<sup>1</sup> H. Schütz Wilson, who had named EFG as the translator of the *Rubáiyát* in the March *Contemporary Review*, thereafter became a sporadic correspondent. This is the first of 17 letters contributed by Wilson to the *Athenaeum*, Nov. 9, pp. 635-36, and Nov. 16, pp. 672-73, 1889. For Wilson, see his letter to Quaritch, Jan. 21, 1876, n.3, and Biographical Profile.

<sup>2</sup> Lt. Col. (later Sir) Thomas E. Gordon, in collaboration with Henry F. Blochmann, English Orientalist of German birth, had proposed to translate 700 of Omar's *rubáiyát* or stangas in two Persian manuscripts in their possession. The undertaking was abandoned after 200 quatrains had been translated. EFG, it appears, had received the two Persian manuscripts as well as the English portion.

<sup>3</sup> "Insects flying about."

To W. A. Wright

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*May 22, [1876]*

*Dear Wright,*

Here is C. Lamb's Letter I told you of: very pleasant after Jerusalem Chambers, I should think. Also Byron's Verses on old Rogers,<sup>1</sup> which I got printed here some years ago: as good as Swift, and quite fair to that old and spiteful Humbug.

I came here just a Fortnight ago with Edmund and all his Party, including Babe and two Nurses. Today they depart, and I am left alone till the beginning of June, when I suppose my two elder Nieces come.

Brooke is in full Vigour, I hear from my Nephew—who called on him, and was (as usual) not offered Wine or Beer after a long dusty walk. When do you purpose to test his Hospitality?

May 1876

We are gaping for wet here. Mr. Spalding's Business seems not to move on at all: but he seems very cheerful about it.

This Letter needs no answer.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Donne, [Jan., 1865], n.1.

To Michael Kerney<sup>1</sup>

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
May 24/76

Dear Sir,

I ought to thank you by Name for the care you have bestowed upon Agamemnon, and for the several avoidable Corrections you have pointed out. My printing "Nephew" instead of "Cousin" in *Dramatis Personae* is a fine piece of Paddy.

As to the two pages I sent, and now return to you; I also preferred the Heroic Colossi: but the Commentators are for Helen,<sup>2</sup> on account (I suppose) of the εὐμορφοί,<sup>3</sup> and also something about Love wanting in the Eyes. 'Tis a wonderful jumble of obscure Conjecture, when I feel at Liberty to take my own course if I know best to steer it: but am doubtful.

As to the other passage about Sea and Sky—Aeschylus calls Water and Fire (sc: Lightning) old Enemies (a Shakespearian Conceit) and some Critic might say I had confused his meaning with my own here too. If you do not think this is open to cavil, I prefer the passage as printed.

When I was only privately printed I did not mind such things. But, now that one is to be *public*, it is otherwise.

Your much obliged,  
E. FitzGerald

<sup>1</sup> A member of Quaritch's editorial staff.

<sup>2</sup> An interpretation EFG accepted (*Letters and Literary Remains*, VI, 289). He deleted the passage about "Sea and Sky." He asks Cowell's advice on both passages in his letter of June 3.

<sup>3</sup> "Comely."

June 1876

To E. B. Cowell

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*June 3, [1876]*

*My dear Cowell,*

I am shy of troubling you, so much as you *will* do for others: but, as I suppose your Lectures at any rate are over, I want you to tell me which of the three enclosed versions of Agamemnon (reprinting by Quaritch) you think most acceptable. They refer to that obscure, and commentator-jumbled, passage in the Second Chorus (lines 406-9 of Paley's Edition).

εὐμόρφων δὲ κολοσσῶν  
ἔχθεται χάρις ἀνδρί,  
ὀμμάτων δ' ἐν ἀχηνίαις  
ἔρρει πᾶσ' Ἀφροδίτῃ.

which κολοσσός he and Bothe consider to have been of Helen, without the love in her living Eyes, etc.: but Herman and Klausen (Paley says) think quite otherwise. Now, you may know that I don't stick at literal or scholarly; so I can hit on a good, clear, idea: so I won't say which of the versions I affect: whether regarding the κολοσσός as simply *Statues* of Helen: or as *Colossal Figures* (like the Egyptian) before Palaces and Temples. You need do nothing but simply mark (after a little consideration) the one you prefer as *best* and send the paper back to me: as soon as you can, will you?

Then: in the Herald's account of the Storm; just add "Yes" or "No" to the Query there.

It is hardly worth trying to be correct in such a lawless Affair as my Version, but I don't wish to be caught making *ignorant* Blunders. I have told Quaritch from the first that this Reprint would not do in England: it may just pay its expenses in America, where people are less scholarly and captious. But I suppose the determined little Man means to persist: as the Printing is nearly done; for which reason I want your Verdict as soon as you can give it. Pray remember I don't wish you to write more than the three several Monosyllables I have asked for at the end of each passage: and so send back the Paper. I shall hear from you by and by I hope as to your Summer Directions: all my Scheme for Brittany will evaporate, I foresee: but pray do you and Elizabeth go abroad, and get all the change you can.

And believe me ever yours

E.FG.

June 1876

To Fanny Kemble

Woodbridge  
June 4, [1876]

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

Here I am back into the Country, as I may call my suburb here as compared to Lowestoft: all my house, except the one room—which “serves me for Parlour and Bedroom and all”<sup>1</sup>—occupied by Nieces. Our weather is temperate, our Trees green, Roses about to bloom, Birds about to leave off singing—all sufficiently pleasant. I must not forget a Box from Mudie with some Memoirs in it—of Godwin, Haydon, etc., which help to amuse one. And I am just beginning Don Quixote once more for my “pièce de Résistance,” not being so familiar with the First Part as the Second. Lamb and Coleridge (I think) thought that Second Part should not have been written; why then did I—not for contradiction’s sake, I am sure—so much prefer it? Old Hallam, in his History of Literature, resolved me, I believe, by saying that Cervantes, who began by making his Hero ludicrously crazy, fell in love with him, and in the second part tamed and tempered him down to the Grand Gentleman he is: scarce ever originating a Delusion, though acting his part in it as a true Knight when led into it by others. A good deal however might well be left out. If you have Jarvis’ Translation by, or near, you, pray read—oh, read all of the second part, except the stupid stuff of the old Duenna in the Duke’s Palace.

I fear I get more and more interested in your “Gossip,” as you approach the Theatre. I suppose indeed that it is better to look on than to be engaged in. I love it, and reading of it, now as much as ever I cared to see it: and that was, very much indeed. I never heard till from your last Paper that Henry was ever thought of for Romeo:<sup>2</sup> I wonder he did not tell me this when he and I were in Paris in 1830, and used to go and see “Là Muette!” (I can hear them calling it now:) at the Grand Opera. I see that “Queen Mary” has some while since been deposed from the Lyceum; and poor Mr. Irving descended from Shakespeare to his old Melodrama again. All this is still interesting to me down here: much more than to you—over there!—

“Over there” you are in the thick of your Philadelphian Exhibition,<sup>3</sup> I suppose: but I dare say you do not meddle with it very much, and will probably be glad when it is all over. I wish now I had sent you the Miniature in its Frame, which I had instructed to become it. What

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you tell us your Mother said concerning Dress, I certainly always felt: only secure the Beautiful, and the Grand, in all the Arts, whatever Chronology may say. Rousseau somewhere says that what you want of Decoration in the Theatre is, what will bewilder the Imagination—"ébranler l'Imagination," I think: only let it be Beautiful!

June 5.

I kept this letter open in case I should see Arthur Malkin, who was coming to stay at a Neighbour's house. He very kindly did call on me: he and his second wife (who, my Neighbour says, is a very proper Wife), but I was abroad—though no further off than my own little Estate; and he knows I do not visit elsewhere. But I do not the less thank him, and am always yours

E.F.G.

Pollock writes me he had just visited Carlyle—quite well for his Age: and vehement against Darwin, and the Turk.

<sup>1</sup> A spacious room on the ground floor, with glazed French doors opening onto the garden. Folding doors formed a partition between living and bedroom areas.

<sup>2</sup> Henry, her younger brother, was found wanting when tried for the part while she was preparing for her debut in the part of Juliet, 1829. She was 19 at the time; Henry was three years her junior.

<sup>3</sup> The International Exhibition to celebrate the centenary of American independence had opened May 10. Fanny did "meddle" and was "fascinated" by the "ingenious, wise engines for every conceivable purpose," especially the "magnificent giant of a steam engine" which created power for the others (*Further Records*, I, 299-300).

To C. E. Norton

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*June 10, [1876]*

*My dear Sir,*

I don't know that I should trouble you so soon again (only, don't trouble yourself to answer for form's sake only) but that there is a good deal of Wordsworth in the late Memoir of Haydon by his Son.<sup>1</sup> All this you might like to see; as also Mr. Lowell. And do you, or he, know of some dozen very good Letters of Wordsworth's addressed to a Mr. Gillies who published them in what he calls the Life of a Literary Veteran<sup>2</sup> some thirty years ago, I think? This Book, of scarce



any value except for those few Letters, and a few Notices of Sir Walter Scott, all good, is now not very common, I think. If you or Mr. Lowell would like to have a Copy, I can send you one, through Quaritch, if not per Post: I have the Letters separately bound up from another Copy of long ago. There is also a favorable account of a meeting between Wordsworth and Foscolo in an otherwise rather valueless Memoir of Bewick the Painter.<sup>3</sup>

I tell you of all this Wordsworth, because you have, I think, a more religious regard for him than we on this side the water: he is not so much honoured in his own Country, I mean, his Poetry. I, for one, feel all his lofty aspiration, and occasional Inspiration, but I cannot say that, on the whole, he makes much of it; his little pastoral pieces seem to me his best: less than a Quarter of him. But I may be very wrong.

I am very much obliged to you for wishing me to see Mr. Ticknor's Life, etc.<sup>4</sup> I hope to make sure of that through our Briareus-handed Mudie; and have marked the Book for my next Order. For I suppose that it finds its way to English Publishers, or Librarians. I remember his Spanish Literature coming out, and being for a long time in the hands of my friend Professor Cowell, who taught me what I know of Spanish. Only a week ago I began my dear Don Quixote over again; as welcome and fresh as the Flowers of May. The Second Part is my favorite, in spite of what Lamb and Coleridge (I think) say; when, as old Hallam says, Cervantes has fallen in Love with the Hero whom he began by ridiculing. When this Letter is done, I shall get out into my Garden with him, Sunday though it be.<sup>5</sup>

We have also Memoirs of Godwin,<sup>6</sup> very dry, I think; indeed with very little worth reading, except two or three Letters of dear Charles Lamb, "Saint Charles," as Thackeray once called him, while looking at one of his half-mad Letters, and remember[ing] his Devotion to that quite mad Sister. I must say I think his Letters infinitely better than his Essays; and Patmore<sup>7</sup> says his Conversation, when just enough animated by Gin and Water, was better than either; which I believe too. Procter<sup>8</sup> said he was far beyond the Coleridges, Wordsworths, Southseys, etc. And I am afraid I believe that also.

I am afraid too this is a long letter nearly [all] about my own Likes and Dislikes. "The Great Twalmley's."<sup>9</sup> But I began only thinking about Wordsworth. Pray do believe that I do not wish you to write unless you care to answer on that score. And now for the Garden and the Don: always in a common old Spanish Edition. Their coarse

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prints always make him look more of the Gentleman than the better Artists of other Countries have hitherto done.

Yours very sincerely  
Edward FitzGerald

Carlyle, I hear, is pretty well, though somewhat shrunk: scolding away at Darwin, The Turk, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin R. Haydon, *Correspondence and Table-Talk*, with a memoir by his son, F. W. Haydon, 2 vols., 1876.

<sup>2</sup> Robert P. Gillies, *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*, 3 vols., 1851. EFG refers to Vol. II, pp. 145-73.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Landseer, *Life and Letters of William Bewick, Artist*, 2 vols., 1871. Ugo Foscolo (1778-1827), Italian poet.

<sup>4</sup> *Life, Letters and Journals of George Ticknor*, G. S. Hillard, Mrs. A. E. Ticknor, and Miss A. E. Ticknor, eds., 2 vols., 1876.

<sup>5</sup> EFG dated his letter June 10, a Saturday.

<sup>6</sup> C. K. Paul, *William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries*, 2 vols., 1876.

<sup>7</sup> Peter G. Patmore (1786-1855), father of Coventry Patmore and, 1841-53, editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*, to which Lamb had occasionally contributed. He published *My Friends and Acquaintances*, 3 vols., 1854.

<sup>8</sup> Bryan W. Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall, poet, friend of Romantic and Victorian literati, including EFG; author of *Charles Lamb: A Memoir*, 1866.

<sup>9</sup> See letter to Pollock, Dec. 15, [1874], n.3.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
June 29/76

My dear Cowell,

I wonder I did not answer you about Lowestoft, which I certainly had my answer ready for. And so I have given you the trouble of writing again about it. What I meant always to say, is, that I should be too glad to meet you there any time you like: but I do not recommend it for your own sake, or Elizabeth's, at this time of year. It is very crowded in July: and will probably be none the better for a Skating Rink and Refreshment Rooms on the site of Mr. Hebert's Grounds; which have been sold to—a Company!—for such purposes—all the Trees cut down, and Lodging Homes to be built where they stood. Beside this, there will be a Volunteer Camp going on. So that I feel pretty sure you and Elizabeth would not care to be there now. Southwold (if Lodging to be got) or even old Aldbro' would be better.

But, agreeable to me as it would be to meet you at any of these places, I say, for your sakes, make the most of your Holyday by going quite away at once: and the farther off your destination, set the quicker about reaching it. The longer you delay, probably the weather will be hotter, and the flood of Tourists greater. I did not know that Switzerland was cooler than Brittany: but no doubt it is more beautiful, and more new to you. I shall really hope to hear that you are "under way" thither as soon as possible to you. Surely, we can meet when you next come into Suffolk on your shorter holiday. I say all this, you know, for your sake, not for mine. I really want you to make most of your Holyday.<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps I did not answer you about the Edition of Don Quixote you recommended? Somehow, I feel about him as Lamb about Shakespeare (I think) liking him best out of a common popular Edition. It must be a *Spanish* Type too—Spanish Paper—all Spanish (as is the Edition you advise). No doubt I misunderstand many things for want of Notes: so I do in Shakespeare *with* Notes; but on the whole there is enough to delight in. However, if I find I stick inconveniently in the Second Part (infinitely the best) I may apply to Quaritch for the six small Quartos.

He (B.Q.) is welcome to reprint Salámán if he choose, as I will tell him when next I write—which, by the by, I may do Today or Tomorrow. I have only my altered Copy; which I dare say you would not like so well as the old: but I think I could give you reasons for some of the Alterations. This, and Omar, which I took a fancy to from the first, have always stayed in my mind, and from time [to time] suggested themselves anew: but I know one may addle one's Egg. It is now twenty years since first published: and your Copy of the Bodleian Omar is dated from Rushmere, "July 11, 1856." Well I remember the Time. India and much else have come between. I am reading again the Life of Sir C. Napier by his Brother: very fine on both sides, though blotted with wrath and Spite latterly. It is wonderful to me that Book was so little read as never to reach a second Edition. Of his Conquest of Sind—"He went through the Country with a flaming Sword in one hand, and the Scales of Justice in the other." No polishing of Cherrystones in this Soldier's Story told by a Soldier.

Now, my dear Cowell, do not answer this: I dare say it is not a trouble to you to read it, but don't answer, till you have settled your plans.

I had a Note from Colonel Gordon saying that he was busy with

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preparations for India, and so must defer all thoughts of Omar at present.<sup>2</sup> I had told him not to write to you.

Ever yours and Elizabeth's  
E.FG.

Oh yes! If *you* like it, I shall be too glad to dedicate Salámán to you. I was looking into the original the other Day: and, with better Eyes, should have gone through it.

<sup>1</sup> The Cowells went to Switzerland that summer.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Schütz Wilson, April 26, [1876].

To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge  
June 29/76

Dear Sir,

Cowell—the Sheikh—told me some while ago that you thought of reprinting Salámán; and he says so again in a letter of yesterday. You are very welcome to do so if you think it worth while.<sup>1</sup> You will tell me if you continue to think of it: and I will send you an altered copy if wanted.

I am very likely to be away from home next week so as I should not get the Revise of Agamemnon if sent. I don't wonder at your being in no hurry for it: and I am sure I am in none; but I wonder that your Printer does not want to get it off his hands.

Please remember that I have seen no Revise except *Sheet one*—to p. 16.

And am yours truly,  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG later retracted his consent. Publication was deferred until Quaritch agreed to combine *Salámán and Absál* with the 1879 edition of the *Rubáiyát*.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
Tuesday [June, 1876]

My dear Wright,

I should scarce have asked you to write out the Tennyson (this day arrived) had I known there was so much to copy.<sup>1</sup> The Satire would

have been better, I think, had there been less: but it is all over A.T., and I am very glad to have it.

I have no doubt "The Principles of Faith" are by the author of "Tenebrae," etc. Are they as good?

Mind you read—or look over—the less early parts of Wesley to the end: beginning with his Field-preaching in 1739. You will see (as you might guess from his face) that he could have bitten as sharp as A.T. had he wished: indeed, sometimes does so, with much less effort. But this is only a very small part of the merit of the Journal, with all its notes of Travel in those days, etc.

I was wondering only yesterday whether "John" (as Johnson called Wesley) recorded the following with a Smile. "Monday Oct<sup>r</sup> 16/49. I preached at four to a large Congregation, and rode to Sandhutton that night. Two or three miles short of it we overtook a Man, whom a Woman, riding behind him, stayed upon his Horse. On my saying 'We ought to thank God it is a fair Night'—'O Sir' (said the man) 'so we ought, and I thank Him for everything. I thank Him that I am alive: and that the Bull which tossed me Today only broke two or three of my Ribs, for he might have broke my Neck.'"

"Candide" was not then published, I think: but Drink did as well.

E.FG.

"Monday 19 Nov/59. I spent an hour with Mr. B. who has escaped from Guadaloupe *as with the skin of his teeth*."

(Is this a well-known Phrase?)

Please compare Tusser's Sonnet (p. 218 Mavor, 1812)

Seven times hath Janus ta'en  
New Year by hand, etc.

with Shakespeare's beginning

To me fair friend you never can be old.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The sole clue to the date of this letter is 1876 added to the MS by Wright. "June" is assigned arbitrarily. The editors are convinced that the first paragraph alludes to Tennyson's verses, "The New Timon and the Poets." See letters from Tennyson, Nov. 12, 1846, n.3; to Anna Biddell, Jan. 22, 1877.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Wright, May 16, 1870.

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To Bernard Quaritch

Woodbridge  
July 11/76

Dear Sir,

Yesterday I got home, and found the Copy of *Agamemnon*.<sup>1</sup> I must complain that *no* Revises were sent to me after the first Sheet, in spite of my repeatedly asking for them, having some slight alterations to make, which are now impossible, I suppose.

And I mark at least *three* misprints (pp. 66-67-82) in the copy sent.

But there is yet worse. Between pp. 8-9 there is, I suppose, as much as half a sheet of Copy (printed, and revised by me) *left out*, as you will see by the Enclosed. All which Mr. Kerney will remember, if the Printer does not: and you will see for yourself at a glance, if you have time to bestow so much upon it.<sup>2</sup>

Yours  
E.FG.

Surely your printed Note about "consisting of 250 Copies," if necessary at all, would be fitter for your Catalogue. It simply announces that the Book is only worth its Price because of only so few Copies being printed: which is but a bad recommendation. I must say that I wish it away from the Book itself.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> EFG's remark on the "fine" appearance of a second *Agamemnon*, acknowledged in his letter of July 30, indicates that he refers here to a preliminary, unbound copy.

<sup>2</sup> The oversight left its mark on the book. Pages 9-12 and 15-16 of *Agamemnon* as issued are printed on heavier stock than the others in the volume. Moreover, page 16 is followed by a second page 9, and the sequence thereafter ends with page 79. Actually, there are 87 pages of text. The misprints to which EFG called attention were corrected.

<sup>3</sup> The statement, on the reverse of the title page, was not canceled.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
July 14, [1876]

My dear Donne,

. . . I do not think any one need regret Spedding's having hit at Macaulay.<sup>1</sup> Macaulay had hit much more savagely, and unjustifiably

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at Bacon in an early Paper, which however he never cared to reconsider. Spedding was only bound to judge of his Essay by itself; and now that he has read his Life, he thinks it was rather an inconsidered opinion taken up in youth, and *rhetorized* as Macaulay must do whether in Blame or Praise.

Spedding's reference to the Life he has just read is surely as fair and beautiful as may be. And the Doctor<sup>2</sup> is dismissed with such terrible Charity! And, all the while, I think him—Macaulay—about as right as Spedding—in their view of old Bacon.

And am yours ever  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> EFG's remarks refer to a Baconian controversy in which Spedding was engaged in current issues of *The Contemporary Review*. Edwin A. Abbott, editor of *Bacon's Essays*, 2 vols., 1876, had cited Spedding's *Letters and Life of Lord Bacon* as the principal authority for his introductory biographical essay. In "The Latest Theory of Bacon" (*Contemporary Review*, April and May) Spedding denied Abbott's supposition that their interpretations of Bacon's character were in agreement. Under the same title Abbott replied to Spedding in the June issue, and at that point Abbott virtually drops out of the story. Meanwhile, George O. Trevelyan had published *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, exposing new facts and facets of its subject's career and personality. Since 1837 Macaulay had been the "popular authority" on Bacon's character despite Spedding's more recent thorough study. The Abbott incident and fresh data in the biography prompted Spedding to project his discussion in "Lord Macaulay's Essay on Bacon Examined" in the *Contemporary*, July to September. Spedding's contention was that Macaulay submitted "only the old story . . . only 'the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind' repeated with higher rhetorical effect." Spedding had previously assessed Macaulay's essay in *Evenings with a Reviewer*, privately printed, 1848; not published until 1881.

<sup>2</sup> Abbott was a Doctor of Divinity.

To Thomas Carlyle

Little Grange, Woodbridge  
July 16/76

My dear Carlyle,

I think you will have fled from Chelsea by this time: and, as it is nearly half a year since I heard from you, I venture a Letter. I hear of you indeed now and then from others: but about twice a year, you know, I apply to Headquarters, and give you the trouble to dictate, and Miss Aitken to write. I shall be very glad to hear how you are, and that you have got to some pleasant Country Quarters.

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I have as usual next to nothing to tell you of myself: having lived the same Life as before, going no further from this home than Lowes-toft; and reading over some of the old Books—Don Quixote just now, and Sir Charles Napier's Life, which is a very interesting Book to me, both for his own sake, and his Brother's who writes of him. There is no doubt too much outcry about Injustice, etc., on both sides: but Sir Charles surely fought bravely against Age and Illness as well as in his Vocation. But this is an old Song: only I always think we should be glad of even one such man now, with all his faults.

Spedding, you see, goes on with his life-long work—more patient than Sir Charles, and equally determined. I rejoice in reading all he writes, though I cannot always be convinced by it.

I am writing this by candlelight at the odd hour of 1 A.M., unable to sleep from some cause or other. You will not, I believe, grudge me the reading and answering this Letter, next to nothing as it is: and you will believe me still yours most sincerely

Edward FitzGerald

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
July 20/76

*Dear Elizabeth,*

I was hoping, and believing, that you were in Switzerland, or on your way there, by this time. When ho! your Sister's Book comes to me, directed by your hand, and with the Cambridge Postmark upon it. I acknowledge it at once; but hope you will have started before my Answer reaches Cambridge.

I had seen the Book advertized a Fortnight ago, and more: ordered it: and sent up my Copy at once to my Nieces, Fanny and Elizabeth, above stairs.<sup>1</sup> They are both great Lovers of Maria's and they both tell me they very much like much in her present volume. Elizabeth (who thinks she now is only Equal to Children's Books—which is not the case, however) thinks this present Book not so adapted to Children as the others: perhaps it is not meant to be. I shall see it in time—nay, I can now look into the Copy you have sent me—I forgot that—and they will be very glad to keep the Copy I bought.

Fanny, who has been over to Lowestoft, says it is not yet so full as usual, and people beginning to fear lest the general Depression



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in Money matters should weigh injuriously on such Summer resorts. Anyhow, I am glad you do not waste your Holyday on that place, much as I should have gained by your so doing.

Lusia Kerrich stayed here two days on her way to Lowestoft—from Italy—and she will stay two or three days with me on her return from Lowestoft to Bowdon. I told her of what had passed between us about Lowestoft: and she was really sorry that I had said anything to put you off going there. It would have been so delightful, she said, to see you both; and she means what she says. It would have been as delightful to me, also; and I really wanted to chat with Cowell about Salámán; but I still think I did well to discourage you—only, you ought to have been off to Switzerland before this.

I don't think however one need be in any hurry about Salámán, even if Quaritch continues to wish to reprint it. He has really tired me with that unfortunate Agamemnon: not sending me Revises; and finally sending me the whole Play printed, *with half a sheet left out*. How he means to settle that I know not: he must be as tired of it as I: and I always told him that it was not worth all the trouble to him, though I dare say he will just make it pay a few Pounds by dint of perseverance.

Ever yours and Cowell's  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The rooms reserved for his nieces were on the upper floor of Little Grange.

To Bernard Quaritch

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*July 30, [1876]*

*Dear Sir,*

Agamemnon came safe and sound. I am only ashamed at his looking so fine: but that is your doing, you know: and I only hope it won't lose you money, nor draw the "Evil Eye" on myself.

If you advertize it in your Catalogue, please do so without any encomium till someone else offers you a Quotation. "By the Translator of Omar K." will be enough as to the Authorship.

As to Copies: I would have a Dozen Copies sent me please (one I have, you know): as also one to Mr. Schütz Wilson, and one to Mr. Kerney, for their respective kind services to me.

Now for Don Quixote. If your present Copy be well and hand-

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somely bound—strong, well-opening, well-margined, and well-looking it will do for me. If not, I will wait till another Copy turns up.

I hope you are about to take your Holyday; and am yours truly,  
E.F.G.

I should like a copy of Heinrich Heine's shorter Poems: if in the compass of one or two Volumes.

To H. Schütz Wilson

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
*July 30/76*

*My dear Sir,—*

I am half puzzled about sending you a Copy of a Version from Æschylus, lest you might suppose that I was tacitly asking you to do it the same good turn you did to Omar. Pray believe that I offer you *this* by way of "reconnaissance" for *that*: and with no further view whatever.

I am ashamed at coming forth in so fine a Dress—*my* "Tragedy wonders at being so fine"—but it was not my doing, but Mr. Quaritch's, and simply implies—a very small sale.

I suppose you are preparing for some Summer Ramble, if not already started: Anyhow, pray do not feel bound to acknowledge either Book or Letter: I am sure they will both find you at last: and I will make bold to believe, without your having to say so, that there is something you like in the play, something you do not: as is the case with yours sincerely,

E. FitzGerald

To Fanny Kemble

*Woodbridge*  
*July 31/76*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

A better pen than usual tempts me to write the little I have to tell you; so that [at] any rate your Eyes shall not be afflicted as sometimes I doubt they are by my MS.

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Which MS puts me at once in mind of Print: and to tell you that I shall send you Quaritch's Reprint of *Agamemnon*: which is just done after many blunders. The revises were not sent me, as I desired: so several things are left as I meant not: but "enfin" here it is at last so fine that I am ashamed of it. For, whatever the merit of it may be, it can't come near all this fine Paper, Margin, etc., which Quaritch *will* have as counting on only a few buyers, who will buy—in America almost wholly, I think. And, as this is wholly due to you,<sup>1</sup> I send you the Reprint, however little different to what you had before.

"Tragedy wonders at being so fine," which leads me to that which ought more properly to have led to *it*: your last two Papers of "Gossip," which are capital, both for the Story told, and the remarks that arise from it. To-morrow, or next day, I shall have a new Number; and I really do count rather childishly on their arrival. Spedding also is going over some of his old Bacon ground in the *Contemporary*, and his writing is always delightful to me though I cannot agree with him at last. I am told he is in full Vigour: as indeed I might guess from his writing. I heard from Donne some three weeks ago: proposing a Summer Holyday at Whitby, in Yorkshire: Valentia, I think, not very well again: Blanche then with her Brother Charles. They all speak very highly of Mrs. Santley's<sup>2</sup> kindness and care. Mowbray talks of coming down this way toward the end of August: but had not, when he last wrote, fixed on his Holyday place.

Beside my two yearly elder Nieces, I have now a younger who has spent the last five Winters in Florence with your once rather intimate (I think) Jane FitzGerald my Sister.<sup>3</sup> She married, (you may know) a Clergyman considerably older than herself. I wrote to Annie Thackeray lately, and had an answer (from the Lakes) to say she was pretty well—as also Mr. Stephen.

And I am ever yours  
E.FG.

P.S. On second thoughts I venture to send you A.T.'s letter, which may interest you and cannot shame her. I do not want it again.

<sup>1</sup> In the spring of 1856 EFG had discussed Greek drama with F. K. one evening in London. He had long considered converting the *Orestes* trilogy into "readable English Verse," and the more substantial intellectual fare offered by Aeschylus especially appealed to him after the "ingenuous prattle" of *Salámán and Absál*, which had just been published. A year later, May, 1857, he began his translation of *Agamemnon*. However, Omar superseded Aeschylus, for in June he began to translate the *Rubáiyát*, which absorbed time and attention until publi-

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cation in 1859. He intended to include the tragedy in his 1865 Calderon volume; but, dissatisfied with the work at that time, he deferred printing until 1869.

<sup>2</sup> Gertrude, John Mitchell Kemble's daughter, had married Charles Santley, popular as well as talented concert and opera baritone. Santley was knighted in 1907.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. John B. Wilkinson, formerly of Holbrook, near Ipswich.

To H. Schütz Wilson

Woodbridge: August 1/76<sup>1</sup>

It is very good of you, my dear Sir, to think of announcing me in the *Athenaeum*: but I doubt I am not important Enough—even with your Contemporary Praise<sup>2</sup>—to justify such a thing—anyhow, to justify your taking even the least trouble in the matter. I tell Mr. Quaritch he will draw the “Evil Eye” on Agamemnon by bringing him out in such fine Type, etc., as bad as Clytemnestra's Purples. And you know how Critics are apt to retaliate on a second Appearance for any praise which they themselves did not give to a first. However, I suppose Quaritch has his “select Circle” of Buyers out of reach of the Critics.

If you really do propose to read the Play, begin in the middle, as Johnson advised: “Then, Sir, you will judge if you are interested enough to begin from the Beginning.”

You are very good too in wishing to meet me in the flesh one day. I never get to London now: and would not have even my oldest Friends come down here, unless on their way elsewhere. For one feels that after twenty years of rustication one is but poor Company for those who mix in the World; and (most of all) in the London World. Still, if any one comes this way I do my best under that self-distrust; as I will do for you if any occasion calls you into these parts.

Meanwhile, let me wish you a pleasant Holyday among the Mountains;<sup>3</sup> and that you would believe me yours very sincerely obliged,

E. FitzGerald.

<sup>1</sup> Misdated by Wilson 1875, *Athenaeum*, Nov. 9, 1889, p. 635.

<sup>2</sup> His review of the *Rubáiyát* in the March, 1876, *Contemporary Review*.

<sup>3</sup> Wilson, an active member of the Alpine Club, reached the summit of the Matterhorn on the 15th, repeating a success of the previous August, ten years after the mountain was first scaled. He published *Alpine Ascents and Adventures* in 1878.

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To H. Schütz Wilson

Woodbridge

August 2/76

*My dear Sir,*

I am very sorry you have had the trouble of writing twice, and then telegraphing, to me. However, the fact is that I did answer your first Letter so as to go by last night's Póst—directing to Hanover Square: whither you had not been, when you telegraphed to me: not till after noon, or Dinner-time, I dare say. You have got it at last, I hope: before I write this; and you will have seen that I did not wish you to be at the “lessest” (Suffolk) trouble in announcing what might turn out to be “Figs!” in public estimation.

Your Book reached me safe also an hour or two ago, and shall be put into reading forthwith. I see that part of it concerns the Alps which you are now about to re-visit. Once more let me wish you “Bon Voyage.”

Yours sincerely,

Edward FitzGerald.

I now think I ought to have telegraphed back to you; but it is scarce worth while now.

To Anna Biddell

Woodbridge

August 8/76

*Dear Miss Biddell,*

It wants half an hour of my single Pipe-time: I have been four hours on the River: then after Tea came dear old Doughty for near two hours: then Ellen Churchyard for half an hour: then to water my Garden: and still it is but 8:30 P.M., too dark to read out of doors: half an hour of Pipe-time, I say: which I will devote to you: by way of a consolation in your Exile.

Why, we have read in the Paper of a Gale on your Coast,<sup>1</sup> and several Scotch Boats missing. This was last Wednesday, I think, when our Trees shook about our Ears: but the Tides did not serve me to try the River. But now I have got them round to Afternoon, and very beautiful is the water with trees and red wheat on either side.

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Fanny left me a week ago: and Elizabeth leaves me tomorrow: on Friday I expect a Visit from Mowbray Donne and his Wife: and after that I suppose my Hall will be empty till Lusie and Annie Kerrich visit me on their way to Lowestoft. I hope you will then come over and see us. Make up your mind to do so. Look! I have obeyed your orders: have really *bought* Macaulay<sup>2</sup> (which I am sorry to see costs 36s.—which it is scarce worth, good as it is) and you are to have it to read directly you return. Interesting it is: but not so much so as poor Macready the Actor. However, you will love Macaulay, I think, as I do for his domestic virtue and amiableness. I never read his History,<sup>3</sup> which I doubt not is very good: but then I cannot read History: I have no Faith. When the third and fourth Volumes came out and had sold many thousands, Longmans, the Publisher, called on M. one morning, and said he might as well settle for the Lot by £20,000 down. This, after having paid Thousands before. This is something like being an Author, is it not?

I wrote to Carlyle near a fortnight ago: but as yet have had no answer: an unusual occurrence with him. I conclude he has got away from Chelsea—perhaps to his Scotch Lowlands: but I doubt if he would go so far.

Now I wish I had some Woodbridge news: but I have none. Only that the wise Trustees of our Seckford Almshouse who selected a Mr. Hebert to be Chaplain there, have now requested him to resign. This is really the only piece of News I have: and this perhaps you will have already learned from the "Journal," which I dare say your Sisters send after you. I am travelling (by Book) yet further North than you: to Iceland, with Captain Burton.<sup>4</sup> When he speaks of passing the Orkneys and Shetlands, I felt a thrill of *The Pirate*,<sup>5</sup> and dear Sir Walter, his Creator. Bless him! Macaulay could love Scott in spite of his being a Tory: it used to be an Article of the Whig Creed to think lightly of Sir Walter, and to deny that he was Waverley. I have heard Romilly argue this point.

Apropos of Great Authors, Quaritch has chosen to reprint a Version I once made of a Greek Play—for the benefit chiefly of some Americans whom my friend Mrs. Kemble has propitiated. So the Play is sent me all printed and bound and I directly find that I omitted to alter, or cancel, an absurd Blunder in it: which, if it were worth Critics' taking up at all, might be made some fun of. This is not so good as £20,000 down, is it? But we shall survive this.

My half hour is—must be—up, I think—yes: positively, those must be the nine o'clock Chimes I hear. Now for a Biscuit: Tumbler of

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Beaujolais: then a Pipe: then to Bed. Good Night: write to me, and believe me sincerely yours

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> She was visiting in Fife.

<sup>2</sup> His *Life and Letters*, by G. O. Trevelyan.

<sup>3</sup> *The History of England*, unfinished beyond the fourth volume when Macaulay died in 1859.

<sup>4</sup> Richard Burton's *Ultima Thule*, 1875.

<sup>5</sup> One of EFG's favorite Scott novels.

Levi L. Thaxter to Bernard Quaritch

Newtonville, Mass<sup>ts</sup>

August 17th 1876

Dear Sir,

Please accept my most hearty thanks for your Note of Augt 1<sup>st</sup>—just received—with the Vol. “Agamemnon” that accompanied it.

A year since, through the courtesy of Mr. Hinchliff,<sup>1</sup> I was favoured with a copy of the “privately printed” edition so that the great merit of the work is already familiar to me. Be assured I shall continue to do—as I have done—all in my power to make the work known and appreciated.

Mr. FitzGerald has many admirers in this country, readers of Omar Khayyám, who will count themselves fortunate to possess a copy of “Agamemnon.” They are to be congratulated on the opportunity now offered.

I shall hope before long to send you orders for copies. Thanking you again for your kindness.

Believe me very truly yrs.

L. L. Thaxter<sup>2</sup>

To Mr Quaritch

<sup>1</sup> See T. W. Hinchliff's letter to Quaritch, April 30, 1875.

<sup>2</sup> Levi L. Thaxter, husband of Celia Thaxter, poetess; according to N. H. Dole, “an enthusiastic admirer and propagandist” of EFG. FitzGerald coteries formed in the Boston and Philadelphia areas. In *Letters to Bernard Quaritch*, p. 49, the signature is misspelled “Thaxtet.”

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To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
August 31, [1876]

My dear Wright,

It is too bad that I should just have finished Don Quixote once again, and that I should have no recollection of this Cat's fifth Leg. There are lots of allusions which I am contented hitherto not to understand—"perros de Ubeda," etc., and I suppose your Cat is among them. I have never had an Edition of D.Q. with Notes; but my last reading has made me resolve on getting Don Clemencín's Edition which Cowell bid me do.<sup>1</sup> But I was all for a common popular Edition of D.Q. as of Shakespeare: quite content not to understand many things in either while so rejoicing in the whole.

You know of course that "Quality of Mercy" passage in D.Q.'s advice to Sancho: and their subsequent talk of "All the World's a Stage." There was some other Coincidence between S. and C. which struck me, but (of course) I can't now recall. No one can tell the pains it costs Irish Brains to remember or quote accurately.

You of course have noticed Shakespeare quoted by B. Jonson for S's own Portrait.

Artificial Strife

Lives in these Touches livelier than the Life

and W.S. quoting Marlow:

Why, she (Helen) is a Pearl

Whose Price *hath launch'd above a thousand Ships.*<sup>2</sup>

Also from Plautus' Aulularia, I think, of which some Translation (by *Urceus*?) was abroad at the time.

I concitato gradu, et vorans viam redi.<sup>3</sup>

I was at Dunwich for two Days in company with Edwards the Painter, who had V. Hugo's son's Prose Translation of Shakespeare. I was astonished how well Henry IV came out, both Hotspur and Falstaff: it made me see Shakespeare in a new light, as large as Life, and as alive. What other Writer could bear such a Transfiguration? Even my Don, with a Sancho akin in Humour to the English, loses so much even in so good a Translation as Jarvis'. I really felt parting with him at this last reading as with one's best Friend. But I will know him even better in Don Clemencin.



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Do you know the word "Water-smoke," which Walter White heard several times used for the Sea-fog or Sea-roke in Norfolk and Suffolk? He says it means the same as "Eynd," which I never heard of.<sup>1</sup>

Well—aren't you coming these ways to see Brooke and Turner? The former I see in a Tandem: the latter alone in his Boat on our River. Beside these two, there is mine own self with a whole house over me, with Bed and Board to spare.

Mr. Spalding is still here, but I cannot learn that his Future is yet provided for.<sup>2</sup> Meanwhile, he seems happy to talk of Coins, Celts, Birds, Egg, Pictures, etc. If he could muster sufficient Capital he would do best in a Curiosity Shop; or (without Capital) as an Assistant, if not Chief, at some Museum. He has really accurate Knowledge, as well as real Taste and Liking, in such matters: and is moreover a very amiable and civilised Man.

You speak of the Cowells as if only just gone to Switzerland: I had hoped, long ago. I enclose you a Note about Carlyle, which I wish you would forward to The Master if you know whither.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Diego Clemencín, *Don Quijote*, 6 vols., Madrid, 1830-39.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Wright, July 31, [1872], nn.3 and 4.

<sup>3</sup> See letter to Wright, May 16, 1870, n.4.

<sup>4</sup> Comment in a passage in *Eastern England from the Thames to the Humber*, 2 vols., 1865, I, 178.

<sup>5</sup> Spalding had closed out his coal, grain, and building supply business.

To Frederick Tennyson

Woodbridge  
Sept. 3/76

*My dear Frederic,*

I am afraid it is rather a tax on you to answer my Letters about Nothing. But I certainly like to hear about you, from time to time, oftener than I can expect an Answer from other Friends. My enquiries of Alfred are now but once a Year—Christmas time—so with old Spedding; and now Pollock leaves me in the lurch. Not that I complain; I have really no right to even a yearly Response. Carlyle used to be my most punctual Correspondent—that is, to a half-yearly Letter: he dictating an Answer by his Niece. She has lately written

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to me that he has scarce found himself equal to the task of Dictation: no Pain or Ailments, I think; but Weakness. He has been somewhere in his own Scotland: but thinks he is better at his Chelsea Home.

This, by the way, is the favourite Anniversary of his Hero Cromwell: September 3: one more Summer gone. How has it been with you in Jersey? Scorched up? And heavy Storms in the last week or ten days? Three Nights ago we were all woke up by such a rattling Peal of Thunder as we have scarce known; only *one*, unheralded, unsucceeded by any other: that, and the noise of it, was the Surprise.

I bought Macaulay's Memoirs in a hurry to read; and found that I might just as well have waited for Mudie, and saved my Money too. Not but it is the Record of a vastly clever, and very good, Man. Then I must buy Ticknor's Memoirs with a like Result. Not but he is a very sensible, and a very good, Man too. Only I have been interested more in much less clever, honourable, and good People, as in Haydon,<sup>1</sup> for instance, whom Macaulay despises. What I wonder at is those eternal and violent Discussions between Macaulay, Mackintosh, Hallam, etc., as to who is the greatest Poet, Novelist, Politician, etc., and which of his Works his greatest, etc. You see Wagner's Bayreuth Triumph.<sup>2</sup> I shall stick to "Life let us cherish."

Let me have a few lines to say how you are, and what about, and believe me yours as ever

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Haydon, artist. See letter to Spring Rice, Sept. 15, 1862.

<sup>2</sup> The Wagner Theater at Bayreuth had opened with the first performances of the *Nibelungen Ring* in August. The productions were a pronounced success musically, but they failed to realize sufficient funds to meet the costs of the theater venture.

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 4/76

*My dear Wright,*

The "All the World's a Stage" place is in Ch.xi.Lib.v. Part iii (as marked in my Spanish Edition;<sup>1</sup> I have not Jarvis by me) (anyhow in what we call the Second Part) concerning the Don's Encounter with the Masque of Death. The parallel indeed is rather between the various Ranks of Men than their Ages: a Comparison (as that of

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Chess) so common as to be trite even to Sancho. There is something in the same Chapter as to the advantage of treating Actors well, which a little bit reminds one of Hamlet.

I do not think the "vorans viam" is by Plautus himself (I have him not), but added by some one—*Urceus*?—and (as I somewhere read) known by Translation in Shakespeare's time. I either only remember such things, or jot them down without reference to Authority: and, either way, pretty sure to be inexact. So one shouldn't trouble other men to verify one.

One thing I can swear to: (as easy as Lying, by the way, to us Celts) that we have a bend in our River here, about five miles off our town, called "The Ham," as your Friend Turner will tell you, and show you, if you will.

The Bay of Portugal<sup>2</sup> I know nothing of.

I will write a line to the Master to prevent his being at the trouble of returning me Miss Aitken's Note. I do not want it back at all: but I thought you and the Master might like to hear of C's health. Of course I wrote to her at once to prevent his answering.

Oh—do you know of the two enclosed Quotations<sup>3</sup> jotted down in an old Commonplace Book from I know not what source? I hope you have not forgotten your Design to edit Selden's Table Talk.<sup>4</sup> Some Sentences (like one of these) might be added from his Works, which I suppose do not want re-edition.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Of *Don Quixote*.

<sup>2</sup> Wright had probably asked EFG, one-time East Coast yachtsman, to explain the allusion in Rosalind's "My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal" (*As You Like It*, IV.1.211-212).

<sup>3</sup> Missing from MS.

<sup>4</sup> One of EFG's abandoned projects. See letter to William Pickering, [April, 1846], n.2.

To W. A. Wright

[Woodbridge]  
[September, 1876]

A Friend in London to whom I was writing when your *Cat-query* came, says he thinks the words run "andar buscando cinco pies en un Gato" and are to be found "early in the First Part of D.Q."<sup>1</sup> This

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Man's Memory (I don't think he had the Book at hand) is as much to be depended on as mine is *not*. I am not sure, however, of his "*en un Gato*": which somehow does not sound quite the thing to me. He renders it, as you do, I suppose, "going a Wildgoose Chase" more Germanorum. Mrs. Kemble, by the way wrote me of one observation that struck her by one of the German Shakespearits—viz: that there might be a good deal of the *Histrionic* in Hamlet's Character.

<sup>1</sup> *Don Quixote*, Part I, Chap. 22.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge

Friday [September 8, 1876]

*My dear Cowell,*

Our Letters crossed, you see—were perhaps being written at the same time. I now write to thank you for the account you have sent me of your Travel,<sup>1</sup> and which forestalls all my Enquiries: so you see you are not to answer this Letter. I should perhaps say no more myself just now, but yet your mention of Carlyle reminds me of what I think I omitted in my Letter: viz., that his Niece, in replying to my half yearly Letter two or three months ago, said that he had been in his Scotland, had taken quiet pleasure in driving about the Country; did not *ail* anything, but was very weak: insomuch that he had almost ceased Reading, and found it a labour to dictate a Letter. When they had returned to Chelsea, however (from which she wrote) he seemed better, and began his Books, and spoke of dictating a Letter to me, and others: but of course I wrote to deprecate *that*. This I think you may like to hear about, and so I add it in a second Letter.

No: I did not go to Brittany: I thought that all the bother of Travel so far was more than a Visit to Les Rochers was worth: seeing that my object was not any Beauty in the Place, but only as the abode of my dear Madame. And, as Years and Changes have gone on, perhaps I should only have seen to be disappointed in that one respect also. Still, it is rather base not to have gone.

As to Agamemnon—he was published two months ago, with all his faults on his head, some of which I had observed and could have corrected had Quaritch sent me the Revises. I don't think the Play looks half so well as in its first unpretending Shape: but I will send you a Copy if you care to have it; nay, I will send it you without

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further ado. You will like it rather better in so far as some of the "Blood" is wiped out.

As to Salámán—I told Quaritch I would wait awhile. For in Truth I was becoming ashamed of my several Appearances in his fine Quarto Type, and his dreadful *Puffs* of them. I have not dared to look at his last: I told him simply to put "By the Translator of O.K."—but I saw a much longer Paragraph which, as I say, I was afraid to decypher. It would give me very great pleasure to dedicate Salámán to you, as you spoke of—to whom could I offer any of my *Opuscula* so properly as to Yourself (provided you like, or allow it) who taught me nearly all that has borne what little Fruit I was capable of! I think it very likely however that Quaritch won't be solicitous to lay out more money on me just yet, as I think this has

[Remainder missing]

<sup>1</sup> The Cowells had been on the Continent since August 11.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge

[September 10, 1876]

*My dear Donne,*

I really and truly am quite at a loss to know why you speak (and I am sure you feel) with so much pleasure of being here. Well, I can as sincerely say (so you may wonder on your side) that you could scarce have more pleasure in my society than I in yours. So let's shake hands on that score.

. . . If you can handily send me the "Edinburgh" with the Review of Crabbe's "Tales of the Hall" (1819 or 1820) will you do so?<sup>1</sup> I still mean to vamp together some extracts which you may one day show to Murray: who will of course decline them.

Woodbridge cannot maintain a Branch of Mudie; it is dead in Loder's hands. Not wishing to bother you I wrote to Mowbray to ask what Library of the Mudie sort was good to subscribe to, where one could get Foreign Books and Magazines. Mowbray will tell me, so do not you write, but believe me,

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> *Edinburgh Review*, Aug., 1819, pp. 118-48.

September 1876

To C. E. Norton

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*Sept<sup>r</sup> 10/76*

*My dear Sir,*

When your Letter reached me a few days ago, I looked up Gillies: and found the Wordsworth Letters so good, kindly, sincere, and modest, that I thought you and Mr. Lowell should have the Volume they are in at once. So it travels by Post along with this Letter. The other two volumes shall go one day in some parcel of Quaritch's<sup>1</sup> if he will do me that Courtesy; but there is, I think, little you would care for, unless a little more of "Walter Scott's" generosity and kindness to Gillies in the midst of his own Ruin; a stretch of Goodness that Wordsworth would not, I think, have reached. However, these Letters of his make me think I ought to feel more filially to my Daddy: I must dip myself again in Mr. Lowell's excellent Account of him with a more reverent Spirit. Do you remember the fine Picture that Haydon gives of him sitting with his grey head in the free Benches of some London Church? I wonder that more of such Letters as these to Gillies are not preserved or produced; perhaps Mr. Lowell will make use of them on some future occasion; some new Edition, perhaps, of his last volume. I can assure you and him that I read that Volume with that Interest and Pleasure that made me sure I should often return to it: as indeed I did more than once till—lent out to three several Friends! It is now in the hands of a very civilized, well-lettered, and agreeable Archdeacon, of this District.<sup>2</sup>

I bought Mr. Ticknor's Memoirs in an Edition published, I hope with due Licence, by Sampson Low. What a just, sincere, kindly, modest Man he too! With more shrewd perception of the many fine folks he mixed with than he cared to indulge in or set down on Paper, I fancy: judging from some sketchy touches of Macaulay, Talfourd, Bulwer, etc. His account of his Lord Fitzwilliam's is surely very creditable to English Nobility. Macaulay's Memoirs were less interesting to me; though I quite believe in him as a brave, honest, affectionate Man, as well (of course) as a very powerful one. It is wonderful how he, Hallam, and Mackintosh could roar and bawl at one another over such Questions as Which is the Greatest Poet? Which is the greatest Work of that Greatest Poet? etc., like Boys at some Debating Society.

You can imagine the little dull Country town on whose Border I live; our one merit is an Estuary that brings up Tidings of the Sea

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twice in the twenty-four hours, and on which I sail in my Boat whenever I can. Only write when you like; and believe me truly yours

E. FitzGerald

I must add a P.S. to say that having written my half-yearly Letter to Carlyle, just to ask how he was, etc., I hear from his Niece that he has been to his own Dumfries, has driven a great deal about the Country: but has returned to Chelsea very weak, she says, though not in any way ill. He has even ceased to care about Books; but, since his Return, has begun to interest himself in them a little again. In short, his own Chelsea is the best Place for him.

Another reason for this other half Sheet is—that—Yes! I wish very much for your Translation of the *Vita Nuova*,<sup>3</sup> which I did read in a slovenly (slovenly with Dante!) way twenty or thirty years ago, but did not at all understand. I should know much more about it now with you and Mr. Lowell.

I could *without* “roaring” persuade you about Don Quixote, I think; if I were to roar over the Atlantic as to “Which is the best of the Two Parts” in the Style of Macaulay & Co. “Oh for a Pot of Ale, etc.,” rather than such Alarums. Better dull Woodbridge! What bothered me in London was—all the Clever People going wrong with such clever Reasons for so doing which I couldn’t confute.<sup>4</sup> I will send an original Omar if I find one.

<sup>1</sup> EFG wrote a biographical sketch of R. P. Gillies on the flyleaf of the second volume of *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*, now in the Houghton Library at Harvard. On the corresponding page of volume three, Norton added a note stating that the second volume had appeared to be lost until “J.R.L.” finally “found it in his upstairs study” and returned it to Norton.

<sup>2</sup> R. H. Groome.

<sup>3</sup> Published 1867, a translation.

<sup>4</sup> Mowbray Donne, recalling EFG’s manner of speaking, quoted the remark about “the Clever People” and added, “How good that is. I can hear him saying ‘which I couldn’t confute’ with a break on his tone of voice at the end of ‘couldn’t.’ You remember how he used to speak—like a cricket-ball, with a break on it, or like his own favorite image of the wave falling over” (*Two Suffolk Friends*, p. 103, n.).

September 1876

To Anna Biddell

Woodbridge

Sept. 15/76<sup>1</sup>

Dear Miss Biddell,

The Donnes only came to me last Friday, and went away before Day was over, because Donne's Doctor had bid him beware of the Smell of Paint: and my Doors and Windows still breathed a little of it. But I have also had young Arthur Charlesworth with me, though I sent him to the Sea for the chief part of his Holyday. He came back to me looking very much better for Air and Exercise, and I have sent him back to his City Desk with some new Life in him.

All this being wiped off the Slate, I thought of G. Crabbe; going by Ipswich, with perchance a Call on you by the way. I should not however have tried on a Tuesday—your Market day—and Today has been a Damper to all such Expeditions: and Tomorrow your Miss Airy comes (more like Mr. F'[s] Aunt than yours) and I don't know if I shan't put off G.C. as *Sunday* would come in the way: a Day when he is always more or less tired with his two Services. Besides, I would have pretty fair weather for a Visit, so that one could be *out* all day.

I never knew anything—not even the name—of the Schütz Wilson you ask about till I saw it at the end of that rather extravagant Article in the Contemporary, sent me by Quaritch. So I had not courted it: but when I next wrote to Quaritch I bid him thank the Writer: and so a little Correspondence has sprung up between us. He has sent me a Book of his own, which I don't know what to say about in return. I am surprized you can tolerate Omar, if (as I gather from your Letter) you have seen Wilson's Article. I would send you a Copy if you wished: but *don't wish* would be safest. Yet I was told the other Day that Mr. Leslie Stephen, who lately lost his Wife, who was Thackeray's youngest Daughter, positively found Consolation in Wordsworth's Excursion, and—Omar K.! And he who told me—an American Professor—said the same thing had happened to him.<sup>2</sup> This is a little Mystery: and I am yours always sincerely

E. FitzOmar

<sup>1</sup> There can be no doubt about the date on the MS; but the editors believe the letter was written either Wednesday, Sept. 13, or Thursday forenoon. It is most unlikely that EFG would have written on the 15th without referring to events of the previous day reported in the letter which follows.

<sup>2</sup> C. E. Norton, whose wife had died in 1872.



September 1876

To Anna Biddell

Woodbridge  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 19/76

*Dear Miss Biddell,*

Now to tell you a droll thing. Your Letter, enclosing Mrs. Edwards' is dated Sept<sup>r</sup> 16—Saturday: and tells me that "Yesterday" (i.e. Friday) you went down the Orwell and back by Steamer. So did I—and so did A. Tennyson. The Story is that on Thursday I was thinking of George Crabbe when a Card was brought in to "Old Fitz" from AT and his Son. And immediately it was as if we had parted only twenty days instead of twenty years: with our old Jokes, Banter, Comparisons of Taste, etc. He had been touring with his Son in Norfolk—which he liked well—and so called here on his way home. I must say I had my House ready; but yet I made him go to the Bull, as I knew he would be well off there, and—in short, it seemed best to me. But here he was of a Day, and at Night. And on Friday—your Friday—we took Carriage and drove to Ipswich, and looked at Wolsey's Gate: and then got on board the Steamer, and went to Harwich: and (like you) just walked up the Street, and then back again by Steamer, and home here by the Carriage that took us to Ipswich. I suppose the Secret of our not meeting you is—that we went by the 2 P.M. Boat, and you (I suppose) by an Earlier. The Poet went home by the Noon Train on Saturday. He looked as well as I had ever seen him, and was in all other ways unaltered. What astonished me was, our feeling not the slightest hesitation in taking up our Intercourse just as easily as we had it twenty years ago: and I still rather wonder at this.

When he was off, I went again to Dunwich, where I put up at the Inn, but saw the Edwardses at odd times. Very pleasant they were: and pleasant their home: and pleasant Dunwich itself with such pleasant People. He paints and etches: and she is never idle (she says) having but one Servant. You ought to go over but you cannot now—not, I suppose, till the Season be too far gone for such Expeditions. She is going up to London in a Fortnight: whether to return to Dunwich, or to remain in London she knows not as yet.

Here is a Letter to make you "admire" a little, and I am ever yours

E.FG.

September 1876

To Bernard Quaritch

*Little Grange, Woodbridge  
September 19/76*

Dear Sir,

If you have no prospect of another, and gayer, Copy of Clemencín's Quixote, I must have the one you sent me, if you still have it to send.

Have you any Copy of Olivier de Basselin's Vaux de Vire?—*Octavo*.

Yours

E. FitzGerald

The writer of the enclosed Note had been asked about your humble Servant on behalf of Lord Lytton in India: and this is the answer to Donne of whom she enquired. Not wanted back again: but do you think I am likely to act as a Barrier against Russia in the East, as Lord Beaconsfield thought the Title of *Empress* would do?

By the by, I suppose you are out for your Holyday: anyhow, nothing here needs answer except about Don Q. and Oliver B.

[The enclosure follows]

*Carrig Brear, Howth, Near Dublin  
Sept<sup>r</sup> 16/76*

Miss Stokes presents her compliments to Mr. Donne and begs to acknowledge his note referring to Mr. FitzGerald.

Miss Stokes does not think Lord Lytton's interest in Mr FitzGerald was likely to be dependent on the fact of his being connected with India.<sup>1</sup> He was merely anxious to know if he were still alive, and where he lived as the extreme beauty and faithfulness\* of some of his translations had filled his Lordship with very great admiration.

\* *Stokes jokes!*" [EFG's notation]

<sup>1</sup> Clues identify Miss Stokes sufficiently if not precisely. In 1862, a year after he had retrieved the *Rubáiyát* at Quaritch's Castle Street shop, Whitley Stokes, member of a Dublin family, entered the Indian Civil Service and at Madras in December "pirated" the poem in a private printing. (See text following the letter to Cowell, Dec. 7, 1861; and n.2, letter to Cowell, Jan. 18, [1872].) When Lord Lytton, son of Bulwer-Lytton, was appointed Viceroy of India in 1876, Stokes was secretary of the legislative department at Calcutta. Through him, Lord Lytton may first have learned that EFG was the translator of Omar and asked Miss Stokes, a relative, probably a sister of Whitley's, to obtain information about him. The note implies that the Viceroy was also acquainted with others of EFG's works. Lord Lytton published poetry and prose under the pseudonym of Owen Meredith.

September 1876

To Fanny Kemble

Woodbridge

Sept<sup>r</sup> 21/76

Dear Mrs. Kemble,

Have your American Woods begun to hang out their Purple and Gold yet? on this Day of Equinox. Some of ours begin to look rusty, after the Summer Drought; but have not turned Yellow yet. I was talking of this to a Heroine of mine who lives near here, but visits the Highlands of Scotland, which she loves better than Suffolk—and she said of those Highland Trees—"O, they give themselves no dying Airs, but turn Orange in a Day, and are swept off in a Whirlwind, and Winter is come."

Now too one's Garden begins to be haunted by that Spirit which Tennyson says is heard talking to himself among the flower-borders. Do you remember him?

And now—Who should send in his card to me last week—but the old Poet himself—he and his elder Son Hallam passing through Woodbridge from a Tour in Norfolk. "Dear old Fitz," ran the Card in pencil, "We are passing thro'." I had not seen him for twenty years—he looked much the same, except for his fallen Locks; and what really surprised me was, that we fell at once into the old Humour, as if we had only been parted twenty Days instead of so many Years. I suppose this is a Sign of Age—not altogether desirable. But so it was. He stayed two Days, and we went over the same old grounds of Debate, told some of the old Stories, and all was well. I suppose I may never see him again: and so I suppose we both thought as the Rail carried him off: and each returned to his ways as if scarcely diverted from them. Age again!—I liked Hallam much; unaffected, unpretending—no Slang—none of Young England's nonchalance—speaking of his Father as "Papa" and tending him with great Care, Love, and Discretion. Mrs. A. T. is much out of health, and scarce leaves Home, I think.

I have lately finished Don Quixote again, and I think have inflamed A. T. to read him too—I mean in his native Language. For this *must* be, good as Jarvis' Translation is, and the matter of the Book so good that one would think it would lose less than any Book by Translation. But somehow that is not so. I was astonished lately to see how Shakespeare's Henry IV. came out in young V. Hugo's Prose Translation: Hotspur, Falstaff and all. It really seemed to show me more than I had yet seen in the original.

Ever yours,  
E.FG.

September 1876

To W. A. Wright

[Woodbridge]

[September 24, 1876]

Oh these Irish Wits! I took for granted that my Saxon Friend had quoted accurately from his amazing memory; but, on looking again into the Book, I find it is "*tres pies al Gato*"—so in the three Editions I have; one of these being the famed Don Clemencín's—as also, I find, in Jarvis.<sup>1</sup> But what is the Joke of three feet? As many a Cat, caught in a Trap, knows. Don Clemencín might have given a Note on this: but of course he does not. I am afraid (from such looks as I have had of him) that he follows the usual Commentator's Course; dilating on things one knows, or not worth pointing out.

Tennyson came here suddenly ten days ago—with his Son Hallam, whom I liked much. It was a Relief to find a Young Gentleman not calling his Father "The Governor" but even—"Papa," and tending him so carefully in all ways. And nothing of "awfully jolly," etc. I put them up at the Inn—Bull—as my own House was in a sort of Inter-regnum of Painting, within and without; and I knew they would be well provided at "John Grout's"—as they were. Tennyson said he had not found such Dinners at Grand Hotels, etc. And John (though a Friend of Princes of all Nations—Russian, French, Italian, etc.—who come to buy Horse flesh) was gratified at the Praise: though he said to me, "Pray, Sir, what is the name of the Gentleman?"

I see my Namesake (only, Percy) Fitzg<sup>d</sup> is editing a "Complete" Edition of dear Charles Lamb<sup>2</sup>—"Saint Charles" as Thackeray called him. I doubt of Completeness from my Namesake—(Paddy, I suppose) but I suppose also that I shall buy. Do you know of it?

And—what do you know of a Word of Dampier's in bidding some one beware of trusting the People he is with—"Tace is Latin for Candle."<sup>3</sup>

But that three footed Cat? We are all abroad. Beware of the German, and believe me yours

E.FG.

What is the other Play of William's which you have edited, beside the five first?

<sup>1</sup> His London friend had written "*cinco pies*" when questioned about the singular cat in *Don Quixote*.

<sup>2</sup> *The Life, Letters, and Writings of Charles Lamb*, 6 vols., 1876.

<sup>3</sup> *Tace* from *tacere*, "be silent."

September 1876

To Alfred Tennyson  
(Fragment)

Woodbridge  
Sept. 26, 1876

I am glad you were pleased with your short visit here. Perhaps you will one day, one or both of you, come again: and, if you will but give warning, and no nieces are in possession of the house, it shall be ready for you, and some *tender* meat provided. Somehow I, when you were gone, felt somewhat abroad, and a few hours after went to an old village by the sea, Dunwich, once a considerable town, now swept into the sea, with the remains of a church on the cliff and the walls of an ancient priory beside. I was wishing that I had made you come with me, over a stretch of wild heath too, but there was no room in the little Inn: and dare say *very tough meat!* *That* fatal reed sticks in my side you see. But I am still yours, and all yours, sincerely,

E.FG.

To W. A. Wright

[Woodbridge]  
[September, 1876]

My Spaniard could not rest: I suppose till he found Chapter and Verse for the five-footed Cat:<sup>1</sup> so today I have the enclosed from him—Part I, Ch. 22, just when D.Q. is about to loose the “Galeotes” and the Guard says to him: “Go your way, and set your Bason right on your head, and don’t go looking for five feet in a Cat.” (It is, as I had an inkling of, not *en un Gato*, but *al Gato*.)

If you use this against the Germans, take care they don’t retort as D.Q. does: “Tis *you* are the Cat, the Rat,” etc.

You know, I suppose, the very curious Coincidence between the Queen’s Words in Hamlet, “Thou knowst ’tis common; all that lives must die,” etc., and the Chorus consoling Electra in Sophocles.

Θνητοῦ πέφυκας πατρός,<sup>2</sup> etc.

This I saw noticed in Lowell’s “Among my Books,” a Book very well worth having among one’s own. There are now two Volumes, both very good, I think. The Shakespeare Coincidence is named at p. 84 of the first Series.

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In the same Volume Lowell notices the curious mistake which former Editors of Bacon had made in reading *business* instead of *dusiness*—or our good Suffolk *duzziness*—as old Spedding corrects. I don't write at large as I suppose you know the *business*.

Do you know—or care to know—what I found noted in an old Commonplace Book as to “out of God's Blessing into the warm Sun” from a Speech of Sir John Throckmorton on his Trial reported in Holinshed?

These things have occurred to me, as I say, in looking over some old Notebooks half legible, and scarce to be depended on, from want of Authority: and scarce worth it. What a pretty bit this of old Chaucer for better old Books than mine?

For out of olde Fieldis, as Men saith,  
Cometh all this new Corn from Year to Year,  
And out of olde Bookes, in good Faith,  
Cometh all this new Science that men lere.  
(Somewhere in) Assembly of Fowls<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Puzzled by contradictions in his sources, EFG had queried a Spanish acquaintance. The enigmatic statement proves to be a proverb. See letter to Wright, Nov. 4, 1876.

<sup>2</sup> Think, Electra, your father was a mortal;  
And mortal was Orestes. Calm your grief.  
Death is a debt that all of us must pay.

Quoted by Lowell in “Shakespeare Once More.”

<sup>3</sup> *Parlement of Foules*, “Proem,” 22-25; spelling modernized.

To E. B. Cowell

Woodbridge  
October 5/76

My dear Cowell,

I am afraid you are back in harness at Cambridge. I don't wish to add to it: but I shall be glad to hear from you or Elizabeth how your Holyday Trip succeeded: but only write when least inconvenient—no hurry at all.

I have been nowhere all the Summer unless for a few days to G. Crabbe in Norfolk. Arthur came down to me for his Fortnight's Holyday: and, as I had nothing to amuse him here, I sent him down to Felixstowe Ferry, where he had Sea and River and Boats and Sailors,

and Gun and Pistol to shoot at poor Sea birds along the Beach; also, the Allenbys, who invited and were kind to him. He came back looking all the better. I still like Arthur well; he seems now to have got a Liking to his London Business. His Brother "Jack," he told me, was going to Sea again: is gone, by this time, I suppose.

I bought Clemencín's Quixote<sup>1</sup> after all: but have looked little into him as yet, as I had finished my last Reading of the Don before he came. By the by, ask Wright about the "cinco pies al Gato" which is *the Proverb*: but in D.Q. it is quoted "tres pies al Gato"—which is to me unintelligible. It is toward the end of the Chapter about liberating the Galley slaves in the first part. Don Clemencín makes no remark on it: I fear his Notes are more than one wants about errors, or inaccuracies of Style, etc. Cervantes had some of the noble carelessness of Shakespeare, Scott, etc., as about Sancho's stolen Dicky. But why should Clemencín, and his Predecessors, decide that Cervantes changed the title of his second Part from "Hidalgo" to "Caballero" from negligence? Why should not he have *intended* the change for reasons of his own? Anyhow, they should have printed the Title as he printed it, and pointed out what they thought the oversight in a Note. This makes one think they may have altered other things also: which perhaps I shall see when I begin another Reading: which (if I live) won't be very far off. I think I almost inspired Alfred Tennyson (who suddenly came here a Fortnight ago) to begin on the Spanish. Yes: A.T. called one day, after near twenty years' separation, and we were in a moment as if we had been together all that while. He had his son Hallam with him: whom I liked much: unaffected and unpretentious: so attentive to his Father, with a humorous sense of his Character as well as a loving and respectful. It was good to see them together. We went one day down the Orwell and back again by Steamer: but the weather was not very propitious. Altogether, I think we were all pleased with our meeting. He (AT) has still some things on the Anvil: I did not ask to hear anything of them—for indeed I think he might as well ship his Oars now. I was even impious enough to tell him so.

This Letter was not meant to be so long; and does not by any means call for a corresponding Answer. Take your time: and then (one of you) just tell me where you have been, and how you both are. And believe me, both of you, yours ever sincerely

E.FG.

October 1876

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge  
October 9, [1876]

*My dear Wright,*

You must quote me, if you will, the Spanish Proverb about the Cat—and in what Collection it is found. I don't see it in Ray, though I dare say I have missed it, after my fashion.

Also, tell me what is the sixth Shakespeare Play you have edited. Nay, I think you should send it me, as also any other you edit. I see little of what is going on in the Book way; don't know where I read any Notice of this sixth Play of yours. Now do these two favours for me, in spite of your eternal Jerusalem Chamber.<sup>1</sup>

I yesterday sent your Master a Note from Carlyle's Niece saying that her Uncle was much better in health and Spirits: able to walk, eat, and read—and *laugh*—engaged *with Shakespeare*.

I asked the Master to send the Note to Cowell, whom I had just been telling of Carlyle's having been not so well: you can see it between them, if you care.

So no more from yours

E.FG.

Mr. Spalding has found Employment with some Merchant at Hadleigh.

And oh, and oh, our Russian Bonds of which I hear and read bad accounts in several Quarters—viz: that the Russ *couldn't* pay if War, and anyhow the Credit must fall. I have however thus far left all mine, fancying that Russia can't afford to break, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Wright, a Hebrew scholar, was a member of the Old Testament "company," or segment, of the committee engaged in revising the Authorized Version of the *Bible*. He served as secretary of his group, which met in Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey. When the work was completed in 1885 he had missed only one of 794 meetings.

To W. A. Wright

12 Marine Terrace: Lowestoft  
[October, 1876]

*My dear Wright,*

As you really are so busy a Man, I must thank you for replying at all to my Cat-queries. I should have liked to know your explanation



of the "*tres pies* versus "*cinco*"—but (mind!) I do not wish you to write again: we shall perhaps meet before very long, and then can talk of it.

Of the Shakespeares, I have not "*King Lear*," and "*As You Like It*" (which latter I fear I don't much care for, with all its bits of beauties, and general amiability and Grace). Now you tell me the names, I can get them I suppose, from MacMillan through our Loder. But in future you *shall* send me what you bring out; for otherwise I don't perhaps hear of them till a long while after.

You need not feel guilty about the Russians: as I had already invested £4,000 in them before my last *Ch. Kr.*: £1000; making a very considerable limb of my Substance—which I can quite well live without myself, but should be sorry to lose for the ten Nephews and Nieces who inherit after. Like you, I suppose, I can not understand that a Power like Russia could afford to be Bankrupt, as so many say she must if she go to War. Meanwhile I don't trouble about the matter—"Après moi le Deluge!"<sup>1</sup>

By the by—I brought here a French Memoir of Henri Beyle (so-disant "*Stendhal*") a Litterateur of great Talent, and even some Genius. Among many Works, he says he wrote a Drama of The Life of Jesus. A friend asked him—"Y-a-t-il de l'Amour?" Answer—"Beaucoup"—not of Mary Magdalen, or Samaritan Woman, as you might suppose; but of—"St. Jean le Disciple chéri! Il (Beyle) soutenait que tous les grands hommes ont eu des goûts bizarres, et citait Alexandre, César, vingt Papes Italiens: il prétendait que Napoléon lui-même avait eu du faible pour un de ses Aides-de-camp."<sup>2</sup>

Is not this enough to persuade any Englishman to be a Christian? I sent it to Tennyson: show it to your Master! I should like to go and worship in your Ante Chapel this very Evening.

I will send you an Agamemnon if you wish—but it must be Quarritch's absurd Edition, for the private one is used—also my poor little Euphranor: and remain yours always

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> He sold the bonds three years later. See letter to Wright, Dec. 17, 1880.

<sup>2</sup> The passage, from a biographical and critical "Notice" by R. Colomb, Stendhal's executor, was published originally as an introduction to the Hetzel 1846 edition of the novel, *La Chartreuse de Parme*. A number of editors who have reprinted the essay have either deleted the names or ignored the entire segment.

October 1876

To Fanny Kemble

*Lowestoft*  
*October 24/76*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

Little—Nothing—as I have to write, I am nevertheless beginning to write to you, from this old Lodging of mine, from which I think our Correspondence chiefly began—ten years ago.<sup>1</sup> I am in the same Room: the same dull Sea moaning before me: the same Wind screaming through the Windows: so I take up the same old Story. My Lugger was then about building: she has passed into other hands now: I see her from time to time bouncing into Harbour, with her “244” on her Bows. Her Captain and I have parted: I thought he did very wrongly—Drink, among other things: but he did not think he did wrong: a different Morality from ours—that, indeed, of Carlyle’s ancient Sea Kings. I saw him a few days ago in his house, with Wife and Children; looking, as always, too big for his house: but always grand, polite, and unlike anybody else. I was noticing the many Flies in the room—“Poor things,” he said, “it is the warmth of our Stove makes them alive.” When Tennyson was with me, whose Portrait hangs in my house in company with those of Thackeray and this Man (the three greatest men I have known), I thought that both Tennyson and Thackeray were inferior to him in respect of Thinking of Themselves. When Tennyson was telling me of how The Quarterly abused him (humorously too), and desirous of knowing why one did not care for his later works, etc., I thought that if he had lived an active Life, as Scott and Shakespeare; or even ridden, shot, drunk, and played the Devil, as Byron, he would have done much more, and talked about it much less. “You know,” said Scott to Lockhart, “that I don’t care a Curse about what I write,”<sup>2</sup> and one sees he did not. I don’t believe it was far otherwise with Shakespeare. Even old Wordsworth, wrapt up in his Mountain mists, and proud as he was, was above all this vain Disquietude: proud, not vain, was he: and that a Great Man (as Dante) has some right to be—but not to care what the Coteries say. What a Rigmarole!

Donne scarce ever writes to me (Twalmley the Great), and if he do not write to you, depend upon it he thinks he has nothing worth sending over the Atlantic. I heard from Mowbray quite lately that his Father was very well.

Yes: you told me in a previous Letter that you were coming to England after Christmas. I shall not be up to going to London to

see you, with all your Company about you; perhaps (don't think me very impudent!) you may come down, if we live till Summer, to my Woodbridge Château, and there talk over some old things.

I make a kind of Summer in my Room here with Boccaccio. What a Mercy that one can return with a Relish to these Books! As Don Quixote can only be read in his Spanish, so I do fancy Boccaccio only in his Italian: and yet one is used to fancy that Poetry is the mainly untranslatable thing. How prettily innocent are the Ladies, who, after telling very loose Stories, finish with "E così Iddio faccia [noi] godere del nostro Amore, etc.," sometimes, *Domeneddio*, more affectionately.<sup>3</sup>

Anyhow, these Ladies are better than the accursed Eastern Question;<sup>4</sup> of which I have determined to read, and, if possible, hear, no more till the one question be settled of Peace or War. If war, I am told I may lose some £5000 in Russian Bankruptcy: but I can truly say I would give that, and more, to ensure Peace and Good Will among Men at this time. Oh, the Apes we are! I must retire to my Montaigne—whom, by the way, I remember reading here, when the *Lugger* was building! Oh, the Apes, etc. But there was A Man in all that Business still,<sup>5</sup> who is so now, somewhat tarnished. And I am yours as then sincerely.

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Actually nine years, 1867. The earliest extant letter to Fanny Kemble is dated July 4, [1871].

<sup>2</sup> In a letter of Jan. 15, 1826. Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

<sup>3</sup> A note of Aldis Wright's on the letter reads, "These expressions must not be looked for in the Decameron, as 'emendato secondo l'ordine del Sacro Concilio di Trento'" (the Roman Catholic Council met at Trent at intervals from 1545-63 to put into clear form the doctrines of the Church in opposition to the Reformation). Among the Council's many powers was the right to examine all publications and writings for possible heretical statements.

<sup>4</sup> The term will recur often in subsequent letters. Basically, the Question was the dilemma posed by efforts to thwart Russian endeavors to establish diplomatic and economic advantages in the Near East, which the nations of Western Europe preferred to reserve for themselves. Attempts of Balkan peoples to rid themselves of Turkish misrule provided Russia with plausible motivation for driving Turkey from Europe as a step in achieving its objectives. For Britain to oppose Russia would be equivalent to becoming an ally of Moslem Turkey, persecutor of Balkan Christians. To oppose Turkey by defending Balkan Christians involved Britain in aiding Russia in its drive to the East.

<sup>5</sup> Posh Fletcher.

October 1876

To Alfred Tennyson

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*  
Oct. 31, [1876]

*My dear Alfred,*

This Letter is rather for Hallam than for you, inasmuch as he is your Vizyr in such matters; but I don't know where he may now be—at Cambridge? To be sure I don't know where *you* are neither: but I suppose either at Aldworth or Farringford. So you must send the Letter on to Hallam: for I don't think you will answer the one Question it contains.

That Question is—as before—shall I send the Portrait to Aldworth or Freshwater?<sup>1</sup> It has been packed up this Fortnight, and only needs the Address. I wish to send it at once where Mrs. Tennyson may like best: and, if to Farringford, I ought to have some Instruction about Rail, perhaps. Answer, Hallam! I know you did not answer before because you wished me to keep the Picture: but my Mind is made up: and the Picture packed. It must go somewhere.

I am reading delightful Boccaccio through once more—escaping to it from The Eastern Question as the Company he tells of from The Plague. I thought of you yesterday when I came to the Theodore and Honoria Story, and read of Teodoro being “un mezzo miglio per la pineta entrato”—“More than a Mile immerst within the Wood,” as you used to quote from Glorious John.<sup>2</sup> This Decameron must almost be read in its Italian, as my Don in his Spanish: the Language fits either so exactly. I am thinking of trying Faust in German, with Hayward's Prose Translation. I never could take to it in any Shape yet: and—*don't believe in it*: which I suppose is a piece of Impudence.

But neither this, nor *The Question* are you called on to answer—much use if I did call. But I am always yours

E.FG.

When I thought of you and Boccaccio I was sitting in the Sun on that same Iron Seat with the Pigeons about me, and the Trees still in Leaf.

<sup>1</sup> The portrait of Tennyson painted for EFG by Samuel Laurence about 1840. In 1854 EFG gave the picture to Mrs. Tennyson to keep “till you get a better.” It was later returned, probably when EFG furnished Little Grange. It is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

<sup>2</sup> EFG's name for Dryden, who included the story in his translations, *Fables, Ancient and Modern*.

November 1876

To W. A. Wright

Woodbridge

Nov. 4/76

*My dear Wright,*

I post you the little Dialogue.<sup>1</sup> Can't yet light on any but a maimed Copy of Agamemnon, a real Edit. 1 (!) which (as you named it) you may prefer to Quaritch's: indeed, it is much better, so far as Printing goes, in its first unpretending Type, where I contrived to have some of the Speeches, etc., come well into a Page: a little manoeuvre which I am persuaded helps us little People more than is imagined. I feel sure I have two or three Copies somewhere; but if I don't light on one, you will be equally welcome to the Quaritch if you care to have him.

I have taken refuge from the Eastern Question in Boccaccio, just as the "piacevoli Donne" who tell the Stories escaped from the Plague. I suppose one must read this in Italian as my dear Don in Spanish: the Language of each fitting the Subject "like a Glove." But there is nothing to come up [to] the Don and his Man.

By the way—I have bought Nuñez's Spanish Proverbs<sup>2</sup> from Quaritch: and I find the Cat Proverb runs:

Buscáis cinco pies al Gato  
y el no tiene sino quattro.

And Nuñez's explanation is, "Que la demasiada Diligencia muchas veces empeze, como dico plinio."

Baretti,<sup>3</sup> I am told, interprets it as of one seeking Quarrels, etc.

This is pretty in Italian (Boccaccio) having a Spanish *asonante* rhyme:

Bocca basciata non perde Ventura,  
anzi rinnuova come fa la Luna.<sup>4</sup>

"Fortuna" I suppose would not do. One wishes that "fa" out.

Loder is getting me King Lear, and the Comedy: and I dare say I shall send you a few Comments before long. But you know you need not answer either those, or this from

Yours truly  
E.FG.

Poor Mr. Spalding is got to Hadleigh and says he is pretty comfortable there. He will be sure to find out something noteworthy there, and I tell him he must make Notes accordingly. The Parsonage I think he

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says is some four hundred years old, and Ridley and Taylor<sup>5</sup> are "sure Cards."

<sup>1</sup> *Euphranor*.

<sup>2</sup> Hernan Núñez, *Refranes o Proverbio en Romances*, Madrid, 1619.

<sup>3</sup> Giuseppe Baretti (1719-89), native of Turin, whose career included periods in England as music critic and miscellaneous writer. He engaged in controversy with John Bowle, editor of a Spanish edition of *Don Quixote*, published in 1781.

<sup>4</sup> The conclusion of Pamfilo's account of the misadventures of Princess Alatiel, *Decameron*, Second Day, Seventh Story.

<sup>5</sup> That is, as subjects for research. Rowland Taylor and Nicholas Ridley, both leaders in the Protestant revolt and both burned at the stake in 1555. Taylor, appointed chancellor to Ridley, Bishop of London, 1551, was executed at Hadleigh, where he served as rector.

To C. E. Norton

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 8/76

My dear Sir,

"Vita Nuova" reached me safe, and "siempre verde," untarnished by its Voyage. I am afraid I liked your account of it more than itself: I mean, I was more interested: I suppose it is too mystical for me. So I felt when I tried to read it in the original twenty years ago: and I fear I must despair of relishing it as I ought now I have your Version of it, which, it seems to me, must be so good. I don't think you needed to bring in Rossetti, still less Theodore Martin,<sup>1</sup> to bear Witness, or to put your Work in any other Light than its own.

After once more going through my Don Quixote ("siempre verde" too, if ever Book was), I returned to another of the Evergreens, Boccaccio, which I found by a Pencil mark at the Volume's end I had last read on board the little Ship I then had, nine years ago. And I have shut out the accursed "Eastern Question" by reading the Stories, as the "lieta Brigata" shut out the Plague by telling them. Perhaps Mr. Lowell will give us Boccaccio one day, and Cervantes? And many more, whom S<sup>te</sup> Beuve has left to be done by him. I fancy Boccaccio must be read in his Italian, as Cervantes in his Spanish: the Language fitting either "like a Glove" as we say. Boccaccio's Humour in his Country People, Friars, Scolds, etc., is capital: as well, of course, as the easy Grace and Tenderness of other Parts. One thinks that no one who had well read him and Don Quixote would ever write with a

strain again, as is the curse of nearly all modern Literature. I know that "Easy Writing is d——d hard Reading."<sup>2</sup> Of course the Man must be a Man of Genius to take his Ease: but, if he be, let him take it. I suppose that such as Dante, and Milton, and my Daddy, took it far from easy: well, they dwell apart in the Empyrean; but for Human Delight, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Boccaccio, and Scott!

Tennyson (a Man of Genius, who, I think, has crippled his growth by over-elaboration) came suddenly upon me here six weeks ago: and, many years as it was since we had met, there seemed not a Day's Interval between. He looked very well; and very happy; having with him his eldest Son, a very nice Fellow, who took all care of "Papa," as I was glad to hear him say, not "Governor" as the Phrase now is. One Evening he was in a Stew because of some nasty Paragraph in a Newspaper about his not allowing Mr. Longfellow to quote from his Poems. And he wrote a Note to Mr. L. at once in this room, and his Son carried it off to the Post that same Night, just in time. So my House is so far become a Palace, being the Place of Despatch from one Poet to the other, all over that Atlantic!

We never had the trees in Leaf so long as this Year: they are only just rusty before my window, this Nov. 8. So I thought they would die of mere Old Age: but last night came a Frost, which will hasten their End. I suppose yours have been dying in all their Glory as usual.

You must understand that this Letter is to acknowledge the *Vita Nuova* (which, by the by, I think ought to be the Title on the Title page as well as outside), so do not feel obliged to reply, but believe me yours truly,

E.FG.

Carlyle's niece has written me that he is much better than he was in the summer—walks, reads—laughs.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the first portion of D. G. Rossetti's *Dante and His Circle* (1874) and Martin's translation of the *Vita* (1862).

<sup>2</sup> In an early poem, "Clio's Protest", R. B. Sheridan wrote:

You write with ease, to show your breeding,  
But easy writing's curst hard reading.

EFG defined his "absolute conditions" of good writing: "the saying in the most perspicuous and succinct way what one thoroughly understands. . . . Really, the Perfection is to have all this so *naturally* that no Effort is apparent" (Letter to Herman Biddell, [May 6, 1880]).

November 1876

To Mrs. Cowell

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 13/76

Dear Elizabeth,

I did not answer your last kind letter because I thought you looked on it as an answer to several of mine to Cowell: in which I had said all I had to say. Nor must you reply to this (for I know you have many Letters to write, and much else to do beside), unless you and Cowell would like me to send you the Second Series of Lowell's *Among my Books*. Cowell liked the first Volume, and will like the second equally well, I think: probably it is easily found at one of your Cambridge Libraries, and if so, or that you both of you have more than enough to read, and write, till the end of Term, do not answer, pray. Only, if you want it now, I can send it at once. With just a little less Ambition of fine, or smart writing, Lowell might almost do for many Books what Ste. Beuve has left undone. He has more Humour: but not nearly so much Delicacy of Perception, or Refinement of Style; in which Ste. Beuve seems to me at the head of all Critics. I should like to give him to you if you have him not.

I gather from one of my Lowestoft Nieces' letter that Lusie Kerrich will not go to Italy this winter: and unless she means to turn wholly Italian, I think she will be as well at home. Her sister Emily is now, I suppose, on her way to Florence.

Instead of going there (which one ought to have done), I have amused myself with reading over Boccaccio's Decameron, which, I see by a Note at the end, I read last just nine years ago in The Scandal, and on the Bawdsey Cliffs while she was doing Duty there.<sup>1</sup> And so I shall cut the "Eastern Question" as best I may, just as those who are supposed to tell the Stories shut out The Plague.

I have not heard of Arthur, or of the Allenbys since I last wrote.

One of you will let me know when Term ends whether either of you come to Suffolk at Christmas. I shall very likely be at Lowestoft where Nieces and Nephews are. But I say once more, do not trouble yourself to write unless for Lowell, till then: but believe me always yours

E.FG.

I forget if I told you that Tennyson and his Son paid me a Visit. Yes—I think I did.

<sup>1</sup> The 14-ton *Scandal en garde* over a cliff-lined seacoast and Bawdsey village and parish, population 426.



November 1876

To Mrs. Tennyson

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 19, [1876]

Dear Mrs. Tennyson,

I am writing to you this time because I think you are most concerned with the Portrait—which I shall send off at the beginning of next week, addressed “Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight—via Lymington” according to the Address written outside the *Contemporary* just sent me. The Portrait has been all ready packed this month and more; I rather think a Black Frame, with some gold next the Picture may be best: the Frame it was in here did it more harm than good; and that is why it is left behind. I was always intending to get another.

I couldn’t make out whether this *Contemporary* was addressed by Alfred or Hallam: for now they write much alike. Anyhow, it was very welcome. The Poem<sup>1</sup> is interesting in itself, and, I am quite sure, rendered as well as possibly it could be; a lesson and a Reproof to some folks who *improve* on their Original.

That word “Cread” (tell Hallam) is in use in Norfolk to this Day: a Neighbour of mine who comes from those parts still talks of a “Creed-barrow”—that is, a Barrow pushed along by hand—in short, a Barrow! The word is preserved in Forby’s East Anglian Vocabulary, a great Authority with us.

You perhaps think that all this fine Weather which I suppose you have in The Wight, does not reach so far North as Suffolk. But my Anemones are trying to flower; the Leaves are not yet off the Branches, and the Thrush evidently fancies it feels Spring, though it does not yet cry “Maud, Maud” which indeed is its *Evening Cry*, tell Mr. Alfred,<sup>2</sup> when getting its Family to Bed in Summer.

Now, though I have written to you, pray be assured that I do not wish you to answer a Word; but I wish you were well; and wish that you would believe me, after more than twenty Years Absence,

Yours always sincerely  
E.FG.

Does Alfred ever look for *Fomalhaut*<sup>3</sup> of first Magnitude in I forget what Constellation down South? We seldom see him here: but at Brighton I used to find him. His Name sounds very Oriental and murky, doesn’t it?

<sup>1</sup> Hallam Tennyson’s prose translation of the Anglo-Saxon poem, “The Battle of Brunanburh,” published in the November *Contemporary Review*.

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<sup>2</sup> See postscript to letter to Tennyson, Nov. 3, [1869].

<sup>3</sup> The principal star in Piscis Australis, a constellation of the southern hemisphere.

To Anna Biddell  
(Fragment)

Woodbridge  
Saturday, Nov./76

. . . You spoke once of even trying Walpole's Letters; capital as they are to me, I can't be sure they would much interest, even if they did not rather disgust, you: the Man and his Times are such as you might not care for at all, though there are such men as he, and such Times too, in the world about us now. If you will have the Book on your return home, I will send you a three-volume Collection of his Letters: that is, not a Third part of all his collected Letters: but perhaps the best part, and quite enough for a Beginning. I can scarce imagine better Christmas fare: but I can't, I say, guess how you would relish it. N.B. It is not gross or coarse: but you would not like the man, so satirical, selfish, and frivolous, you would think. But I think I could show you that he had a very loving Heart for a few, and a very firm, just, understanding under all his Wit and Fun. Even Carlyle has admitted that he was about the clearest-sighted Man of his time.

To Bernard Quaritch

*Please to read this at leisure*

Woodbridge  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 29, [1876]

*My dear Sir,*

A second Catalogue came this morning, thank you: but you know I deal so little in Books now—and in such learned Books as yours, not at all—that I scarce like your sending them. I know that you will be pretty sure to have anything I may want.

I think you partly send me these Catalogues with a kindly wish that I may behold my own self so liberally advertised. But indeed my dear Sir some of these same Advertisements rather frighten and shame me. There was one of "The Works of E.F.G.!" Oh dear! The Translations!

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Then there was a private notice from some American (Thaxted?) welcoming Agamemnon on that side of the Atlantic.<sup>1</sup> I really do wonder that such a clever man as you really are don't see that such Announcements of *my Works*, and praise from some American almost unknown here, can do neither you nor me any good, but surely quite the contrary. If some English or American *Review* praised us, you might quote a bit; but the private letter of any Friend of yours or mine! I was frightened to think that I had (for fun) sent you a note from some Lady about Lord Lytton,<sup>2</sup> for fear any of those should appear which, if it should, would cause me to publish a disclaimer.

Don't be angry with me, as I am not angry with you: for I think you puff me for my sake as well as your own. But do wait till some public and independent *Review* gives you even so small a bit of quotable praise for Agamemnon, I mean. I told you from the first he would scarce do: no Scholar will dare say he likes, even if he does like: and those who are not scholars won't dare to like—still less to buy—if no Scholar approves.

And people are now thinking of other matters than of Books much more important than *my Works*. I really would not send Salámán for fear of adding to [the] List: he may one day accompany Omar in a modest form.

I hope you got your Holyday abroad and are better for it.

Yours truly,  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> The name is Thaxter, not Thaxted. See following text.

<sup>2</sup> Letter from Miss Stokes to Donne enclosed with EFG's letter to Quaritch, Sept. 19.

## BERNARD QUARITCH'S GENERAL CATALOGUE

No. 305

Nov<sup>r</sup> 1876

AGAMEMNON, a tragedy taken from AESCHYLUS (by the Translator of OMAR KHAYYAM), sm. 4to. pp. vii and 79, in *Roxburghe half binding*, 7s 6d 1876

Of this dramatic poem, a small number of copies were privately printed some few years ago, and gradually dispersed among the author's friends. Many who had heard of the book, desired to see and have it, and for that reason the present edition is given to the

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public who may be curious concerning the efforts in another line of poetic art of the translator of Omar Khayyam's Tetrastichs.

As a version of Aeschylus, it would not be fair to consider and judge it; the author having taken fuller license than a mere translator, adapting what suited him in the original, rejecting or changing what did not.

"Mr. FitzGerald has many admirers in this country, readers of Omar Khayyam, who will count themselves fortunate to possess a copy of 'Agamemnon.' They are to be congratulated on the opportunity now offered."—Extracts from a letter from L. L. Thaxter, Esq., Newtonville, Massachusetts, U.S.A., August 17, 1876.

To E. B. Cowell  
(Fragment)

[Woodbridge]

[c. November 29, 1876]

. . . been a bad Year for all the polite Arts: and I should doubt if Agamemnon will do anything unless in America, as I told Q. from the Beginning. English scholars wouldn't endure it, I fancy: even tho' not meant for them, and they could prevent others (for whom it *was* meant) from being pleased. However, it is no great matter. I think the Play is compacted into good Shape, and the Dialogue good: the Lyric part must serve mainly by way of Inter-act.

If you were so pleased with Goethe's Iphigenia,<sup>1</sup> it may be on account of that very "modern" which you detect in it. I mean, the whole would perhaps not be so readable without that Leaven. I have been thinking I would try to read a little German this winter: but the Language is disagreeable to me, and the type as distressing to my Eyes as Persian.

Tennyson still spoke of Háfiz, as he used, you know. He keeps true to his old Loves, even Bailey's Festus, for some Passages. He still admires Browning, for a great, though unshapen Spirit; and acknowledges Morris, Swinburne, and Co., though not displeased, I think, that I do not.

Ever yours  
E.FG.

December 1876

I passed through Bramford a week ago; it looked so pretty—Church, River, Fields, and Woods—"A Home of ancient Peace"<sup>2</sup>—that it made me sad remembering the Days that are no more.

<sup>1</sup> *Iphigenia auf Tauris*, tragedy in verse.

<sup>2</sup> Where the Cowells formerly lived, near Ipswich.

To W. B. Donne

Woodbridge  
Dec. 1, [1876]

*My dear Donne,*

Mr. Edwards whom you and Valentia saw at my house here, tells me that you promised him the sight of some MS of yours relating (I think) to old English Domestic Life and Manners. Will you send it to him at 15 Cockspur Street? Nay more, will you call upon him yourself there? I would not invite you to any new acquaintance that I did not myself find agreeable. I have found both Mr. and Mrs. Edwards very agreeable, and am very sorry they have left my home.<sup>1</sup> He left a good and lucrative Clerkship in the Admiralty to become a Painter—a little too late in life, I think, to succeed in that; but he would rather live that life on £100 a year, he says, than be restored to his Clerkship at £1,200—and I believe him. He has a strong understanding, much intuitive perception, Humour and Love for Literature as well as Art: Courage, Determination, Generosity, and the Heart of a Boy. She is a very clever, shrewd, and good woman: the very woman for an Artist's wife. I say again, I don't think you will repent making their acquaintance, which is not saying much to be sure—for whose acquaintance do you regret making; thinking, as you do, too well of everybody, and too ready to sacrifice yourself in serving them.

. . . Mowbray and Edith have, I daresay, told you of their visit here, which went off very well for all Parties, I believe—for *one*, I am sure.

Do not trouble yourself to write to me about this: I know you will do what I refer to; and I remain with love to all your party,

Ever yours  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Edwin Edwards and his wife had occupied Little Grange for a period each year in 1870-72.

December 1876

To John Allen

*Lowestoft*  
*Dec<sup>r</sup> 9/76*

*My dear Allen,*

It was stupid of me not to tell you that I did not want Contemporary back. It had been sent me by Tennyson or his son Hallam (for I can't distinguish their MS now), that I might see that A.S. Battle fragment: which is remarkable in its way, I doubt not. I see by the Athenaeum that A.T. is bringing out another Poem—another Drama,<sup>1</sup> I think—as indeed he hinted to me during his flying Visit to Woodbridge. He should rest on his Oars, or ship them for good now, I think: and I was audacious to tell him as much. But he has so many Worshippers who tell him otherwise. I think he might have stopped after 1842, leaving Princesses, Ardens, Idylls, etc., all unborn; all except The Northern Farmer, which makes me cry.

I think you would like Leslie Stephens' Hours in a Library,<sup>2</sup> of which you get two Series from Mudie. I mean, you know, him who married and lost Thackeray's younger Daughter. Annie Thackeray has, I suppose, lost all her Father's Drawings which I lent her to select from in that last Christmas Volume in which she, or her Publishers, put none of those I sent, but very inferior Caricatures. Then her Sister died: no doubt, a terrible shock to her: then she and the widower changed house: and so somehow the Drawings—a whole Book of them—has disappeared: at least, she has not found them (if she ever looked for them) these three months. I think she is rather too negligent of other People.

I dare say there are many as good, if not better, Arctic accounts than "Under the Northern Lights,"<sup>3</sup> but it was pleasant as read out to me by the rather intelligent Lad who now serves me with Eyes for two hours of a Night at Woodbridge.

By the by your Brother Archdeacon Groome has been up to London about his Eyes, whose condition alarmed him very much: he is told however (I believe) that they will do if he spare them altogether by Night, and not overwork them by Day. He has good Daughters who will do for him as Milton's did for their Father.

I am, you see, at old Quarters: but am soon returning to Woodbridge to make some Christmas Arrangements. Will Peace and Good Will be our Song this year? Pray that it be so; and believe me, with all other Good Wishes to yourself and yours

Yours as ever  
E.F.G.

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<sup>1</sup> *Harold*, published in November, dated 1877.

<sup>2</sup> Two volumes, 1876, previously published in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

<sup>3</sup> By J. A. MacGahan, *New York Herald* correspondent on the 1875 expedition to King William's Land to search for papers and relics of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated search for a North West passage, 1845-48.

To Anne Thackeray

*Little Grange: Woodbridge*

*Dec<sup>r</sup> 12, 1876*

*Dear Annie Thackeray,*

Messrs. Smith and Elder very politely gave me leave to print—and may be publish—three Stanzas of your Father's "Ho, pretty Page,"<sup>1</sup> adapted (under proper direction) to an old Cambridge Tune, which he and I have sung together, tho' not to these fine Words, as you may guess. I asked this of Messrs. Smith and Elder, because I thought they had the Copyright. But I did not mean to publish them unless with your Approval: only to print a few Copies for Friends. And I will stop even that, if you don't choose. Please to tell me in half a dozen words as directly as you can.

The Words, you know, are so delightful (Stanzas one, two, and the last), and the old Tune of "Troll, troll, the bonny brown Bowl" so pretty, and (with some addition) so appropriate, I think, that I fancied others beside Friends might like to have them together. But, if you don't approve, the whole thing shall be quashed. Which I ought to have asked before: but I thought your Publishers' Sanction might include yours. Please, I say, to say Yes or No as soon as you can.

I have been reading the two Series of "Hours in a Library" with real delight. Some of them I had read before in *Cornhill*, but all together now: delighted, I say, to find all I can so heartily concur and believe in put into a shape that I could not have wrought out for myself. I think I could have suggested a very little about Crabbe, in whom I am very much up: and one word about Clarissa. But God send me many more Hours in a Library in which I may shut myself up from this accursed East among other things.

Yours  
E.F.G.

<sup>1</sup> The opening words of Thackeray's "Age of Wisdom." EFG printed his song privately a few weeks later.

December 1876

To Fanny Kemble

*Lowestoft*  
*December 12/76*

*Dear Mrs. Kemble,*

If you hold to your Intention of coming to Europe in January, this will be my last Letter over the Atlantic—till further Notice! I dare say you will send me a last Rejoinder under the same conditions.

I write, you see, from the Date of my last letter: but have been at home in the meanwhile. And am going home to-morrow—to arrange about Christmas Turkeys (God send we haven't all our fill of that, this Year!) and other such little matters pertaining to the Season—which, to myself, is always a very dull one. Why it happens that I so often write to you from here, I scarce know; only that one comes with few Books, perhaps, and the Sea somehow talks to one of old Things. I have ever my Edition of Crabbe's Tales of the Hall with me. How pretty is this—

In a small Cottage on the rising Ground  
West of the Waves, and just beyond their Sound.<sup>1</sup>

Which reminds me also that one of the Books I have here is Leslie Stephen's "Hours in a Library," really delightful reading, and, I think, really settling some Questions of Criticism, as one wants to be finally done in all Cases, so as to have no more about and about it. I think I could have suggested a little Alteration in the matter of this Crabbe, whom I probably am better up in than L. S., though I certainly could not write about it as he does. Also, one word about *Clarissa*. Almost all the rest of the two Volumes I accept as a Disciple.

Another Book of the kind—Lowell's "Among my Books," is excellent also: perhaps with more *Genius* than Stephen: but on the other hand not so temperate, judicious, or scholarly in *taste*. It was Professor Norton who sent me Lowell's Second Series; and, if you should—(as you inevitably will, though in danger of losing the Ship) answer this Letter, pray tell me if you know how Professor Norton is—in health, I mean. You told me he was very delicate: and I am tempted to think he may be less well than usual, as he has not acknowledged the receipt of a Volume I sent him with some of Wordsworth's Letters in it, which he had wished to see. The Volume did not need Acknowledgment absolutely: but probably would not have been received without by so amiable and polite a Man, if he [were] not out of sorts. I should really be glad to hear that he has only forgotten, or neglected, to write.



Mr. Lowell's Ode<sup>2</sup> in your last Magazine seemed to me full of fine Thought: but it wanted Wings. I mean it kept too much to one Level, though a high Level, for Lyric Poetry, as Ode is supposed to be: both in respect to Thought, and Metre. Even Wordsworth (least musical of men) changed his Flight to better purpose in his Ode to Immortality. Perhaps, however, Mr. Lowell's subject did not require, or admit, such Alternations.

Your last Gossip brought me back to London—but what Street I cannot make sure of—but one Room in whatever Street it were, where I remember your Mr. Wade, who took his Defeat at the Theatre so bravely.<sup>3</sup> And your John, in Spain with the Archbishop of Dublin: and coming home full of Torrijos:<sup>4</sup> and singing to me and Thackeray one day in Russell Street:



All which comes to me west of the waves and just within the sound: and is to travel so much farther Westward over an Expanse of Rollers such as we see not in this Herring-pond. Still, it is—The Sea.

Now then Farewell, dear Mrs. Kemble. You will let me know when you get to Dublin? I will add that, after very many weeks, I did hear from Donne, who told me of you, and that he himself had been out to dine: and was none the worse.

And I still remain, you see, your long-winded Correspondent

E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> "Ellen," *Tales of the Hall*, slightly modified.

<sup>2</sup> "Ode for the Fourth of July, 1876," a centenary poem, *Atlantic Monthly*, Dec., 1876.

<sup>3</sup> The failure of *The Jew of Aragon* by Thomas Wade at Covent Garden, Oct. 20, 1830. Fanny and her father played the leading parts.

<sup>4</sup> Kemble, Archbishop Trench, and others of EFG's contemporaries at Cambridge had actively supported General José Torrijos, a Spanish liberal in a futile insurrection in 1831.

December 1876

To C. E. Norton

*Little Grange, Woodbridge*  
*Dec<sup>r</sup> 22/76*

*My dear Sir,*

Volumes 1 and 3 of Gillies are posted to you: not much to interest you, I fancy, though I ought to think better of a Dilettante Translator. You will have seen Tennyson's Harold before this: and I think you will agree that he had better have let it alone: indeed that he would do better to do no more. He has done a great deal, though not so much, I am persuaded, as he was born to do. Had he been but a Dragoon, or even a Stamp-distributor!<sup>1</sup> only something beside his own Poetry to smoke over. And for the last thirty years so many good Friends who see that all is good.

In the last Atlantic Monthly was, as you know, an Ode by Mr. Lowell; lofty in Thought and Expression: too uniformly lofty, I think, for Ode. Do you, would Mr. Lowell, agree? I should not say so, did I not admire the Work very much. You are very good to speak of sending me his new Volume: but why should you? My old Athenaeum will tell me of it here, and I will be sure to get it.

You see our Mr. Morris has come out with another Heroic Poem!<sup>2</sup> And the Athenaeum talks of it as a Great Work, etc., with (it seems to me) the false Gallop in all the Quotations. It seems to me strange that Morris, Browning, and Swinburne should go on pouring out Poem after Poem, as if such haste could prosper with any but First-rate Men: and I suppose they hardly rank themselves with the very First. I feel sure that Gray's Elegy, pieced and patched together so laboriously by a Man of almost as little Genius as abundant Taste, will outlive all these hasty Abortions. And yet there are plenty of faults in that Elegy too, resulting from the very Elaboration which yet makes it live. So I think.

I have been reading with real satisfaction, and delight, Mr. L. Stephen's Hours in a Library: only, as I have told his Sister in law, I should have liked to put in a word or two for Crabbe. I think I could furnish L.S. with many Epigrams, of a very subtle sort, from Crabbe: and several paragraphs, if not pages, of comic humour as light as Moliere. Both which L.S. seems to doubt in what he calls "our excellent Crabbe," who was not so "excellent" (in the *goody* Sense) as L.S. seems to intimate. But then Crabbe is my Great Gun. He will outlive Morris, Browning and Co. in spite of his Carelessness. So think I again.

His Son, Vicar of a Parish near here, and very like the Father in

face, was a great Friend of mine. He detested Poetry (sc. Verse), and I believe had never read his Father through till some twenty years ago when I lent him the Book.<sup>3</sup> Yet I used to tell him he threw out sparks now and then. As one day when we were talking of some Squires who cut down Trees (which all magnanimous Men respect and love), my old Vicar cried out, "How scandalously they misuse the Globe!" He was a very noble, courageous, generous Man, and worshipped his Father in his way. I always thought I could hear this Son in that fine passage which closes the Tales of the Hall, when the Elder Brother surprises the Younger by the gift of that House and Domain which are to keep them close Neighbours for ever.

Here on that lawn your Boys and Girls shall run  
And gambol, when the daily task is done;  
From yonder Window shall their Mother view  
The happy tribe, and smile at all they do:  
While you, more gravely hiding your Delight,  
Shall cry—"O, childish!"—and enjoy the Sight.<sup>4</sup>

By way of pendant to this, pray read the concluding lines of the long, ill-told, Story of "Smugglers and Poachers." Or shall I fill up my Letter with them? This is a sad Picture to match that sunny one.

As men may Children at their Sports behold,  
And smile to see them, tho' unmoved and cold,  
Smile at the recollected Games, and then  
Depart, and mix in the Affairs of men;  
So Rachel looks upon the World, and sees  
It can no longer pain, no longer please:  
But just detain the passing Thought; just cause  
A little smile of Pity, or Applause—  
And then the recollected Soul repairs  
Her slumbering Hope, and heeds her own Affairs.

I wish some American Publisher would publish *my* Edition of Tales of the Hall, edited by means of Scissors and Paste, with a few words of plain Prose to bridge over whole tracts of bad Verse; not meaning to improve the original, but to seduce hasty Readers to study it.

What a Letter, my dear Sir! But you encourage me to tattle over the Atlantic by your not feeling bound to answer. You are a busy man, and I quite an idle one, but yours sincerely

E. FitzGerald

December 1876

Carlyle's Niece writes me that he is "fairly well."

Ecce iterum! That mention of Crabbe reminds me of meeting two American Gentlemen at an Inn in Lichfield, some thirty years ago. One of them was unwell, or feeble, and the other tended him very tenderly; and both were very gentlemanly and well-read. They had come to see the English Cathedrals, and spoke together (it was in the common Room) of Places and Names I knew very well. So that I took the Liberty of telling them something of some matters they were speaking of. Among others, this very Crabbe: and I told them, if ever they came Suffolk way, I would introduce them to the Poet's son. I suppose I gave them my Address: but I had to go away next morning before they were down: and never heard of them again.

I sometimes wonder if this eternal Crabbe is relished in America (I am not looking to my Edition, which would be a hopeless loss anywhere): he certainly is little read in his own Country. And I fancy America likes more abstract matter than Crabbe's homespun.

Excuse Aetat. 68

Yes, "Gillies arise!<sup>5</sup> etc." But I remember one who used to say he never got farther with another of the Daddy's Sonnets than—

Clarkson! It was an obstinate hill to climb, etc.

English Sonnets, like English Terza Rima, want, I think, the double rhyme.

<sup>1</sup> A post Wordsworth had held in Westmorland.

<sup>2</sup> *Sigurd and the Volsung and the Fall of the Nibelungs*.

<sup>3</sup> A strange statement since numerous editions of Crabbe's works in EFG's library included two copies of the eight-volume edition prepared for publication by Crabbe of Bredfield in 1834. Moreover, in the preface to his *Readings in Crabbe* EFG states, "I have replaced in the text some readings from the Poet's original MS in his son's standard edition." It would appear that EFG intended to write here as he reported to Leslie Stephen, April 9, 1883, that Crabbe of Bredfield, "rather hating Poetry," had never "read his Father's from the time of editing it in 1834 till drawn to them by me a dozen years after."

<sup>4</sup> From the closing portion of "The Visit Concluded," *Tales of the Hall*.

<sup>5</sup> Wordsworth's sonnet beginning:

From the dark chambers of dejection freed,

. . .

Rise, Gillies, rise

December 1876

To Frederick Spalding

Woodbridge  
Dec. 23/76

*Dear Spalding,*

I enclose a little Present for your Children, as you think proper.

I have been some days expecting a word from Mrs. Edwards: it is ten days ago since she sent me a Card to say that he was going on much better, after not having been so well: his Doctor saying that such Illness as his so fluctuated. I should be glad to hear he is no worse: but Silence does not always consent to that. I am told that his Brother laughs at the London Doctor's Opinion as to Gout, etc.—the Brother makes sure there is some Mischief in the Brain. This, I dare say, you have heard from Mason, who told as much to Loder.

I have two Irish Cousins<sup>1</sup> to stay with me: but they talk of going away on Monday, out of fear of crowded Carriages on the two following Days. And they are due, as they say, at some other Place on Tuesday. But for them, I should probably be at Lowestoft with Nephew and Nieces there.

I do not think there is anything to be told of Woodbridge News: anyhow, I know of none: sometimes not going into the Street for Days together. I have a new Reader—Son of Fox the Binder<sup>2</sup>—who is intelligent, enjoys something of what he reads, can laugh heartily, and does not mind being told not to read through his Nose: which I think is a common way in Woodbridge, perhaps in Suffolk.

Old Mr. Phillips does not walk out, but drives daily in his Carriage, and to Dinner Parties, determined not to give in. He is at home with his Sons, I believe: his Wife worse: which is better for all parties, I think. Samson is now at work for me, hooking up some black Grass; he seems a good fellow.

Please tell Mrs. Spalding that we have attended, and shall attend, to Nurse Banyard—as also the other she recommended.<sup>3</sup> And please give her my kind Regards; and share with her my wishes for a cheerful Christmas from

Yours truly  
E.FG.

<sup>1</sup> Members of the Purcell family.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Fox, bookbinder patronized by EFG.

<sup>3</sup> Recommended for Christmas gifts, or persons to be added to EFG's list of pensioners.

December 1876

To Anna Biddell

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 29, [1876]

Dear Miss Biddell,

My two Irish Cousins came to me on Saturday: went to the little Roman Chapel on Sunday, and on Christmas Day: and left me by Afternoon Train, I playing them out with their own most beautiful Hymn, "Adeste Fideles"—which we Schismatics have adopted by the name of "Portuguese." To think that People were taken out to be burnt after that Hymn had been chaunted perhaps! "Adeste Fideles" means "Come, ye Faithful!"—to witness that Ceremony—perhaps—though the words are meant to call on all Catholics to worship at the Nativity of Christ, not to witness the murder of those who may have differed as to his Real Presence in the Sacrament. O, how could *He* have sat in Heaven, at Father's Right Hand, to witness such Things done—in his Honour!

Well; the "Fideles" and I, and the Howes, did very well together. The Elder Cousin is a great Hunter, and Cross-country Woman in Kildare—an acknowledged Judge, as well as Tamer, of Horses: but a quiet, modest, sensible, Lady, full of Love for her Family, and thinking much more of the delicate Niece she is travelling with than of herself. You would have liked her, had there been time to make an Acquaintance, and Room to make it in.

After seeing them off by Afternoon Rail, I came off myself hither by one, three hours after: in time to drink one Glass of Grog, and smoke one Pipe, with my Nephew next door. But I shall get home directly after New Year's Day: and then return again when Lusie and Annie Kerrich have come—to their Brother and Sisters here. They won't stop with me by the way; indeed will not come Woodbridge-way at all.

I am told that Today is to bring some decisive—and probably evil—news from the East—*nam*, had brought it, for better or worse, some while before I began to write. I will at least have one morning undisturbed by the Raven's Cronk.

Still, no news of Edwards. Does this Silence portend that all is going on as well as when I last heard, or worse? I do not like to enquire, lest the latter.

I will only say of "Harold" that I think AT had better been of my mind, in not writing, or publishing, more. These later Inferiorities will

December 1876

temporarily, though not justly, cloud his present Reputation and be a Drag upon those Works of his which are to live. So I think.

I was trying again to read Wordsworth's Excursion—written in his Prime, and considered by him as his great Monument. But I can only like his early Ballads and pastoral Pieces. Read his "Michael" and "The Brothers"—which I can't do with dry Eyes; and believe me yours always

E.FG.

To George Crabbe

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 30/76

*Mon cher Georges,*

J'ai reçu votre "Times." Le Dictionnaire dont on parle doit être bien suffisant pour plusieurs: pour moi, je crains qu'il ne soit de trop avec ses mots infinis, et ses règles de grammaire: je m'y noyerais dedans comme dans un Baedeker. Peut-être que je suis trop vieux pour goûter de ces nouveautés: certainement mes yeux le seraient: vous en avez de meilleurs, et plus de Patience, et plus de pénétration aussi dans de telles Études. Mais je ne dois pas en juger avant de l'avoir vu.

Me voici encore à mon bon Lowestoft, jusqu'à Lundi, le premier jour de 1877. Agréez mes sincères félicitations pour cette Année naissante: mais, afin qu'elle vous soit propice, ne restez pas à Merton jusqu'à ce qu'elle soit agrandie de quatre, ou cinq, mois. Vous avez eu jusqu'à présent un temps très favorable: ne le tentez plus: Vous savez quel est le cours ordinaire de nos saisons, et il ne faut pas pousser l'audace trop loin.

Deux Cousines Irlandaises passaient le Noël chez moi a Woodbridge: l'une, brave femme, franche, courageuse, tendre—presque belle. Nous étions très bien ensemble: elles faisaient leurs dévotions dans notre petite Chapelle Catholique dont M. Moor est presque Archevêque, sa Femme le Choeur. Eh puis, le Dindon: et des "mincepies" achevées par l'excellente Mme. Manby. Eh bien! Ces Irlandaises partirent par Rail après le Dîner de Lundi; je les congédiai avec leur bel "Adeste Fideles" sur mon petit Orgue; et moi-même je me mis en chemin pour cette Lowestoft afin de passer la soirée avec mon Neveu

December 1876

Edmund. Je serai de retour a Woodbridge vers le milieu de la semaine prochaine.

Vous voyez que mon Neveu G rald s'affiche pour Waterford. Son p re ne savait rien de ses intentions auparavant: mais, quand on l'avait avis , il s'int resse comme un Enfant avec son Joujou; point de repos pour ses Domestiques et ses questions. "A-t-on appris quelque chose? A-t-on recu des Journaux? A-t-on lu," etc. Voil  une cause de mon voyage par ici. Le pauvre Jean! Il aime son fils tant: il esp re que cette Candidature pourra le tirer de sa d moralisation, le refaire en sant ; et puis une petite Ambition cach e, peut- tre pour l'honneur de la famille! Je lui ai enjoy  un "Daily News" avec un long Article, assez tranchant contre G rald: je ne savais pas   quel point tranchant, car je ne le lisai pas: c'est Edmund ici qui me l'a dit apr s.

Toujours   vous

E.FG.

Edmund m'annonce que Mons<sup>r</sup> Childs est mort.

To Alfred Tennyson

*Lowestoft*  
*Dec<sup>r</sup> 30/76*

*My dear old Alfred,*

Harold came—King Harold. But I still yearn after a Fairy Prince who came from other Skies than these rainy ones—with his joyful Eyes, foxfooted Step, and his Mantle glittering on the Rocks. Impute this to my old Prejudice—childish Taste—whatever you will, except my ceasing to be your loyal old Fitz.

I scarce know if it be worth writing to say this: you knew it all beforehand: still, I suppose it is proper to acknowledge such a Present. At any rate it gives me an opportunity to wish you and yours all Good for coming 1877: a wish that I think you would also guess without my writing, however. I don't want any of you to reply now: but *one day* let Hallam tell me when anything is to be told of you and yours.

Here I have a book of old Spanish Romances familiar to Don Quixote and Sancho. I shall write you out a rather pretty one which I read yesterday: and remain

Yours as ever  
E.FG.



Bodas hacían en Francia  
 Allá dentro de París;  
 Cuán bien que quía la danza  
 Esta doña Beatriz!  
 Cuán bien que se la miraba  
 El buen Conde don Martín!  
 Qué miráis aquí, buen Conde?  
 Conde, d' qué mirais aquí?  
 Decid si miráis la danza,  
 O si me miráis a mí.  
 Que no miro yo la danza,  
 Porque muchas danzas vi;  
 Miro yo vuestra lindeza  
 Que me hace penar a mí.  
 Si bien os parezco, Conde,  
 Sequéis me de aquí,  
 Que un marido me dan viejo,  
 Y no puede ir tras mí.

There is not much in it, you see, if you take the trouble to construe;  
 but I like the Lady, with her old Husband partner, managing to  
 address the Young Count—perhaps as she passes him in the Dance,  
 bit by bit, as the figure brings her round again.



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